

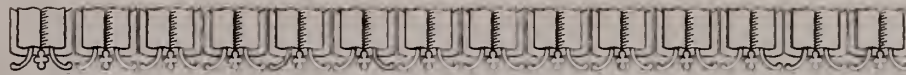
# Ole Miss

1912









# "Ole Miss"

1911

Volume XXV

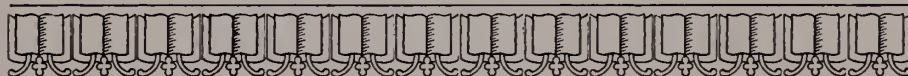
1912

Published Annually at the University

By

The Fraternities and Sororities 1897-1909

The Senior Classes Since 1909





## Alma Mater



Ho! ye who seek for fabled pots of gold,  
Where shifting rainbows kiss the sea or sod,  
Forsake the fruitless paths your feet have trod,  
Here winds your way to fortunes manifold.  
Here gleams the mart where gems of thought are sold  
For mental sweat, to those with pluck to plod.  
Here Wisdom's hand, the treasure-house of God,  
Flings open wide to those with bosoms bold.  
Here each may crown, as Goldsmith blithely sings,  
"A youth of labor with an age of ease,"  
And every power that psychic culture brings  
Is his who wills it. Such rewards as these  
Are thine to give to each aspiring mind,  
O, radiant Alma Mater, Queen-Regent of thy kind!

D. E. G.

In affectionate remembrance of a loyal son of the  
University, an untiring servant of all its  
interests, a devoted and generous  
friend to all its students, this  
volume is dedicated to  
the memory of  
Professor

**John Wesley Johnson**



DR. J. W. JOHNSON

"DID-HE-RUN" DRAPER—"All's well that ends well."

## Dr. J. W. Johnson



**I**N ISSUING this chronicle of the flotsam and jetsam of the year 1911-12, we reverently set apart this page, with a befitting seriousness, for a brief record of the life of him to whom the volume is dedicated. Dr. John Wesley Johnson was born at Richmond, Mississippi, April 5, 1852. His father, T. H. J. Johnson, enlisted in the Confederate army and served as a faithful soldier until he lost his life in June, 1862. His mother met the responsibilities thus thrown upon her by teaching school. She prepared her son for entrance into the Pontotoc High School, from which school he entered the University of Mississippi in 1872. He spent four consecutive years here as a student, graduating with the degree of B.A. in 1876. Immediately after his graduation he was appointed Tutor and Librarian, serving in the capacity of the former until June, 1881. From 1881 to 1886 he was Principal of Johnson Institute at Booneville, Mississippi. From that position he was recalled to the University and appointed Principal of the Preparatory Department. From 1889 to 1899 he was successively Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Natural History, Assistant Professor of Physics and Associate Professor of Physics and Astronomy. During this period he was absent from the University on leave for two years (1890-92), pursuing advanced study in Physics in the universities of Göttingen and Leipzig. In 1892 he received his doctor's degree from the latter university. In 1899 he was made Professor of Physics; and from 1907 he was Professor of Physics and Astronomy. He died on August 29, 1911, in the city of Chicago. His body rests in St. Peter's Cemetery in the town of Oxford with others who in former years gave, as did he, their best energies to the service of the University.

As has been said by another, "Dr. Johnson gave his service for others, and, like most men who so labor, he died early in the struggle." According to the measure of earthly life he should have been spared for another half-score of active years. Yet it happens that for five years before his death he was older than any other member of the faculty in the term of his labors. During the twenty-eight years of his connection with the institution he gave himself devotedly to its welfare. Popular as he was in the class-room, his interest in the students did not end there. Nothing that touched their interests was foreign to his concern. He was patient with shortcomings and assiduous in his efforts where help and encouragement might be most needed. He was charitable, generous and painstaking with those who might have loitered by the way but for the keen personal interest he manifested in their success. To those who did not need that special attention he gave an equal degree of care and service, stimulating enthusiasm for the work of his department.

Dr. Johnson's interests and influence were not limited by his department, nor yet by the University. He was active in State educational meetings and was widely known and esteemed by the teachers of the State. He was zealous as a worker in the affairs of the community, devoted to his church and to its institutions. His large and tender heart was revealed in his love for children. The children of his friends and the waifs on the street appealed to him alike. His gentle nature was manifest, too, in his love for music and for flowers. Indeed, to all things that touch the affections of men he was responsive. Gentleness, charity, devotion and loyalty to the institution he so dearly loved—these traits dwell in our memory as we affectionately join his name to the annual of the year 1911-12.

## *To an Indian Arrow-Head*



Thou rough-hewn, rude barbed missive crude  
From unknown past,  
What Nature's child in savage wild  
Gave thee thy cast?

Who fondly finger'd, proudly linger'd  
With loving eye  
O'er edges ragged, o'er barb so jagged,  
Ere cast thee by?

Whose strong bow-string first gave thee wing  
At heart of deer:  
And pulled thee out with savage shout  
And wildwood cheer?

When first was dank thy cruel shank  
In crimson flood?  
Who death-song sang while war-whoop rang  
As thou drankst blood?

On whose bare back in snake-skin black  
Wast thou perchance  
At midnight taken 'mong camp-fires shaken  
In wild scalp-dance?

And hearest thou yet the Spirit fret  
In mournful pine?  
Does Manitou speak to thee through  
The north wind's whine?

And doth this stream with echoes teem  
Of once lov'd sound?  
Dance now for thee his pools in glee  
This sand-bar 'round?

Unletter'd, rude, thy message crude  
Rings down the years  
Of battles wild when man, though child,  
Yet knew not tears.

And he who finger'd, fondly linger'd  
And turn'd thee 'round  
Is in us wrapped as thou art lapp'd  
In this warm ground.

A. P. H., '13.



THIS is it; and we offer it with the proverbial fear and trembling and the customary hope that you will minimize its many defects and emphasize its few virtues. We have been much interested in the book and hope that you will welcome its appearance, receiving it with the kindly indulgence of the friend rather than the cynical spirit of the critic. Accept it as the last will and testament of the Senior Classes of 1912.

You must understand that we lay no claim to literary genius, but only offer this book as a fair record of the happenings of this scholastic year at the University of Mississippi, and we submit that it is free from all factionalism and that we have been prompted only by the motive of the unbiased historian. Of course, there will be errors—but, remember, these are not intentional. They are but the evidence and result of human frailty. If you have not been given the proper prominence, some of your many honors have not been enumerated, or your name has been misspelled, comfort yourself with the resolution to aid next year's staff to put out a book of fewer errors. If you are one who will return to the University next year, we commend them, whoever they may be, to your confidence.

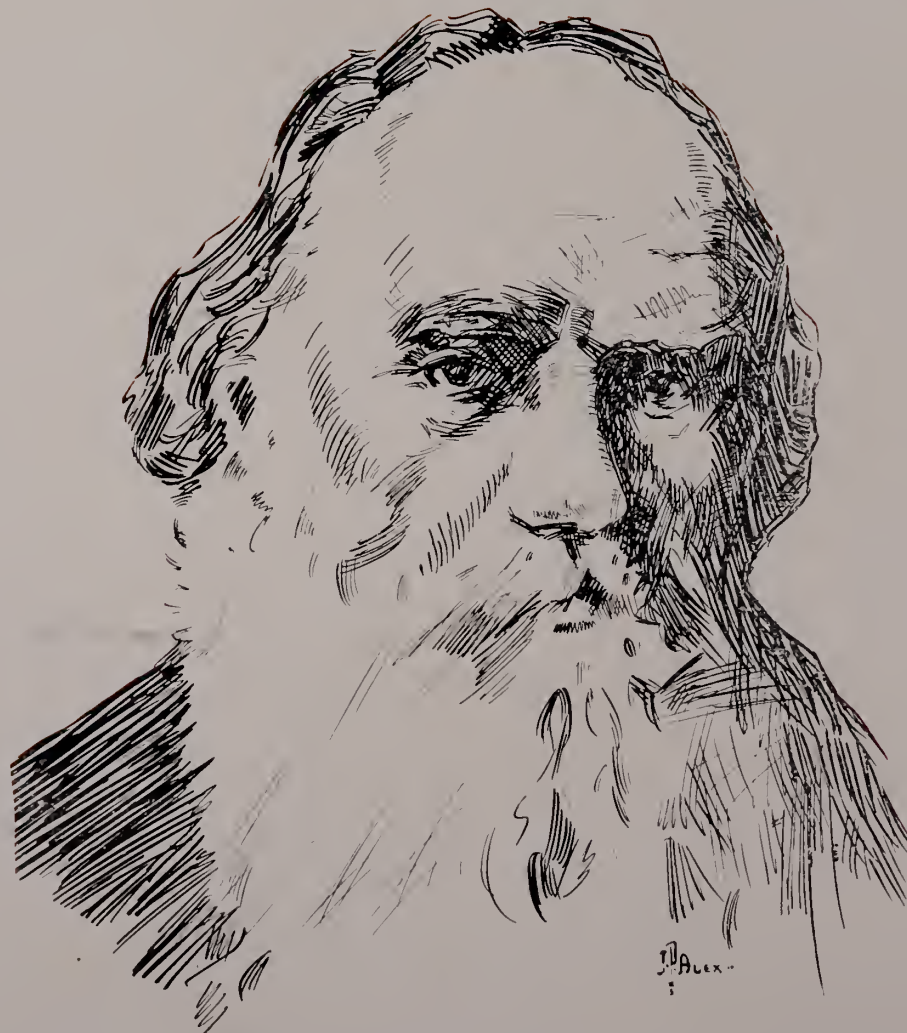
This year we have been very fortunate in securing much valuable assistance from students, faculty and alumni; and we gladly acknowledge our debt and express our gratitude to all of those who have aided us with their ideas, drawings and literary productions. Before we lay down our pen and declare our work ended, we desire to acknowledge further our great obligation to the Board of Directors of Ole Miss—one which will most likely never be paid. We had read how early literary geniuses lived in dark attics and subsisted on less than bare necessities, but we had thought—had hoped—that the present-day appreciation of literary—and unliterary—productions had removed every obstacle from the paths of all publications. But we soon learned that the most serious problem that confronts Ole Miss each year is the financial one. This year this problem was solved by the formation of the Board of Directors, the members of which have sacrificed personal financial gain in order to insure the publication of the Annual. Therefore, our gratitude to the following gentlemen who compose the membership of that board: M. T. Aldrich, S. N. Ayres, Bailey, Blackwell, J. T. Brown, Clark, Cordill, Cohn, M. S. Conner, Farley, Foote, J. A. Hardy, Jor-

dan, Kyle, C. S. Leavell, S. F. Mitchell, McLean, McKinney, Trotter, Vardaman, M. E. White and Wise.

The cares of the editor have been great and burdensome, but we assure you that we shall be fully repaid for every trial and every worry met with in the production of this book if, occasionally in future years, amid the rush of actual life, some member of the student body of the session of 1911-1912, as the shades of evening draw nigh, will open a musty—and we hope, treasured—volume and read to the family circle drawn around

the fireside the record of this year at the University of Mississippi; or, if, perchance, some happy bachelor, wrapt in the security of his lonely quarters, with the smoke from his trusty pipe ascending in clouds above his head, will from these pages refresh his memory of the college days to come no more. Then, if we have performed our task well, the tear-stain upon these pages will evidence the appreciation of our efforts and the love for our Alma Mater.

Our function is ended and our course is run. Adieu, 'til we meet again.



*THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES*

"JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE"—"Get thou behind me, Satan; we are not grafters."

## *The Board of Trustees*



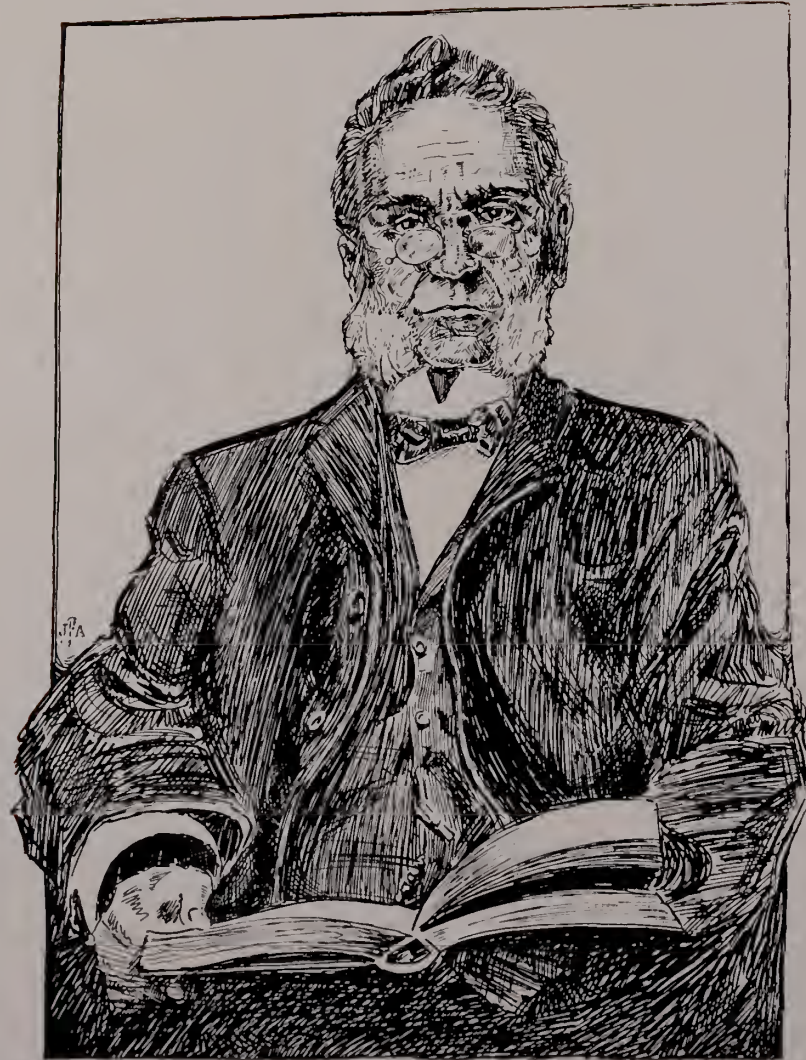
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*THE FACULTY*

"BUNK" WILBURN - "Laying all jokes aside, no girl can string me."

## Faculty

ANDREW ARMSTRONG KINCANNON, A.B., M.S., LL.D.,  
*Chancellor.*



FRANKLING L. RILEY M.A., Ph.D.,  
*Professor of History.*

A.B., Mississippi College, 1899, and A.M., 1891; Fellow in History, Johns Hopkins University, 1895-96; Ph.D., 1896; President Hillman College, 1896-97; Professor of History, University of Mississippi, since 1897.

ALFRED HUME, C.E., D.Sc.,  
*Vice-Chancellor and Professor of  
Mathematics.*

B.E., Vanderbilt University, 1887; C.E., 1888; D.Sc., 1890; Fellow and Assistant in Civil Engineering, Vanderbilt University, 1887-90; Professor of Mathematics, University of Mississippi, since 1890; Acting Professor of Civil Engineering, University of Mississippi, 1900-02; Vice-Chancellor and Dean of the Department of Science, Literature and Arts, University of Mississippi, since 1905; Professor of Astronomy and Acting Chancellor, session of 1906-'07.



THOMAS H. SOMERVILLE,  
LL.B., LL.D.,  
*Professor of Law, Dean of the Law  
Department.*



WALLER S. LEATHERS, M.D.,  
*Professor of Biology and Physiology.*  
*Dean of Medical Department at Oxford.*  
 A.M., Schools of Biology, Chemistry and Geology, University of Virginia, 1891; M.D., 1894; Graduate Student Johns Hopkins, 1895; University of Chicago, 1897, 1900, 1901, 1903, 1907 (summers); New York Marine Biological Laboratory, 1896 (summer); U. S. Marine Biological Laboratory, 1898 (summer); Member Rocky Mountain Scientific Expedition, 1898; studied in Harvard University 1905-06 (summer); studied in Hospitals of Chicago 1904 (summer); Graduate Student Hospitals of New York City, during summer, 1908; Instructor in Biology, University of Virginia, 1894; Assistant Professor of Biology and Geology, University of Mississippi, 1894-95; Head of the Department of Science, Miller School, Va., 1895-96; Professor of Biology and Geology, University of South Carolina, 1896-98; Professor of Biology and Geology, University of Mississippi, 1898-1905; Professor of Biology and Physiology, University of Mississippi, since 1905; Director of Public Health and Sanitation.



PETER W. ROWLAND, M.D.,  
*Professor of Materia Medica and Hygiene and University Physician.*  
 M.D., Memphis Hospital Medical College, 1882; New York Polyclinic, 1887; Special Work in Physical Diagnosis, Northwestern Dispensary, N. Y., 1887; President Mississippi State Medical Association, 1894; Student in Hospitals of Philadelphia, 1896; Member State Board of Health, Second Congressional District, 1900; Member State Board of Health, State-at-large, 1904-08; Student in Department of Pharmacology, University of Chicago, 1908 (summer).



JAS. B. BULLITT, M.A., M.D.,  
*Professor of Anatomy, Pathology and Bacteriology.*  
 A.B., Washington and Lee University, 1894; M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1895; M.D., University of Virginia, 1897; Demonstrator of Anatomy, University of Virginia, 1898-1902; Professor of Anatomy and Pathology, University of Mississippi, since 1903.



DAVID HORACE BISHOP, M.A.,  
*Professor of English Language and Literature.*  
 A.B., Emory and Henry, 1891; M.A., Vanderbilt University, 1897; Instructor in Vanderbilt University, 1897-99; Professor of English, Millsaps College, 1900-04; Professor of English and Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres, University of Mississippi, 1904-05; Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Mississippi, since 1905.



ANTHONY MOULTRIE MUCKEN-  
FUSS, A.M., Ph.D.

*Professor of Chemistry.*

A.B., Wofford College, South Carolina, 1889, and A.M., 1890; Principal Dalcho High School, South Carolina, 1890-91; Student Johns Hopkins University, 1891-93, and 1894-95, and Ph.D., 1895; Student University of Virginia, 1892; Berlin, 1895, and Chicago, 1896, 1898 and 1902 (summers); Columbia University, 1909 (summer); Professor of Chemistry and Physics, Millsaps College, Mississippi, 1893-94, and 1895-1902; Professor of Chemistry, 1904-05; Professor of Chemistry, University of Mississippi, since 1905.



WYNN DAVID HEDLESTON, A.B.,  
D.D.,

*Professor of Philosophy and Ethics.*

A.B., University of Mississippi, 1883; D.D., Central University of Kentucky; Acting Professor of Philosophy and Ethics, University of Mississippi since 1909.



CALVIN S. BROWN, M.S., Ph.D.,  
D.Sc.,

*Professor of German Language and Literature.*

M.S., Vanderbilt University, 1891; D.Sc., 1892; Assistant in French and English, 1892-93; Acting Assistant Professor of English, University of Missouri, 1893-94; Student at Universities of Paris and Leipzig, 1894-95; Instructor in English, Vanderbilt University, 1895-96; Instructor in English and Comparative Literature, University of Colorado, 1898-1900; part of the time Acting Professor of German, Ph.D., University of Colorado, 1899; Acting Professor of Modern Languages, University of Mississippi, 1902; Student in Spain, Italy and Greece, 1903-04; Acting Assistant Professor of Romance Languages, University of Missouri 1904-05; Professor of Romance Languages, University of Mississippi, 1905-09; Professor of German Language and Literature, University of Mississippi, since 1908.



JOHN CLARK JOHNSON, A.B.,

*Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory.*

A.B., University of Mississippi, 1891; Teacher, Mississippi High Schools, 1891-93; graduate student, Harvard (one term), 1893-94; Professor of Mathematics and of Elocution, Florida State College, 1894-95; President and Professor of English, Deshler Female College, Alabama, 1895-96; Professor of English, Modern Languages and Oratory, W. Halsell College, I. T., 1896-97; Professor of English, Modern Languages and Oratory, Florida State Military College, 1897-1903; Professor of English, Logic and Oratory, St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., 1903-06; Assistant in Rhetoric, University of Mississippi, 1906-08; Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, since 1908.



ALFRED WILLIAM MILDEN, B.A.,  
Ph.D.,

*Professor of Greek Languages and Literature.*

B.A., University of Toronto, 1888; Instructor in Greek and Latin, Barrie Collegiate Institute, Ontario, 1889-96; Graduate Student, Johns Hopkins University, 1896-1900; Fellow in Greek, 1898-99, and Ph.D. 1899; Professor of Greek and Latin, Emory and Henry College, 1900-10; Member of the American Philological Association; Professor of Greek Language and Literature, University of Mississippi, since 1910.



PROF. L. J. FARLEY.

B.S., University of Mississippi, 1884; Superintendent of Education, DeSoto County, 1892-96; Mississippi Senate, 1900-1908; Professor of Law, University of Mississippi, since 1910.



JOHN H. DORROH, B.E.,

*Professor of Municipal and Sanitary Engineering.*

B.E., Vanderbilt University, 1903; Engaged in Practice of Engineering, 1903-06; Assistant Professor of Civil and Municipal Engineering, 1906-08; Professor of Municipal and Sanitary Engineering, since 1908.



HENRY M. FASER, Ph.G.,

*Acting Professor of Pharmacy.*

Ph.G., St. Louis College of Pharmacy, 1902; special work, same, summer of 1908; Member of Mississippi State Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners, 1904-08; engaged in retail drug business fourteen years; Acting Professor of Pharmacy, University of Mississippi, since 1908.



JOHN L. DEISTER, A.B.,  
*Professor of Romance Languages.*  
 A.B., University of Missouri, 1900; Professor of German and French, Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis, 1900-02; Student in Mexico, 1902-04, and summers of 1905 and 1909; Graduate Student, University of Missouri, 1904 and 1908 (summers); Teacher of Latin, French and German, Manual Training School, Kansas City, 1904-08; Assistant and Professor of Modern Languages, University of Mississippi, 1908-09; Professor of Romance Languages, University of Mississippi, since 1909.



CHRISTOPHER LONGEST, B.A.,  
*Assistant Professor of Latin.*  
 B.A., University of Mississippi, 1900; Teacher of English in the Philippine Islands, 1901-04; Instructor in English in Johns Hopkins University, 1904-05; Student in Johns Hopkins University, 1904-08; Student University of Chicago, 1908 and 1909 (summers); Assistant Professor of Latin, University of Mississippi, since 1908.



ROBERT C. RHODES, B.A., M.A.,  
*Assistant Professor of Biology and Physiology.*  
 B.A., Henderson College (Ark.); B.A., Vanderbilt University, 1907; M.A., 1908; Biology and Physiology, University of Mississippi, since 1908.



HERMAN PATRICK JOHNSON,  
 A.M., Ph.M.,  
*Assistant Professor of English.*  
 A.B., University of South Carolina, 1904; A.M., 1908; instructor in English, Columbia (S. C.) High School, 1904-06; Principal and Instructor in English, 1906-08; Student in University of Chicago, 1906, 1907, 1908 (summers), and 1908-09; Ph.M., University of Chicago, 1909; Assistant Professor in English, University of Mississippi, since 1909.



W. E. NICELY,  
*Associate Professor of Physiology and Histology.*

A.B., Princeton, 1908; A.M., Princeton, 1909; M.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1907; Resident Physician, Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, 1907-08; Chief Resident same hospital, 1908-09; in practice, 1909-10; with University, since 1910.



WILLIAM LEE KENNON, M.S.,  
Ph.D.

*Professor of Physics.*

B.S., Millsaps College, Mississippi, 1900; M.S., 1901; Professor of Chemistry and Physics, Kentucky Wesleyan College, 1901-03; Student in Johns Hopkins University, 1903-06; University Scholar, 1904-05; Fellow in Chemistry, 1905-06; Ph.D., 1906; Instructor in Williams College, Mass., 1906-09; Assistant Professor in Chemistry, University of Mississippi, 1909-11; Kappa Alpha; Phi Beta Kappa; Scribners Club; Member of the American Chemical Society; Professor of Physics, University of Mississippi, since 1911.



JAMES WARSAW BELL, B.P., M.A.,  
*Professor of Secondary Education.*

B.P., University of Mississippi, 1898; Principal of Schools, 1898-1903; Associate Professor of Pedagogy and High School Visitor, University of Mississippi, 1903-04; Professor of Mathematics, Mississippi Industrial Institute and College, 1904-07; Student University of Michigan, 1906 (summer); Student Columbia University, 1909 (summer); Student University of Chicago, 1908 (summer); University of Mississippi, since 1907; Dean of the Department of Education; Professor of Political Economy.



ROBERT TORREY, B.Ph.,  
*Professor of Pedagogy and Psychology.*

Superintendent of Schools, Yazoo City (Miss.), 1895-1905; High school Visitor, University of Mississippi, 1905-06; Superintendent of Schools, Canton (Miss.), 1906-07; Superintendent of Schools, Jackson (Miss.), 1907-08; Student Columbia University, 1909 (summer); Professor of Pedagogy, University of Mississippi, since 1908.



WILLIAM LEWIS PERDUE, M.A.,  
Ph.G.

*Assistant Professor of Chemistry.*

B.S., Auburn, 1906; Ph.G., Auburn, 1907;  
A.M., Princeton, 1910; Member of  
Princeton K. & S. Club; Assistant  
Professor Chemistry, University of  
Mississippi, since 1911.



ROCKWELL EVANS SMITH, M.D.,

*Assistant Professor of Pathology and  
Bacteriology.*

M.D., University of Virginia, 1901; As-  
sistant in Medic Chemistry University  
of Virginia, 1909-10; Waltham Hospital,  
Massachusetts, 1910-11; Assistant Pro-  
fessor Pathology and Bacteriology,  
since 1911.



"BLEEDING" OWENS—"Hi, boa, you bloody rascal."

## Officers of the University



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*Superintendent of Power Plant.*  
B.S., University of Mississippi; M.A.,  
University of Mississippi.

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*Acting Athletic Director.*

M. D., Jefferson Medical College; former  
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former head Baseball Coach, Univer-  
sity of Pennsylvania.

DANIEL LYCURGUS ROSS, LL.B.,  
*Secretary.*

LL.B., University of Mississippi, 1907;  
Secretary University of Mississippi,  
since 1907.

EARL RANDALL HIBBARD, A.B.,  
*Secretary of Y. M. C. A.*  
A.B., Baker University, Kansas, 1908.



Official Freshman mail-carrier, table number 14, Gordon Hall—TAYLOR KINCANNON.

## *Withered Hyacinths*



Leng lost their fragrance fresh of bloom;  
On petals once so waxen fair  
The one-time sad and sanguine stain  
Of luckless Hyacinthus fain  
Would rival tints of parchment rare  
Fresh rifled from monastic tomb.

No perfume from their petals floats;  
No odor-bearing breath of Spring's  
Bright host wafts from their withered lips.  
Where butterflies took honied sips  
And rested gorgeous weary wings,  
The gray and time-crowned moth now gloats.

But fairer, sweeter far to me  
Than flowers pearled in Spring morn bright.  
And memories more gay bedight  
Than butterflies around them light  
And take their winged joyous flight  
To one sweet Spring and sweet Marie.

A. P. H., '13.



"LAWYER" BUCKLEY—"Livery of seizen, quantum meruit, consimili casu!"



JAMES STEWART ABNEY, "Jim".....Toccopola, Pontotoc County  
B.A., Ph.G., President Ph.G. Class 1910-11, Phi Sigma.

"By Grannies," look at "Jim's" innocent face. It's beaming with Organic Pharmacognosy, and he hails from Toccopola. In his Junior year he branched off from the Lits onto Pharmacy, and gets two dips this year. "Jim" is quiet and reserved, but always has a smile. His mother used to tell him that he might be President, some day, and at last he has achieved his mother's ambition. "Ole Miss" will lose, this year, that excellent string of Abney boys, who have been here for years. We understand that "Jim" is the last of the brothers.

MARIAN TREADWELL ALDRICH, "Crip".....Michigan City, Benton County  
B.A., Phi Sigma, Board of Directors "Ole Miss."

First in his class, first in the dining room, and first in the hearts of his fellow students. Greek was "Crip's" strong point, as long as Dr. "Deup" was here, because he was well versed in the campaigns around Holly Springs, in '65. Some day "Side" will be a great planter, near Michigan City, where he hopes to make a success, raising boll weevils and boll worms. He is the one man in the class who expects to make a planter.

HUGH STANDIFER ALEXANDER, "Buddie"....Greenville, Washington County  
B.S., Kappa Alpha, University Orchestra Glee Club.

A quiet, modest lad, peaceable and kindly disposed, with a heart filled with musical vibrations, "Buddie" has made himself very popular. Especially is this true with the occupants of Gordon Hall, where living will not be worth while next year without Hugh to render the music in the good old rag time way, while the rest are doing the Turkey Trot, the Bunney Hug, and the Grizzly Bear. There is no chance to get him back next year, for he says, "Shoot Man, I've got a girl."

JOHN RUSSEL ANDERSON.....Tupelo, Lee County  
B.A., LL.B. '13, Delta Tau Delta, Hermean, Tennis Champion 1910-11,  
Manager Tennis Club 1911-12, Blackstone, Honor Council 1912.

Webb School never sent a better student than John. He hales from the town made famous by John Allen's fish pond, and he has been telling fishy jokes ever since. Full of dry wit, rarely ever smiles at his jokes, and is happy as long as three "hots" come regular and a Blackstone is near. John is one of the most popular men in the class. If he is not in his room you will find him on the Tennis Court or in the Law Library. Webb upheld her reputation for scholarship when John arrived at "Ole Miss."

"WHIT" ROWLAND "I can whip the man that said it."



OLIVER V. AUSTIN, "Spout".....Ellisville, Jones County  
B.S. 1910-11, M.A. 1911-12, Football Manager 1910-11, Baseball 1908-09,  
1909-10, 1911-12, Captain Baseball 1910-11, Jones  
County Club, Ellisville Club.

"Spout" is a graduate student you know that is in that dreadful land where travelers seldom return. Perhaps when he conquers this world, he will then enter the next for an I.L.D. degree. As a chemist, he rivals Sir Remus, and he has often made Ty Cobb ashamed of himself on the baseball field. Austin has become somewhat of a landmark around here and it will not look just right when he leaves.

QUINCY CLARKE AYRES.....Columbus, Lowndes County  
B.S., B.E., K.A., Hermean, Sphinx Club, Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Department 1910-11, President English Class, 1911-12,  
Secretary and Executive Committee Honor  
Council 1911-12.

Quincy kills two birds at once this year—he gets a B.S. and B.E. at the same time. He intends to be an Engineer. We have been told that his first undertaking will be to dig a canal to communicate with the River Styx

MISS LAURIE BAILEY.....Lexington, Holmes County  
B.S., Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1910-11, Treasurer Y. W. C. A. 1911-12.

Miss Laurie was taught in her early youth that children should be seen and not heard, and she still adheres to that doctrine. However, this tendency to keep quiet does not indicate an inability to carry on an interesting conversation. Her stories are most remarkable. She possesses the ability to study and not rarely burns the midnight oil. She has made some very close friends, and there are none of the girls who do not love her.

MISS JULIA BAKER.....Aberdeen, Monroe County  
B.S., Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Mississippian Staff.

Miss Julia, the mischievous, the frolicsome, the fun-loving, is the girl who makes our work more pleasant and our lives brighter with her eternal puns, tricks and jokes. If she ever had a serious or melancholy thought no one ever knew it—to her friends and acquaintances, she is always bubbling over with fun. Despite all this, however, she finds time for study, and she stands very near the head of her class.



BEN MOSLEY BELL.....University, Lafayette County  
B.S., Sigma Chi, Censor, Phi Sigma.

"Consider the lillies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin." If Ben had his way about it he would, therefore, be a lily. Once upon a time Ben decided that a great Engineering future lay ahead of him. He deserted the Lits and joined the Surveyors, but the "inexorable logic" convinced him of his error and the last lap will be finished in the regular ranks. "She" lives at Coffeyville, and this is the hub of the Celestial Regions for Ben. He's a handsome young fellow and is well liked by his class-mates.

JOSEPH G. BRIDGES.....Kossuth, Alcorn County  
B.S., Vice-President Y. M. C. A. 1911-12, President Hermean, President Teacher's Club, Honor Council.

Proffessor Joseph G. Bridges is held in high esteem by his college chums, many of whom look up to him as a big brother and confidential adviser. When he speaks, it's on business. Like Joseph of old, he remains true to his brothers and is a thorough Christian man, with honest convictions. Perhaps a career as U. S. Commissioner of Education will be his if the Democrats are in control next fall. Anyhow, our prediction is that some day he will be heard from, and the noise he creates will be heard by the "Outer World," even though it originates at the far-distant Kossuth.

ALLEN BRIDGEFORTH.....Pickens, Yazoo County  
B.S., Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Kappa Beta, Taylor Medal in Zoology.

Born on an old plantation, Allen came to "Ole Miss" from the Delta and joined the class of '12 in our Sophomore year. He is a brilliant student, a loyal friend and sincere in his convictions. On his dip will be tagged, "With distinction," and we rejoice that it is well earned. True, to his early surroundings, he is daffy about Botany, and is writing his Thesis about the birds and trees, etc. He puts all his strength into an undertaking and the result is usually success.

GUY ALVIN CALDWELL.....Corinth, Alcorn County  
B.S., Second Year Med., Columbia University, Sigma Chi, Sigma Upsilon, Glee Club and Orchestra 1909-10, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1910-11, Taylor Medal in Biology 1909-10, Odum Prize 1910-11.

One down, one cigar; two down, two cigars; three down and a quarter. Vandy first, "Ole Miss" second, and Columbia third. Guy came to us when we were beginning the Sophomore year—and he began, too. The Scrubs saw his worth and nabbed him, the Meds also nabbed, and then the Sigma Chis. Then came along Columbia needing a man to swell its eight thousand students, and they nabbed the very nabbable youth. We shall see something of Guy some day—if it is the dust from his heels.



D. C. CAMERON.....Hattiesburg, Forrest County  
B.S., Hermean, Phi Alpha, Scribblers Club.

This young gentleman, came to us only a few weeks ago, and we think there must be hopes for him, for he left Millsaps in his fourth year and decided to make a stab for his dip from the University. He was editor-in-chief of the Millsaps year book, and it is said that he is a good speaker, a good writer and a good student. He hails from the piney woods from which we have had many to hail within the past few years.

ARTHUR BARNETT CLARK, "BONUS".....Newton, Newton County  
B.A., 1912, LL.B. 1913, Delta Tau Delta, Sphinx Club, Blackstone, Scribblers' Club, Treasurer Y. M. C. A. 1911-12, Phi Sigma, U. M. A. A.  
Associate Athletic Editor "Ole Miss," 1912.

Arthur is true to his convictions, and is a friend of the kind which are much to be desired. He rooms with "Casey," and the heated arguments they have, surely prove the truthfulness of this assertion. No one has anything against "Old Bonus," and, although he is familiarly termed "Bone-head," by his friends who know him best, he has a keen, active intellect and we predict that, ere long, he will be the leading attorney at the Ruleville bar, and Ruleville is strictly a prohibition town. Do not mistake our words.

MISS SALLIE CLIFTON.....Aberdeen, Monroe County  
B.S., Delta Delta Delta, "Ole Miss" Staff 1911-12.

Miss Sallie started out with the Lits, but entered the Law Class in her Junior year and devoted herself ardently to the intricacies of Blackstone. Remembering, however, that old friends are the best friends, she returned to the Academics and is now numbered in the class of 1912. Sallie tried I. I. & C. before coming here, and can tell wonderful tales of how they eat 'em alive over there. She possesses a strong personality, has a will of her own and is not easily led.

FOREST GRAHAM COOPER, "Coop".....Forest, Scott County  
B.S., LL.B., 1913, Sigma Kappa Beta, Alpha Phi Alpha, Secretary Reporter and President of Phi Sigma, Reporter Blackstone Club, Secretary Teachers' Club, 1911, Secretary Miss. Intercollegiate Press Association 1911, Debating Council 1912, Editor-in-Chief Varsity Voice 1911, Editor-in-Chief Mississippian 1912, Assistant Editor of Magazine 1911, "Ole Miss" 1911, "Ole Miss" 1912, Manager Calendar 1911, Class Poet 1911, Class Historian 1912, Mississippi A. & M. Debate 1912.

"Coop" has left us very little space to say much about him. But we will add that he has been popular choice in his many honors and has faithfully performed each trust. If his present loyalty continues, in the future his Alma Mater will be benefitted by it. He expects—rather hopes—to instruct American youths next year.



CLAUDE E. CONNER, "Butch".....Columbia, Marion County  
B.S., Kappa Alpha, Dramatic Club, Irish Club, Blackstone Club.

Irishly speaking, "Butch" is genuine, in looks, speech, and kinship with Mike Sennett. He revels in a good cigar and plenty of law books scattered around him. When "Butch" commands, the Freshies obey. Four years ago when this lad arrived he was somewhat different from what his picture now shows him to be. He has grown older, and then, other changes have been wrought. "Butch" is destined to a career of C. J. or J. P. some day, we don't know which. Or maybe he'll be the second St. Patrick to drive other snakes away.

CHARLES CALVIN CORDILL.....Crowville, Franklin Parish, La.  
B.S., LL.B., Alpha Phi Alpha, Vice-President Class 1912, Honor Council "Ole Miss" Staff 1910-11, Board of Directors of "Ole Miss" 1911-12, Assistant Business Manager "Ole Miss" 1911-12, Censor and Reporter for Hermacan 1911-12, Varsity Voice Staff 1910-11, Mississippian Staff 1911-12, Students Congress, Great Triumvirate.

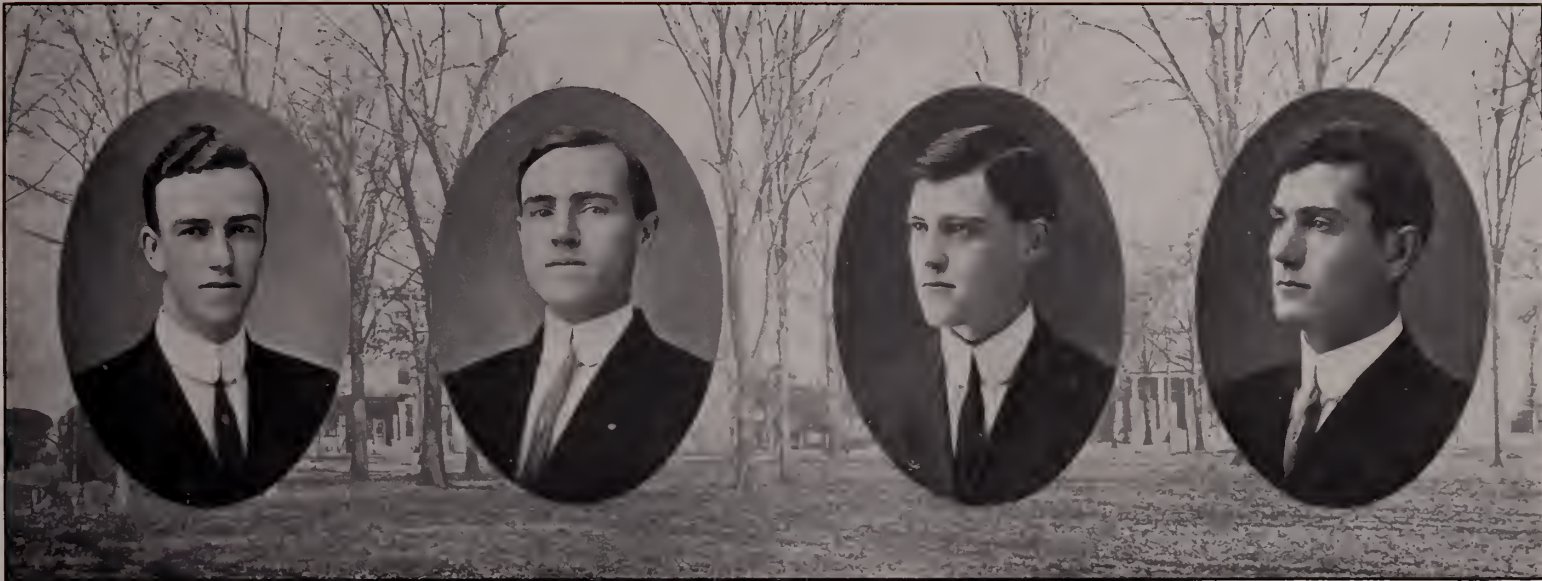
"Judge Beekmet" sampled L. I. I. and Jefferson Military Academy before coming to "Ole Miss" four years ago, and incidentally got a good preparation thrown in. His main studies there were playing checkers and now he holds the University Championship. Intelligent, versatile, an admirer of beauty and art, with a kind and amiable manner, never losing his temper, he will leave a clean record behind him, and may expect a brilliant prospect ahead. Will teach the kids a few years before making his legal reputation.

RICHARD W. FLOURNOY.....Lakesville, Green County  
B.S., LL.B. 1913, Phi Sigma, Unlucky Trio, Elected Football Manager 1911-12, Vice-President Phi Sigma, Blackstone Club, Student Assistant in Chemistry 1909-10.

Dick believes that no College career is complete without a regular hunt each week for the feathered tribe—and he usually brings in the game. No student has any malice for Dick—all like him and when at last the intricacies of Blackstone have been learned from Uncle Tommy, a lawyer to the manor born, will leave "Ole Miss."

WILL LINDSEY FULLER, "Bill".....Laurel, Jones County  
B.A., Deutsch Verein, Secretary Jones County Club, Vice-President Phi Sigma, "Ole Miss" Staff 1910-11, Tennis Club, Manager Tennis 1910-11, President Tennis Club 1911-12, Assistant Manager Mississippian

Coming from the free state of Jones, in the piney woods, its no wonder that dignified pose is struck when an important matter is about to be decided. Judging from the amount of mail from Judson, Bill must have a girl over in those parts. He's another Latin and Greek sword-fish, with German thrown in on the side. Confident, ambitious and with a good mind, he will have his mark, perhaps, on a blackboard some day.



JOHN ALLISON HARDY, "Lord".....Columbus, Lowndes County  
B.S. Delta Tau Delta, Captain Freshman Football Team 1908, Blackstone  
Club, Vice-President Sphinx Club, Board of Directors "Ole Miss."

This lover came from somewhere down in the bottoms of the great Tombigbee, where the catamounts howl, and would doubtless have made a good student had Dan Cupid not wounded him so severely in the beginning of his College career—he may recover, but we have our doubts. His grades are creditable, even though, to be truthful, we must admit that he does not sit night after night and blear his eyes with books. Few know him, but those who are fortunate enough to enjoy an intimate acquaintance, prize his friendship highly.

FESTUS EUGENE HARRISON.....Eupora, Webster County  
Certificate in Medicine 1913, Millsaps 1906-10, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1910,  
Editor Purple and White 1909-10, Junior Orator 1909-10,  
Hermean, Chemistry Club, Masonic Club, K. T.

After learning all there was to be learned at Millsaps he came to the center of all learning—"Ole Miss," of course, and is finishing the last campaign with the 1912 class. It is said that to this young man is due the establishing of the Honor Council at Millsaps, which makes him a "celebrations" character, and we are proud of him. Very quiet and reserved, Harrison has made many friends while here.

ROBERT BLACKBURN HARPER, "Black".....Fayette, Jefferson County  
B.S., 1912, Certificate in Medicine 1912, Kappa Alpha, Reserve Football  
1908-12, Captain Team 1911.

"Black" was here as a Sophomore when we were collegiate babies, but he played truant one year and had to fall back to the "12" class. He is quiet, unassuming, studies hard, and is unfailing as a friend. Harper will secure his certificate in Medicine this term and hopes to become a full-fledged Medical Doctor in two more years—then he will start his graveyard unless, having been a pharmacist for some time, he has already started his and will continue to use the same one.

THOMAS HINKLE HOLLIMAN.....Ovette, Jones County  
B. S. Dramatic Club, 1909-10. Vice-Pres. Chemical Club, 1911-12. Treas.  
Class 1911-12, President Jones County Club, Ellisville Club, Hermean,  
I. O. B. H.

Hink leads them all on the light fantastic toe, not the waltz, but the clog variety, and there are fifty-seven of them. He says that I. O. B. H. stands for I ought to be hung, but we don't agree with him, for a great future is ahead or him on the stage, at least so long as scenery is not moved by machinery altogether. He precipitated into society last February for the first time when the Jones County Club entertained itself, and it proved the last experiment with precipitating for Hink.



J. IVY JONES.....Toccopola, Pontotoc County  
B.S., Ph.B., Phi Sigma, President Ph.B. Junior Class 1910-11.

Perhaps "J. I." holds one record which will stand for many years—the Senior who has spoken the fewest words in the four years of his college life. Chemistry is his long suit, and his hobby is to wear good clothes. He has the strange honor of being the only Jones in the class—an unusual thing, this being one of the seven wonders of the world.

JOHN W. KYLE.....Batesville, Panola County  
B.A., LL.B. '13, D.K.F., Sigma Upsilon, Assistant Editor Ole Miss, Blackstone, Critic Blackstone, Taylor Medal, English, Sigma Kappa Beta.

Known to a large majority of the boys as the best student in school, John carries his well-won dignity like a man. It will probably be long in the future before Ole Miss will have another John Kyle. Not a seeker after honors by any means, John has bagged several in his four years here. He expects to be of service to the criminals around Batesville, but he is just itching to tackle Uncle Tommy's law before doing gymnastic stunts before Panola County juries.

CLARENCE STANLEY LEAVELL, "Jug".....Oxford, Lafayette County  
B.S., Sigma Chi, Phi Sigma, Blackstone Club, Football 1908-09, Track Team 1910-11, 1911-12, President Junior Law 1911-12, Ole Miss Staff 1911-12, Pan-Hellenic Council.

"Jug" is the "out-hustlest hustler" at the University, and he has in him the stuff which spells success. Many might profit by the example if they would consider the pluck and vim with which this Oxford lad attacks a proposition, and withal, he combines an ability to give sober consideration to every undertaking. He has upheld the Leavell name and the burden has certainly been great, for that family has had a representative here, sometimes three or four, since the early ages.

MISS ANNIE BELLE LUNDIE.....Oxford, Lafayette County  
B.S., Y. W. C. A.

Being one of the two co-eds from Oxford to be dipped this year, Miss Annie Belle seems to like the honor well. She has, by her independence, pleasing smile and well-balanced dignity, won the admiration of all who know her. She may teach next year if Master Cupid can be persuaded to leave Oxford.



WILLIAM T. MCKINNEY, "Billy".....Anguilla, Sharkey County  
B.S., Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Upsilon, President Pan-Hellenic, Ole Miss  
Board, Junior Prom. Board Directors Ole Miss.

"Billy" is a jolly good fellow at all times, especially along about Commencement, and his "tenor" has aroused many a midnight lark to jealous competition. He expects to become a banker, provided the boll weevil leaves any cash in or around the historic town of his choice, and it is said that he shows great promise, for he is the bright and particular star in Prof. Bell's Political Economy Class. We believe that "Billy Mc" will bank the money all right, for his popularity will bring the business.

ROY HENRY MCKAY (Mac) .....Memphis, Tenn.  
B.S., Junior Law Student, Delta Psi, Blackstone Club.

"A little body doth often harbor a great soul." This fits Mac exactly. Big-hearted, reserved, but loyal to his friends; lazy, yet intelligent. Mac carries the "coop" by storm when he tries, and, not being satisfied with those triumphs, he jumped on Blackstone and learned it all. Next Roy intends to direct his energies against the legal lights of Memphis—that is, after Uncle Tommy's Dip is snugly tucked under his arm.

JOHN HAWKINS McLEAN, "Sarah".....Winona, Montgomery County  
B.A., Scribblers' Club, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, Phi  
Sigma, Freshman '09 and Sophomore '10 Medals, Blackstone  
Club, Reserve Football '10, Sarah Club.

John is a sober-minded, serious sort of a fellow, but he likes a joke, and, although we believe that he will make a shining light in the legal world, yet we feel that when he decided to take up the study of law the American stage lost an excellent black-face comedian. Our only hopes is that he may be as successful in all his undertakings in the future as he has been in the past in the playing of certain jokes, to which many a wayfarer may testify.

STEVE FRANK MITCHELL.....Sardis, Panola County  
B.S. Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Y. M. C. A., Baseball 1909-10-11-12, Football  
1909-10, 1910-11, Captain 1911-12, Basket-ball 1909-10, Board of  
Control 1910-11, 1911-12, Irish Club, Panola County Club.  
Member of Athletic Condition Committee.

Captain Mitchell, aside from being an athlete of the first rank, is a student, and is almost universally liked. He is kind-hearted, conscientious and true, and it is with much regret on the part of the student body that Steve graduates this year. His mature judgment was shown in early youth, when he refused to be sent to the Agricultural College with his brothers, but came to us. Mitchell is studying law now, and says that he expects to amount to much.



WINSTON CARL POOL.....Leaksville, Green County  
B.S., Second Year Medicine, Unlucky Trio, Secretary and Treasurer Junior  
Meds. 1910-11.

This lad comes from Leaksville—wherever that is—but don't blame him. Perhaps that is why he is one of the "Unlucky Trio." That village will be famous some day as the "Village in which Carl Pool lived." He is never without his "Star navy" and "Prince Albert." If a sweet, young lady should smile at Carl you might think he had delirium tremens. A good, easy, genial fellow, who does not mix. C. H. A. sent him here four years ago with a wonderful reputation. He has sustained both the wonder and the reputation.

MISS ANNIE REEDY.....Hattiesburg, Forrest County  
B.A., Y. W. C.A., Sigma Kappa Beta, Taylor Medal 1910-11, Vice-  
President French Club 1911-12.

She is one of the most conscientious girls that ever came to Ole Miss, sometimes even to a fault. There is nothing that she will not do for her friends. She is so obliging that her friends work her—but if she suspects it the game is up. She has a quick temper, and sometimes pouts about a trifle. Chief of Second Floor Detective Agency, she is a renowned sleuth, working out the most baffling cases with an ease and ability that would have made Sherlock Holmes green with envy.

MISS MARGUERITE B. RHODES.....Oxford, Lafayette County  
B.S., Chi. Omega, Ole Miss Staff 1911-12.

Miss Marguerite is certainly the most popular girl in school—with both the boys and the girls—for no one who knows her can help loving her, and others admire her from the distance. Possessing sufficient propriety, charming manners and friendly smiles for everyone, she will easily become a leader in the social world. She doesn't study hard, for she knows how to "Bug" the Profs., and so gets through creditably.

PETER WHITMAN ROWLAND, JR., "Whit".....Oxford, Lafayette County  
B.A., Y. W. C. A., Sigma Kappa Beta, Taylor Medal 1910-11, Vice-  
B.S., Delta Kappa Epsilon, Glee Club, Quartette, Sextette 1909-10.

Some have said that "Whit" is proud that he lives in Oxford, but we don't make any such charge. He has been a college "Rah Rah" from his earliest babyhood, and is on to the tricks thereof. He is sometimes called "Genius"—the why for which we cannot explain. His favorite pastime is swapping yarns and imitating his friends and pal, "All right for that one." "Whit's" ability is unquestionable, but we do sometimes doubt his energy.



ROBERT BEDFORD RUCKER.....Itta Bena, Leflore County  
B.S., Certificate in Medicine, Phi Sigma, Delta Tau Delta.

R. B. is a good student and his ability is well seen from the fact that he captures two dips this year, although he has been here only four years. He will probably go into partnership with the undertaker when he finishes two more years in Med.

MISS CLAUDIA LEE SIMS.....Hattiesburg, Farrest County  
B.S., Sec. Class 1908-09, 1911-12, Historian Class 1909-10, 1910-11, Ole Miss Board 1911-12, Sigma Kappa Beta, Taylor Medal Math. 1909-10.  
Varsity Voice Staff 1910-11, Vice-Pres. Spanish Club.

Miss Claudie is very pleasant. She has a well-balanced temper and a most peculiar taste for Math., as the Engineering Quartette will testify. Surely the Mathematics room will be lonesome for many years after her departure, for seldom do our co-eds take more than the required five hours in this line. Miss Sims is a good student, will graduate near the head of her class, and she is one of the three girls who have won Taylor Medals.

RONALD J. SLAY.....Purvis, Lamar County  
B.S. 1912, Pres. Class 1908-09, 1910-11, Honor Council 1909-10, Phi Sigma Chaplain 1909-10, Pres. Lamar County Club, Pres. Honor Council 1911-12, Teachers' Club, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1909-10, 1911-12, Baseball Manager 1910-11.

Immediately upon his election as presiding officer of our class in its Freshman year he was dubbed "President," and he has retained that proud cognomen ever since—yea, from early youth. He hails from down where they are sure enough bad, but somehow he is a peaceable sort of a fellow, and being very much in love, he has little time for anything else. We feel safe in saying that Lamar County is well represented in the Halls of the University.

DANIEL DUFF STEPHENSON, JR. (Duff).....Columbus, Lowndes County  
B.A., Delta Tau Delta, Hermean, President Class 1911-12, President Deutcher Verein, Dramatic Club 1909-10, Webb Club.

Yes, that's him. Look at his picture. He's our President. Well, we are proud of him, even if he is from Columbus. Webb turned loose three years ago, and seeing nothing else to join, he joined our class and he has been joining everything since. He is a Latin and Greek shark and once upon a time he told a new joke and got up for breakfast on time. In the "Ole Miss" contest for the best joke, "Duff" was very prominently mentioned. Few in the "Dozen" class have a better chance for success than "Duff." He expects to have a corner on cotton some day.



WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN TROTTER.....Winona, Montgomery County  
B.S., LL.B., Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Football 1907-08-09, Captain Team  
1909, Junior Prom., Sphinx Club, Phi Sigma, Baseball.

Between Freshman Math. and under Uncle Tommy, Chuck is in a worse predicament than he was when he found that A. & M. line long years ago. However, he is a hustler now, as he was then.

MISS RUTH WATKINS.....Newton, Newton County  
B.A. 1910, M.A. 1912, Sigma Kappa Beta, Taylor Medal 1909, Secretary  
Teachers Club 1909, Vice-President Class 1908-09, President  
Y. W. C. A. 1909-10, "Ole Miss" Board 1910-11,  
President Spanish Club 1911-12.

Miss Ruth is the M.A. in the Hall and consequently the information bureau for all the girls. She is passionately fond of "On Mobile Bay," although she spends most of her time singing, "I'm Papa's Sweetheart," much to the amusement of her friends. She is a most appreciative listener and never fails to laugh when it is time, consequently she is very popular. This will most likely be her last year with us.

JOE PAUL WHITE (Red, J.P., Judge Beekman)...Leakesville, Green County  
B.S., LL.B., Chaplain and President of Phi Sigma, Honor Council, "Ole  
Miss" Staff 1910-11, Blackstone Club.

"Red" is perhaps the champion worker in his class. Two years ago Junior Law and about thirty-five hours Lit were his. Last year about ninety hours of Lit fell before the mighty hunter. This year "Uncle Tommie's" law has been keeping him quiet. This lad from Leake—this Bugger of Profs.—takes, seizes and appropriates to his own use one white parchment, tagged B.S. and marked "Exhibit A" in his record, and also another afore-said diploma marked, LL.B., which said parchment appears of record in "Book BB" in the Chancellor's office. He is now a candidate for an LL.D.

JEVA WINTER .....Houlka  
B.S., LL.B. '13, Phi Sigma, Teachers' Club, Blackstone Club,  
Fellow in Physics 11-12.

A quiet, congenial lad, true to his friends, noted for his independence. His chief delight is observing how many degrees centigrade a piece of ice cast into a cup of boiling water will cause the temperature to change.

Miss CLIFTON—"Oh, what's the use to worry."



JAMES WRIGHT WOOTEN, "Pig".....Como, Panola County  
 B.S., Phi Kappa Psi, Scribblers, Vice-President Phi Sigma, Second Medal  
 Sophomore Declamation Contest '10, Pan-Hellenic Council '10-'11,  
 Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, Business Manager "Varsity Voice"  
 '09-'10, Literary Editor Mississippian '11-'12, Honor  
 Council '11-'12, Manager Senior Debating  
 Team '11-'12.

If "Pig" had the voice he would certainly be a howling success as an orator—as it is he howls, but not loud enough. Besides being a good speaker, this lad possesses ability as a writer and as a student. He doesn't study so much as you might suspect, but spends much of his time in company with President Duff visiting the motion picture shows. Perhaps he learns from the pictures what others must dig from musty volumes. No doubt he will grow rich writing plots for "Pathe Freres," "Lubin" and "Kalem."

JEFF MITCHENER BOGGAN .....Tupelo  
 B.S., Phi Sigma.

Jeff is the youngest of the trio of Boggan brothers who have been such a potent factor in the University for years. He is very quiet and we are tempted to say that he almost swears by those magazines among which he lives, and also by that big bud of his. Our best wishes will follow Jeff when he enters the business world soon. He has to be known well to be appreciated; industrious, reserved, honest, ambitious and the ideal of independence.

MISS NELLE W. DUNN.....Greenville, Washington County  
 B.S., Delta Delta Delta, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '07-'08, '10-'11, President  
 Y. W. C. A. '11-'12, Mississippian Staff '11-'12.

Miss Nelle is thoroughly practical, wise and good, and abounds in original ideas. We can always count on Miss Nelle to stand up for what is right and to champion anything that leads to advancement. "Land sakes," she is *so* particular, every little button on her work-bag must be in its own proper place; we wonder that her roommate does not sometimes get on her nerves.

MISS JANIE STENNIS .....DeKalb, Winston County  
 B.S., Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Miss Janie's greatest burden has been to please Dr. Riley by answering his why's about that "History of Winston County." She throws up her hands and exclaims, "Never again!" And we agree with her. She came to Ole Miss in our Sophomore year and has won the confidence and esteem of all her classmates, whose best wishes follow her next year while she is turning loose some of that information.

AMBROSE B. SCHAUER .....Laurel, Jones County  
 A.B. '07, M.A. '12, President Phi Sigma '07, Senior Debating Medal '07,  
 L.L.B. '12, Pentagonal Debating Team '11-'12, Party Leader Phi  
 Sigma '11-'12, Editor-in-Chief "Ole Miss" '11, Graduate  
 Manager Athletics '12, Proctor '12, Speaker of  
 Students' Congress '12.

Dick entered the University in 1492 and got his lit dip four years afterwards. That's why we remember that date. Deciding that the youths of the state needed some wisdom as it flowed from his brain, he turned some of it loose in that wilderness known as Brookhaven. The wisdom becoming exhausted, he returned to Ole Miss for a fresh supply, and now that he is full of law and a Master's wisdom he again goes forth to turn some of it loose. What shall the result be?

## Senior Class History



"At last!" The time has finally come and it was so short. There were one hundred and eight of us in the beginning, but now there are only forty-one to pass the final goal post. Some say it is the survival of the fittest. We are too modest to say.

A history of our class! What's the use to write it? Everybody who has ever heard of Ole Miss knows our history from Alpha to Izzard. To know the history of our class is to know a great part of the history of the University for the past four years.

But anyhow, here she goes. Most of us come from Mississippi—in fact, all except three—all thanks to Tennessee and Louisiana. When we had had only about two months of experience in this world—which ranges from nineteen to thirty-five years ago, and approximately sixteen years ago for all the co-eds—we did our share of the squalling and making mamma and papa walk the floor. But we were growing all the time—and every member of the class was the pride of his home village. We grew and waxed wise at home and finally learned all there was to be learned at home. Then other fields—rich pastures of knowledge—attracted our attention.

About this time we came to Ole Miss—said school is thankful—and took these classic old shades by storm. And it might be added that it was stormy days—and nights—when the K. K. K. made us come down about three notches. Only one hundred and eight pulled the three notches off their conceited heads at this time and the notching process—or something—has been kept up every year until now just forty-one answer to the roll call of our Duff.

These forty-one are divided into twenty-one lits—including

ten co-eds, thirteen judges, one pill-roller, five medicos and one surveyor. Our class has one fatal defect—not enough co-eds—only enough to control the destinies of ten of the boys. But this is leap year!

Honors have been heaped upon the heads of this "Dozen" class—literary, oratorical, athletic, Y. M. C. A. and social. Nearly all the Scribs and Sigma Kaps are in the Senior class. We are represented in full force on the forum and athletic field.

Our mothers look forward to the day when we shall be President, our papas say we will be judge if we study hard, the Profs. predict a failure and the other students don't give a dimple. So there we are!

Honestly we believe that the class of "Dozen" is the best in the history of the school—because it leaves the leap year. But be that as it may, there never were forty-one boys and girls who have developed more in four short years, and now that we are shortly to leave these sacred walks and buildings—some of us for the last time—there is a feeling of sadness in the coldest of hearts. Many of us will never meet again. The actual fight of life has begun and this will lead us away from these classic shades and from each other.

Each of us have learned to love this dear old school and most of us leave with a tender feeling for the place of our making. We have watched with no little interest the material and literary progress of the past four years. When the memories of the happy days spent here will be recalled in the future, a responsive chord will be touched. Long live Ole Miss, and may her days of prosperity be numberless as the sands of the seashore. The class of '12 will ever be loyal to her. F. G. C., '12.



# *Junior Class*

THE FRESHMAN—An eternal question.



THE JUNIOR LITERARY CLASS

"Er er er!" What did Dr. Kennon mean?

## *Junior Literary Class Officers*



R. MALCOLM GUESS.....	President	MISS PEARL MATILDE HICKIE.....	Secretary
T. D. JONES.....	Vice-President	R. E. POUND.....	Treasurer
W. DOXEY .....	Historian		

### CLASS ROLL.

A. N. ALEXANDER.....	Greenville, Washington County K.A., U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.	GIBSON, J. E.....	Booneville, Prentiss County U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A., Phi Sigma Debater.
ALLEN, J. W.....	Collins, Covington County U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A., Phi Sigma Debater, Pentagonal Debater.	GRAVES, R. P.....	Ellisville, Jones County Chemistry Club, Phi Sigma.
BATSON, T. T.....	Hattiesburg, Forest U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A. Sec'y and Censor of Hermaean.	HARALSON, M. F.....	Forest, Scott County U.M.A.A., Track Team, Football Reserves, Hermaean.
BOYETTE, R. W.....	Oxford, Lafayette County Chemistry Club, U.M.A.A. Taylor Medal Chemistry, '11.	HICKEY, Miss P. M.....	Oxford, Lafayette County Y.W.C.A.
BRANSFORD, Miss B. L.....	Aberdeen, Monroe County Y.W.C.A.	HOLLOWAY, P. D.....	Collins, Covington County Honor Council, Phi Kappa Psi.
BUCHANAN, J. R.....	Brandon, Rankin County U.M.A.A., French Club.	HUDSON, A. P.....	West, Attala County U.M.A.A., German Club, Managing Editor Mississippian, Hermaean.
DEAN, B. H.....	Senatobia, Tate County U.M.A.A., French Club, Chemistry Club Honor Council.	HUDSON, J. K.....	Oxford, Lafayette County D.K.E., U.M.A.A., French Club.
DOXEY, W.....	Holly Springs, Marshall County Phi Sigma, Soph. Medal, Phi Sigma Debater.	JENKINS, F. C.....	Shubuta, Clarke County Phi Sigma, Y.M.C.A., U.M.A.A., Bus. Mgr. Mississippian.
FARLEY, Miss L. G.....	University, Lafayette County Y.W.C.A.	JOHNSON, H. G.....	Hernando, DeSoto County Y.M.C.A., U.M.A.A., Vice-Pres. Hermaean 3rd Term.
FRANKLIN, C. S.....	Columbus, Lowndes County Phi Delta Theta, Junior Prom, Captain of Track Team '11.		

JONES, T. D.....Kossuth, Alcorn County  
U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A., Chemistry Club, Vice-Pres. Hermaean  
First Term, Hermaean Debater Third Term.

KENT, C. M.....Kilmichael, Montgomery County  
Y.M.C.A., U.M.A.A.

LACY, W. W.....Booneville, Prentiss County  
U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A., French Club.

MAYO, T. F.....Columbus, Lowndes County  
Phi Delta Theta, Scribblers, Asst. Editor of Mississippian.

MCCARTY, W. B.....Jackson, Hinds County  
Y.M.C.A., Blackstone, U.M.A.A.

MCCLATCHY, G. G.....Holly Springs, Marshall County  
U.M.A.A., French Club, Y. M. C. A.

McKAY, R. H.....Memphis, Tenn.  
Delta Psi, Blackstone, U.M.A.A.

McKIE, A. B.....Canton, Madison County  
Delta Tau Delta, U.M.A.A.

McKNIGHT, Miss M.....Vicksburg, Warren County  
Chi Omega, Y. W. C. A.

MITCHELL, C. B.....Pontotoc, Pontotoc  
Sigma Chi, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.

MILLER, W. A.....Hazellhurst, Copiah  
Delta Psi, U.M.A.A., Junior Prom.

MURPHY, C. M.....Durant, Holmes  
Kappa Alpha, Junior Prom, U.M.A.A.

NEILSON, D. G.....Oxford, Lafayette  
Delta Kappa Epsilon, U.M.A.A.

PARK, Miss L.....Macon, Noxubee

POUND, R. E.....Tupelo, Lee  
Delta Tau Delta, Basket Ball '11, '12.

PURYEAR, H. A.....Senatobia, Tate  
U.M.A.A., Football '11.

RAMSEY, A. H.....Mt. Olive, Jeff Davis  
Phi Sigma.

ROBERSON, W. M., JR.....Pontotoc, Pontotoc

ROBERSON, J. W.....Jackson, Hinds  
Kappa Alpha.

ROGERS, J. F.....Tupelo, Lee  
Delta Tau Delta, Track Team.

RUBEL, M. F.....Corinth, Alcorn  
"Ole Miss" '11.

SIMMONS, J. D.....Pontotoc, Pontotoc  
Delta Psi.

STEELE, P. K.....Lexington, Holmes

STONE, J. P.....Vaiden, Carroll  
Phi Kappa Psi.

STONE, P. A.....Oxford, Lafayette  
Delta Kappa Epsilon, French Club.

SUMRALL, L. F.....Soso, Jones  
Blackstone, Phi Sigma.

SUTHERLAND, H. L., JR.....Rosedale, Bolivar  
Delta Psi.

TAYLOR, Miss M.....Como, Panola County  
Class Historian, Panola County Club.

THERRELL, E. L.....Kosciusko, Attala

VANDEVERE, W. E.....Eden, Yazoo  
U.M.A.A., Football.

WATTS, R. R.....Columbia, Marion

WHITE, M. E.....Silver City, Yazoo  
Hermaean, Business Mgr. "Mississippian."

WHITE, W. E.....Biloxi, Harrison

YOUNG, J. W. JR.....Grenada, Grenada

## *Junior Class*

**D**RAWN together in search of self-betterment, from every nook and corner of Mississippi—thrown at once into the weltering mass of college possibilities which is called a Freshman Class, we Juniors have experienced first-year greenness and second-year self-importance, and we are ready now to enter with firm and sober step on the path which our Nineteen-twelve Seniors have so gallantly trod.

For better or for worse,—spite of cliques and sets and disagreements, we are a class, fellow-graduates-to-be, and though now the division lines loom large in our vision, and the tie that binds us together seems weak and impotent, yet Time will level the harsh divisions and make stronger and dearer the golden thread of union. And in that mysterious Hereafter Life which we college boys at once reach out for and shiver at,—in that untrod fallow ground of Opportunity which we shall enter upon when for the last time we have descended Depot Hill, each turn in the hard, bleak furrow will be made more cheery for us by the face of one who was a Mississippi boy of Nineteen-thirteen.

HISTORIAN.

## Co-Eds



'Tis you, sweet maid  
With eyes of blue  
And head arrayed  
In gold: And you,  
O dark-eyed Queen  
Of Orient,  
Whose Dark hair's sheen  
Wakes discontent:  
Yes, you with eyes  
Of azure sought  
In morning skies,  
By angels brought:  
You too, I say,  
With eyes of brown  
Or sober gray  
Cast up or down:

Aye, all of you  
Sweet maidens who  
Make moments run  
And long months dance  
In crowded file;  
Give love-romance  
In Youth's sweet while.  
Ah, yes, you wrap  
Our hearts in threads  
Of gold, and cap  
Our empty heads  
With rank conceit  
By studied smiles  
Of sweet deceit,  
And cunning wiles.  
Yes, you are wise  
And will not drink  
Our honied lies  
As oft we think.

But though you will  
Not often let  
Us love, you still  
Make us forget  
Our heavy cares,  
The weary stress,  
The strains and wears  
That hard oppress.  
And when your eyes  
Grow hard and cold  
Then mem'ry flies  
To sweethearts old:  
To other days  
Fleet fancies flow  
To winding ways  
Of long ago.



SOPH.  
OMORE  
CLASS.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

"MONK" RANDOLPH—"Come on, let's cut."

## *Sophomore Literary Class Officers*



S. H. LONG.....	President	JNO. R. WILLIAMS.....	Secretary
L. D. MYERS.....	Vice-President	BYRON WALTON.....	Historian
MISS DORRIS McLEAN.....	Poet		

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ALDRICH, R. E.....	Michigan City, Benton	LEFTWICH, G. C. JR.....	Aberdeen, Monroe
BEEBE, W. C.....	Drew, Sunflower	LINDSEY, R.....	Laurel, Jones
BRELAND, J. J.....	Wisdom, Harrison	LONG, S. H.....	Tupelo, Lee
BROOME, W. L.....	University, Lafayette	MANGUM, A. W.....	Iuka, Tishomingo
BROWN, R. L.....	Pontotoc, Pontotoc	MAY, L. P.....	University, Lafayette
CARPENTER, J. M.....	Booneville, Prentiss	McBEE, MISS A.....	Lexington, Holmes
CARTER, D. T.....	Oxford, Lafayette	McLARTY, C. A.....	Oxford, Lafayette
DINSMORE, J. R.....	Macon, Noxubee	McLEAN, MISS D. C.....	Jackson, Hinds
DYRE, W. H.....	Winona, Montgomery	McLEOD, J. A. JR.....	Hattiesburg, Forest
FELTUS, A. M.....	Natchez, Adams	MILLARD, R. G.....	West Point, Clay
FORD, P. E.....	Columbia, Marion	MOSS, MISS M. E.....	Oxford, Lafayette
FURR, MISS H. M.....	Oxford, Lafayette	MYERS, L. D.....	Byhalia, Marshall
FURR, MISS S.....	Oxford, Lafayette	NESBIT, T. W.....	Hernando, DeSoto
GAUTIER, H. W.....	Pascagoula, Jackson	PEGUES, S. H.....	Winona, Montgomery
GRISSOM, B. H.....	Summerland, Smith	PICKERING, H. D.....	Seminary, Covington
HALL, J. F.....	Grenada, Grenada	RAMEY, MISS L.....	Oxford, Lafayette
HALSELL, C. G.....	Laurel, Jones	RAWLS, F. E.....	Norfield, Lincoln
HANTON, R. K.....	Greenville, Washington	REED, R. H.....	Houlka, Chickasaw
HAYS, W. L.....	Walthal, Webster	RILEY, J. P.....	University, Lafayette
HIGHTOWER, G. B.....	Oxford, Lafayette	RUSSELL, J. C.....	Oxford, Lafayette
HILL, D. A.....	Booneville, Prentiss	SCARBOROUGH, C. H.....	Columbia, Marion
HOLLOWAY, E. D.....	Collins, Covington	SMITH, D. C.....	University, Lafayette
HOOD, D. S.....	West Point, Clay	TAYLOR, I. A.....	Aberdeen, Monroe
KELLIS, P.....	Shuqualak, Noxubee	WATSON, H. P.....	Lexington, Holmes
KINCANNON, J. C. JR.....	Tupelo, Lee	WILLIAMS, J. R.....	Cedar Bluff, Clay



*Fresh*



*Class*

JR ALEXANDER

"Let's go a-golfing"—THE ENTIRE FACULTY.



THE FRESHMAN LITERARY CLASS

"LITTLE WALTER WHITE—"I came to the University for—?—I believe I have forgotten."

## *Freshman Class Officers*

JOE BURKES.....President      GEORGE BEAN .....Vice-President  
 T. T. MORROW.....Secretary and Treasurer

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HUNTER, J. P.....	Nettleton, Lee	RAINWATER, P. L.....	French Camp, Attala
JOHNSON, D. R.....	Batesville, Panola	RECHTIN, J. T.....	Oxford, Lafayette
KINCANNON, L. T.....	Tupelo, Lee	RECHTIN, W. H.....	Oxford, Lafayette
KING, F. H.....	Vaiden, Carroll	ROBINSON, W. W.....	West Point, Clay
KIRKWOOD, J. W.....	Hernando, DeSoto	SCHLOSS, C. M.....	Woodville, Wilkinson
KRONE, W. F.....	Columbus, Lowndes	SCOTT, Miss C. K.....	Vicksburg, Warren
LEAVELL, U. W.....	Oxford, Lafayette	SIMMONS, C.....	Magnolia, Pike
LONGINO, M. B.....	Jackson, Hinds	SIMPSON, G. C.....	Hernando, DeSoto
LOPER, G.....	Lake, Scott	SMITH, C. G.....	Goodman, Holmes
LOWRY, T. J.....	Houston, Chickasaw	SOLOMON, D. R.....	Meridian, Lauderdale
MAGEE, J. S.....	Prentiss, Jeff Davis	SPENCE, J. L. JR.....	Monticello, Ark.
MANSHIP, D. J.....	Jackson, Hinds	TABOR, I. J.....	Louisville, Winston
MCCARLEY, T. R.....	Okolona, Chickasaw	TATUM, H. J.....	Water Valley, Yalobusha
MCCORKLE, F. S.....	Oxford, Lafayette	TAYLOR, H. S.....	Senatobia, Tate
MCINNIS, A.....	Leakesville, Greene	THERRELL, J. S.....	Aberdeen, Monroe
MILLER, J. C.....	Hazlehurst, Copiah	THOMAS, S. B.....	Greenville, Washington
MILLER, Miss R. A.....	Canton, Madison	THORNTON, W. S.....	Brandon, Rankin
MORROW, W. H.....	West Point, Georgia	TRUSSELL, C. B.....	D'Lo, Simpson
MULLOY, R. L.....	Laurel, Jones	TUCKER, L. S.....	Byhalia, Marshall
MURPHY, W. E.....	Gulfport, Harrison	TURNER, S. L.....	Dixon, Neshoba
MYERS, L. B.....	Louisville, Winston	UNGER, J. K.....	West Point, Clay
NICHOLS, J. A.....	Oxford, Lafayette	VANCE, Miss W. B.....	Oxford, Lafayette
OWEN, S. E.....	White Castle, La.	VARDAMAN, J. K. JR.....	Jackson, Hinds
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PEGUES, Miss J. M.....	Oxford, Lafayette	WEATHERFORD, Miss J. S.....	Canton, Madison
PERKINS, T. H.....	Brookhaven, Lincoln	WILBURN, R. B.....	Lexington, Holmes
PHILLIPS, J. F.....	Belle Prairie, Yazoo	WILKS, Z. E.....	Columbia, Marion
PICKERING, W. S.....	Mendenhall, Simpson	WILSON, A. T.....	Oxford, Lafayette
POTTER, C.....	Jackson, Hinds	WOOTEN, W. H.....	Como, Panola

## Freshman Class History

WHEN this brief history of the Freshman Class shall be exposed to the world, we, as members of that class, shall have passed from that lowly estate into the "marvelous light and liberty of Sophomoredom." We shall have passed the first milestone that marks the rough and thorny path of higher education.

Only nine short months have passed since we first left our homes to make presidents or senators of ourselves; only nine short months since we boarded the train with farewells of our friends still ringing in our ears, with our hearts filled with great ambitions and our heads swelled with pride at our own importance. We never suspected, we never in our wildest dreams imagined, what awaited us, what terrors and woes lay in ambush just ahead.

On our arrival we were met by a great herd of our former schoolmates who had gone on a year before us. With joy we ran to meet them only to be met with looks of contempt or a sneering "hello, Freshie." Night came on and amid hoarse and haunting cries which filled our hearts with terror, we were given our welcome, were made to feel at home, which we did not.

The next day we were taken to the office, and with shaking knees and quaking hearts went through a process called "matriculation." Here some of the weaker ones dropped out, unable to stand the strain. The rest were carried before "Profs" who com-

pleted the process of extracting our ambition by making us tell them how little we knew.

For the sake of the more humane I draw a curtain over the next few months. Suffice it to say we came out meeker and wiser men: that we developed from the green striplings that we were on arriving; that we wore our trousers rolled as high as any, could smoke as many cigarettes, and "*Ich liebe dich*," "*Ego amo te*," "*yo amada usted*," and "*Je t'aime*" fell as glibly from our lips as though we had been speaking them from early infancy.

The rest of the year was spent in the pursuit of our various duties. We have had our joys and our happy days, our trials and our sad days. Some have fallen by the wayside, others have joined us at different points of our journey. And now the year is gone, and as was said in the beginning we shall soon have passed into the land of "The Sophomore," where we shall look on the Freshman to-be with the same scorn, the same contempt as we were looked upon by our predecessors.

So here's a toast to Freshman Class,

Let's raise our glass on high:

May we grow in wisdom and in strength,

As the golden years roll by.

L. B. M., '15.



## “The Freshman’s Raving”

*With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.*

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in that drear  
September,  
And each separate Freshman member, think-  
ing of the folks at home;  
Tearfully I wished the morrow, vainly I had  
sought to borrow  
Information in my sorrow, a place of hiding  
to be shown,  
For the judge, in all his power, had decreed  
at midnight hour,  
Each to justice should be borne.

Then, as midnight came on dreary, while I  
prayed till weak and weary,  
For a hole to open, and to take my body  
through the floor.  
While I shook with fear and trembling, all  
my nerves it seemed dissembling,  
Suddenly there came a breaking, as of some-  
one undertaking with one lick to smash  
my door.  
“Oh, my Lord!” I loudly bellowed, as I fainted  
to the floor,  
“My poor life will be no more.”

Thereupon, a lick like thunder, that made it,  
ever after, plunder,  
And thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic ter-  
rors, never felt before;  
From its hinges crashed the door, and fell de-  
molished on the floor.  
With many piercing cries of terror, deathly  
sick upon the floor,  
I lay watching, coming nearer, sixteen devils  
through my door.  
“God!” I shuddered, “all is o’er.”

All around me walked the devils, planning,  
talking of the evils,  
Evils never heard before, that I must suffer  
ere ’twas o’er.  
Suddenly they seized my body, turned it over  
on the floor.  
“Silly Freshman,” quoth the first one, “we are  
only upper classmen,  
Come to take you to the justice, who has or-  
dered you before—  
Only this, and nothing more.”

Hands securely tied behind me, cotton in my  
eyes to blind me,  
Meekly, I was led to justice, for the crime they  
said I bore.

There, upon his throne of splendor, round him  
many a brave defender,  
With a mien of lord of kingdoms, sitting high  
above the floor,  
Was the judge, who in his mercy, I, for pardon,  
must implore.

Merely this, and nothing more.

Long into my sad face peering, while I stood  
there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming, dreams no mortal ever  
dreamed before.

Finally, he asked the question: "What's the  
charge against this Freshman?"

And I listened then with terror, hearing what  
I'd never heard before.

I was sure it was an error, and to myself I  
softly swore—

Verly softly, nothing more.

Came the answer, clearly stated, by a dreaded  
Sophomore:

"Having found this Freshman missing, missing  
from the second floor:

Seeking him, we found him kissing, one who'd  
never kissed before;

In the moonlight, on the campus, 'neath a tree,  
he did implore,  
And was kissing, never missing, a co-ed who'd  
never kissed before.

She was ever pleading '*More.*' "

Suddenly, I started yelling, yelling loud as I  
could yell,  
For the judge had started telling how that I  
must go to hell.

Said the justice, full of mercy, mercy that I  
dare not tell,

"Make this Freshman run the gauntlet, beat him,  
whip him, flog him well,

Use with many licks your paddles, show no  
mercy, make it h—,"

Quoth the justice, "None will tell."

With many paddles, blows resounding, kicks and  
punches, all abounding,

Through the dreaded gauntlet bounding, my  
frail body drug the floor,

And with each cry of terror sounding, quoth the  
justice, "Give him more."

Could I cry with shriek so piercing, could I  
mourn with voice so sore,

Could a h— be half so hellish, as I suffered on  
that floor,

I shall wonder ever more.

CLARENCE LEAVELL, '12.

## *A Freshman to His Lady Fair*



If I were the noblest of poets tonight,  
With the rhapsodic gift of a Homer to write  
An epic eclipsing the classics of old,  
Resplendent with warriors, chivalrous and bold,  
And radiant with ladies replete with such charms  
As never yet brightened the annals of arms:  
Although my achievements might challenge the fame  
Of infinite ages, enshrining my name  
With garlands of glory eternal as truth,  
And fraught with a fragrance more subtle than youth:  
And though I might gladden all hearts with my song  
Till the nations assembled in one mighty throng  
To listen in rapture, and crown me as king  
Of even the chief of the angels that sing—  
With the wave of my hand, I should thrust it aside—  
The gift and the glory—and beg to abide,  
Just a wren-noted singer with right to appeal  
To the shyest of Muses to frame what I feel,  
In simplest of measures and purest of pleas:  
“Oh! love me! I love you far more than all these!”

## *"The Closing Game of the Season"*



WITHIN the halls of Fairfax College there was much excitement, books were forgotten, students went hither and thither to seek opinions more mature: all were discussing the one subject—the outcome of the baseball game with their old rival, Martin College, which was to be played on the morrow. Without, nature seemed to lend her sympathy to the occasion, her thousand little beings were thoroughly aroused. The moon was nearing its full and the shadows of the thick foliage of the trees created many shady nooks and corners in convenient places on the campus.

Seemingly unmindful of the stir abroad, two figures strolled slowly along the winding lane leading to the section of the campus where the homes of the faculty stood. For one well acquainted with him, it would not have been difficult to recognize in the outline of one of the figures the person of Ralph Raymond, for he was the best athlete in school—being a broad-shouldered, well-developed fellow, whose figure was not easily mistaken. As for the identity of the lady, there could be no doubt, for during the whole of his career in college no other girl had held any charms for young Raymond except Ena Rutherford, the pretty daughter of stern old Dr. Rutherford, the professor of Mathematics.

Nor could Ralph be blamed for falling in love: everybody on the campus loved Ena. Her sympathetic kindness, her pleasant smile, her bewitching congeniality, and her interest in athletics made her a great favorite with the boys at Fairfax. From the time that Ralph had entered school as a Freshman,

five years ago, she seems to have wielded a wonderful power over him. In fact, some of the wiser ones had it, that his rapid development was due largely to her influence.

However this may be, it is a noticeable fact that the boy had somehow managed to take his degree of B.A. with distinction, and at the same time engage actively in all phases of athletics that the College afforded. At this particular season of the year he was enjoying an especial amount of hero worship, as it was in his skill as a pitcher that the hope lay of defeating Martin in the championship game. The rumor had gone out that there would be a wedding at Fairfax during the last commencement, but no such event had happened, and, to the great pleasure of the boys, Ralph had returned in the fall to apply for his Master's Degree.

But going back to the campus. The two have reached the little iron gate in front of the home of Dr. Rutherford. There they hesitate for a moment in earnest conversation, the girl extends her hand to say good-night, Ralph grasps it eagerly and attempts to draw her to him. "Won't you make it tonight," he was saying, but she withdrew her hand immediately, turned, and ran lightly up the gravel walk to the front of the house. Pausing here and looking over her shoulder she saw the tall, manly figure with bowed head still standing at the gate. "Tomorrow night, if you win," she said with a little laugh, and entering the front door she disappeared from sight.

The following day dawned bright and clear. Excitement ran high on the campus. The special train bearing the enthusiastic

supporters of the Martin team arrived at one o'clock, according to schedule. Two hours later everything was in readiness for the game, each College had its band of "Rooters" on the sidelines. The Fairfax boys were full of hope and confidence. Never before had their pitcher shown such skill in the control of the ball.

The first three innings of the game ended with no score for either team, although Raymond's hit to left field in the second was a promising opportunity for Fairfax. In the early part of the fourth, Deerbrook, shortstop for Martin, sent a ball crashing into right field; the player there failed to recover it until the runner had passed second base, then, in his confusion, he threw high over the third baseman, thereby allowing Deerbrook to reach the plate safely. Yell after yell arose from the Martin supporters. Disappointment was written on the face of Ralph Raymond, but, after a glance at the grandstand, this was turned into grim determination. This was the only time that a member of the team lost his judgment; they were playing a faultless game. But try as they would, a Fairfax runner could not score. Luck had clearly broken against them. The last of the ninth inning had come without a change. The Martin team was sure of success. Two men had come to the bat and both had retired

without hitting. There was a general revival of enthusiasm, however, when the third batter sent a ball into center field for two bases. The spirit was still more evident when this was followed by a single to left, which gave the first runner third base. For a time nothing could be heard but the wild cheers that went up from the Fairfax boys. There was a fighting chance to win! The next batter was called, and Ralph Raymond stepped to the plate. The first ball came directly over, the batter stood motionless, allowing the runner on first base to advance. Now was the critical moment, a safe hit meant victory—both runners could score! The pitcher sent the second ball to the plate with marvelous speed, the bat swings forward, but fails to strike it. "Strike two," calls the umpire. As the third ball leaves the hand of the pitcher every eye on Fairfax field is turned upon the movements of the batter; as quick as thought he takes one step forward and strikes with tremendous force—"Strike three," calls the umpire, and the hopes of victory were lost.

The termination of that game today seems like a dream to Ralph Raymond. The only thing that he remembers distinctly is that he passed out by the grandstand and heard a familiar female voice say, "Never mind, Ralph, I shall make the candy tonight, anyway."



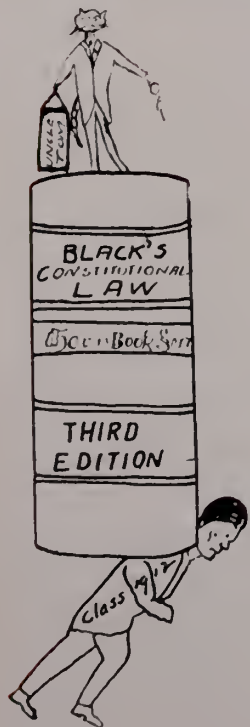
# *Law Department*



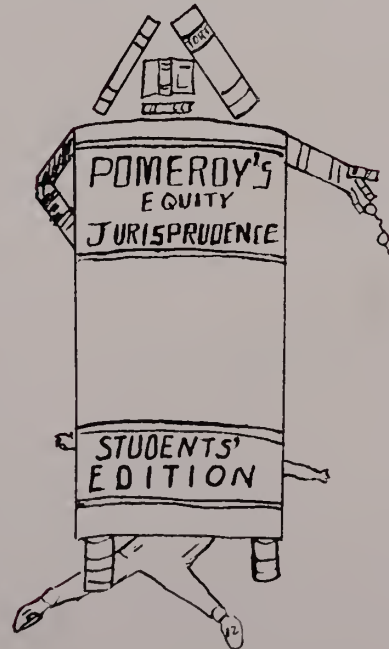
DAVID CARTER—"Aw, d— that; let's go to the Woman's Hall."

# AS HE IS

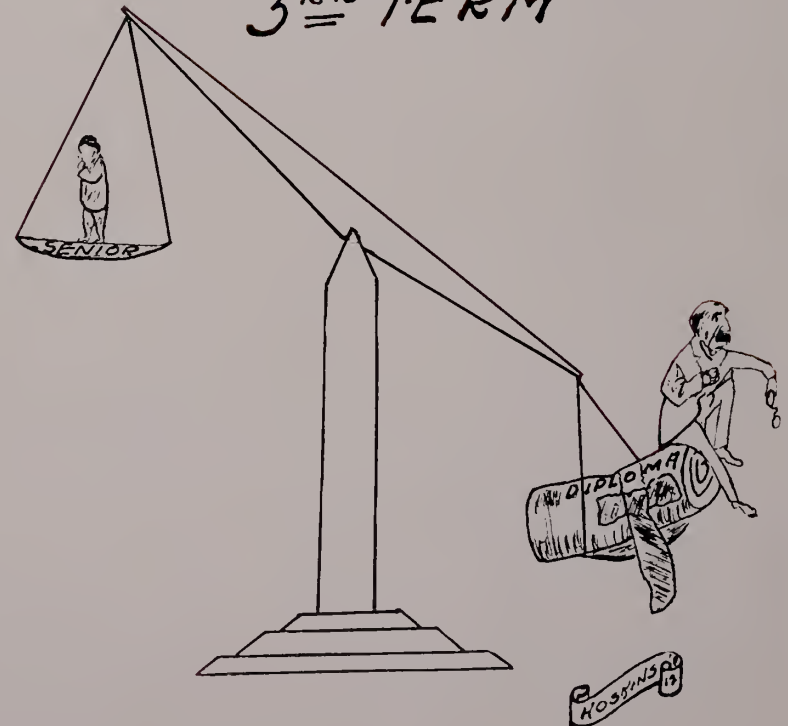
1<sup>ST</sup> TERM



2<sup>ND</sup> TERM



3<sup>RD</sup> TERM



SENIOR LAWS—"Help me; Oh! help me, lest I bust."



"VANDY" VANDIVERE—"Come on, let's start something."



SAM NATHAN AYRES, JR. .... Ripley, Tippah County  
 Secretary and Treasurer Junior Law Class '11, President Hellenian '12,  
 Secretary and Treasurer Ole Miss Board of Directors '12, Staff  
 Ole Miss '12, Staff Varsity Voice '11, Board of Directors,  
 Mississippian '12, Blackstone Club, Y. M. C. A., Bible  
 Study Leader '12, Hellenian Debater '12, Pentagonal  
 Debater '12, A. & M. Debater '12.

Small in size, but larger in the estimation of his fellow students—a hard fighter to carry his points, but a cheerful loser if such falls to his share. He has a pun to suit any occasion and attempts to “put one over” on the “Senior Lawyer’s Dread” at times. He has made good in his two years’ stay at the University.

MORRIS GLENN BLACKWELL ..... McNeill, Pearl River County  
 LL.B., Secretary Blackstone Club, Board of Directors of Ole Miss.

Blackwell used to be a lover of light literature, but about the time of the second term exams. of his Senior year he came to the conclusion that such “literature was not legal,” so he transferred his affections to such solid substance as “Pomeroy’s Equity” and “Conflict of Laws.” He likewise is a strong Blackstone Clubber and his speeches in that august body will be ringing in echo from Lamar Hall in years to come. When he “dips” his right to fame at the close of this year he will follow Grady’s injunction and “Go South to win fortune.”

T. K. BOGGAN ..... Tupelo, Lee County  
 LL.B., Vice-President Blackstone Club.

A man well read and well versed in the affairs of this world is our friend. After graduating in the literary department a few years ago, Boggan taught school at Collins and Biloxi. He is one of the “happy married quartette” whose names appear on our class rolls. He is a good thinker and has the power of clear expression, both of which attributes are very much to be desired by a lawyer. His “starving period” as a young lawyer should not last very long.

JAMES THOMAS BROWN, “Casey” ..... Newton, Newton County

“Casey” blew in from the Old Dominion State, and believing that Mississippi was a good place to camp, “that is to say,” live, he settled down to legal toils. If he survives the year’s grind he will make his mark at the bar, for he has a clear preception and that blustering emphaticness of his is sure to take in an unsuspecting juror.

“BOTT’S” CASEY—“Aw, what’s the use, anyway.”



JACK EMMETT BUCKLEY, "Buck".....Enterprise, Lauderdale County  
LL.B., Blackstone Club.

This "Enterprising" young fellow had an idea that he was fond of the study of law until Equity Jurisprudence came into his course, then all earlier ambitions vanished and he no longer aspires to be a lawyer, but a barrister. Buck is a good student, and this, with his practical ideas, speaks well for his future. An intimate association is necessary for a full appreciation of his jovial disposition.

FRED SPENGLER CARTEL, "Freddie".....Oxford, Lafayette County  
LL.B., Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Football '08-'11, Blackstone Club.

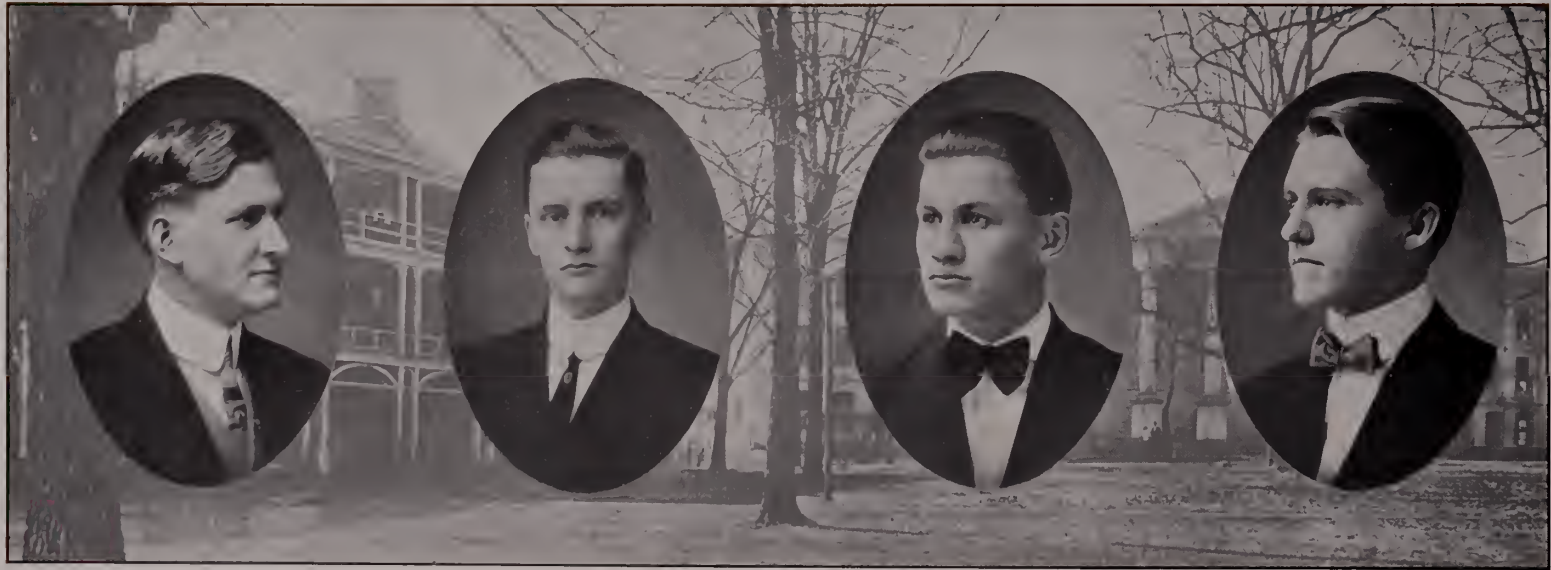
This big fellow hails from the "icey north," and he tells some very marvelous stories about what happened down on the farm and about how he operated the Acme Automatic. "Freddie" is a good athlete and can study when he feels so inclined. He was the man who came within three yards of tying up the Thanksgiving game and then spent a month in bed. He is a hero, therefore. He is well known and well liked, from the Chancellor's office to Hospital.

ARTHUR T. CLEVELAND, "Grover".....Eastman  
LL.B., Blackstone Club, Honor Council, President Class Junior Year.

The "Judge" hails from the county without a railroad, but then railroads don't make good lawyers, especially the kind that we are sure "Grover" Cleveland will make. He is death on technical points and often times quotes the very words of the author, yea, quotes them even to the satisfaction of our "dear Uncle T." This fellow is a hard worker and things once understood by him are never forgotten.

MARTIN SENNETT CONNER, "Mike".....Seminary, Covington County  
B.S., University of Mississippi '10, LL.B. '12, Kappa Alpha, President Senior Class '10, President Blackstone Club, Vice-President and Critic Hermacan Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '08-'11, Ole Miss Board '09-'10, Toastmaster Y. M. C. A. and Hermacan Banquets, Pan Hellenic Council '09-'12, President F. S. O. S. P., Hermacan Party Leader, Inter-society Debater, Ole Timers' Club, German Club, Editor-in-Chief Ole Miss '12, Board of Directors Ole Miss.

Proud of his Irish ancestry, "Mike" is the most appropriate name, and he lives it out every inch. Born to lead, he has not only done so, but has been twice voted "Man most likely to succeed." "Mike" has bagged perhaps more honors than any other man, and stands one of the most popular among us. Kind, loyal, true, hospitable, energetic, ambitious, broad-minded, and a Christian gentleman, he leaves Ole Miss with the best wishes of both students and faculty.



SILAS L. DEARIE, "Dearie".....Florence, Simpson County  
 L.L.B., Sigma Chi, Blackstone Club, "Old Timers," Pan-Hellenic Council.

Though calmly unconscious of it all, this important "limb" of the postal service is the one who pigeon-holes "the hopes, the fears, the joys and tears" of each member of our college community. With the ladies, Si's charms are irresistible, and among the boys his friends consist of all those who know him. Whether its law or insurance, ten years hence, Dearie can lend us all funds.

GEORGE WILLIAM HOSEY.....Moss  
 L.L.B., Secretary Blackstone Club.

Billy is a lawyer, but we are inclined to think that this profession is a second choice with him. He went to A. & M. first and came away with the "Corn." Farming was too prosaic and plodding for such an ambitious and gifted son of the soil, so the way-farer hitched himself on the "Soft, Soft Federal wagon which we feel sure will some day land him in Glory Land.

JOHN STONE HESKINS.....Greenwood, Leflore County  
 L.L.B., Blackstone Club, Historian of Senior Class.

"Johnnie's" opinion often differs from that of the author, but he fearlessly defends his views. He has ideas of his and the verbosity to establish them in the minds of the unsuspecting and the unsophisticated. His prospects for success are so very apparent that he even sees them himself, and will not hesitate to tell you how rosy the future will be. He has one hundred and thirty pounds of energy and his capacity for work has no limit.

ROBERT ARTHUR JORDAN, "Rags," "Arter".....Lexington, Holmes County  
 L.L.B., Baseball Team '10-'12, Blackstone Club, Bus. Mgr. Ole Miss.

"Rags" is a good scout, and everybody likes him. He is "some class" as an athlete, and business manager "Ole Miss" indicates what his associates think of his business ability. The word "lady" occurs frequently in his working vocabulary, and although law heads the list, we know it is only a stepping-stone to greatness.



WADE JAMES PATRICK.....Prickett, Rankin County  
LL.B., Blackstone Banquet Critic.

LeRoy's renown as a forensic prator is very great. Often times we have collapsed before his vociferous criticisms which he dispensed in Blackstone Club meetings without fear or favor. It is not recorded that "Pat's" two years' course here will result in, either to him or to the University. He has the true Irish wit and often times has entertained the Seniors in class assembled with one of his dialogues with our presiding officer.

MILLARD F. PIERCE, "Monk" .....Hickory, Newton County  
B.S., '11, Mgr. Baseball Team '11, Phi Sigma.

Though claiming no close relationship to Venus, "Monk" will doubtless make a staunch citizen of Newton. His time has been well spent in the University, and he has exhibited versatile ability; standing well in his classes and also assisting in bringing to his Alma Mater athletic laurels, having served her efficiency as basket-ball manager.

STEVENS BANKS RAYBURN.....Oxford, Lafayette County  
LL.B., B.S., Blackstone Club.

Rayburn enjoys the distinction of being the smallest known organism in existence with a University degree. But despite this fact, the noise that he makes in debate deafens those near and fills those afar with a fear of his wrath. His ambition sours even to the administration of justice in a "J. P." court, and his grades indicate a realization of his dreams.

AMBROSE BARNEY SCHALBER, "Dick".....Laurel, Jones County  
A.B., '07, M.A., '12, LL.B., '12.

Evidently when "Dick" entered the University he came with a determination to take all that she could confer upon an energetic son. Since that time he has taken an active part in the life of his Alma Mater, taking degree after degree until there is no other to seek. His preparation is full and his foundation good, and there seems to be nothing to bar his future success.



THOMAS T. SMITH.....Brookhaven, Lincoln County  
I.L.B., President Blackstone Club (Third Term).

Upon his entrance four years ago Tom applied for a degree in Lit and football, but the loafing spirit struck him and for the past two years he has been on the legal "gravy train." He is often present with the merry midnight crew, but when the fun is over "the Grind" is his motto. A very advanced round in the ladder of success awaits this son of Lincoln.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN TROTTER (Chuck) ....Winona, Montgomery County  
Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Phi Sigma, Blackstone, Football '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10,  
'10-'11, Captain Football '09-'10, Baseball '08-'09, '09-'10, Gymnasium  
Team '07-'08, '08-'09, Board of Control of Athletics '08-'09,  
'09-'10, '11-'12, Ole Miss Staff '11-'12, Representative Ole  
Miss Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association '09-'10,  
Board of Directors Ole Miss '11-'12, President  
Senior Law Class, Honor Council '09-'10.

"Chuck" is your friend if he knows you; and you are his if you have met him. He laughs and makes the world laugh with him. His favorite is "Freshman Math," but he hits Blackstone some heavy lies, and knocks a rise on every exam. Chuck has about sacked all the honors given by

popular vote from every activity of University life. He approaches the "Seemingly Impossible Ideal"—an all-round man.

JAMES MONEY VARDAMAN.....Jackson, Hinds County  
K.A., Blackstone, Pau-Hellenic, Sigma Upsilon, Cheer Leader '11-'12, Board  
Directors Ole Miss, Manager Basket-ball '08-'09, '09-'10, The  
Camels, Manager Varsity Voice '09.

The Lord didn't do much for him in the way of beauty, but he made up for it in qualities far more valuable. He is a cheer leader of great worth, a good student, and in all very popular among those who know him. He has been with us a long time, and we will all miss him next year. May his future be as great as his course here has been creditable.

J. PAUL WHITE, "Red" .....Lena

Red, White, and sometimes Blue, when he doesn't relate exactly the right kind of legal doctrines, is a patriotic student of the law and this of itself means that he will take high rank in his chosen profession. True, it is that he has a threatening manner, but we speak advisedly, he is as harmless as distant thunder on a summer's night. We refer you to other pages for further personal advertising.



LOUIS JULIAN WISE .....Yazoo City, Yazoo County  
 LL.B., Board of Directors Ole Miss, Assistant Business Manager,  
 President Blackstone Club.

This statesman from Yazoo makes a fine presiding officer, but always seems pleased when "the performance is over." He is "wise" enough, though he does not look that way. The great trouble is found in applying the motive power; once in action, they say he is hard to stop; we don't know, we have never seen his unruffled peacefulness disturbed. He moves along like the silent Yazoo and nothing seems to trouble him.

EMILE J. ADAMS.....Pass Christian, Harrison County  
 LL.B., Blackstone Club.

"Ikey" is perhaps the hardest student in the entire law class, and he is "s", despite his roommate, the Honorable LeRoy. This year Equity often times put him in the hospital, but he always "came back" in time for his call in Corporations. His ability as a politician was demonstrated in his canvass for handsomest man; due credit being given to his campaign manager, Jordan. Ikey will settle down on the coast.

ICEY W. DAY, "Freshman".....Kosciusko, Attala County  
 LL.B., Blackstone Club.

"Freshman" Day is another of the galaxy of stars that Attala has placed in the legal firmament by the University route. When Senator

Gore loses his fame, Fame itself will not be lost, for the "Freshman" has hitched his wagon to a star and is determined to ride. Day is a jolly fellow, well met, a friend to every one and has a host of friends. Here's to the "Judge," may success crown his brave efforts.

JAMES LAKE ROBERSON, "Prep".....University, Lafayette  
 B.S., University of Mississippi 1908, LL.B., Delta Psi, Honor Council,  
 Blackstone Club.

He was known as "Prep" in the days gone by, but when he returned with his "family" we found him extremely dignified. His success this year has been marvelous, and he will finish first or second in his class, which is an indication as to what a good lawyer he will make. No doubt ere long he will represent Pontotoc in the Legislature, and the halls of fame will resound with his logic and humor.

## Senior Law Class History

### PAST.

**W**O TIME, the divine limitation upon the achievement and existence of all earthly things, the sole and pitiless stockholder of the puny, brief seconds of our existence, all earthly things are alike. From all it exacts its cruel, incessant and ever-increasing toll. Its heavy hand is laid upon the prince and the pauper, the rich and poor, the good and the bad: Church, State, Class, Individual, all alike are flitting.

In the iron mould of Time, all things change, resolve into their original elements. The period of existence of any earthly thing is but a second when compared with the ever-moving, grim juggernaught of hoary time, now moving so slowly as to be imperceptible, but ever surely; and now in your youth, in the flush of high ambition, winged-healed, its moments racing headlong, tumultuously, flying from us with a speed so rapid that minute succeeds minute and lengthen into days almost without the knowledge of Him to whom the day is a unit of earthly existence. We, too, have paid the toll in the brief space of our existence as a class, the Class of 1912. A few have fallen by the wayside. Some from a lack of incentive to persevere have fluttered, moth-like around the clear flame of the law, careful not to approach too closely for fear of scorching their fragile, gilded wings, finally seeking another lure over which their gilded daintiness could be suspended on iridescent wings without encountering the hard and ever-increasingly difficult obstacles opposed in the path of the law to the footsore and weary traveler. Those of our number that we have lost owing to the iron pressure of circumstances, who have

"Folded their tents, like the Arabs,  
And silently stole away."

We, as the Class of 1912, sincerely mourn, both from a recognition of the fact that they, in future years, will bring fresh laurel wreaths of fame to lay at the feet of their Alma Mater and for their own intrinsic worth as scholars and as gentlemen. Though we have lost you, we yet regard you as our own, and when the swaddling clothes are unwrapped from the baby destiny, now dandled on the knees of the gods perhaps our lives again will touch, and we assure you that your memory and your identity as one of us will be green in the hearts of each of the members of your class and our friendship and championship as if we had never been parted.

### PRESENT.

Today we stand on the historic rostrum, eaglets about to be pushed from the security of the nest by the wise old mother, awkward, ugly, scarcely having molted our pin-feathers, to try the strength of the wings which she has carefully, theoretically trained to fly. With feathers ruffled and glaring eyes we attempt to cling to the rock which has been our refuge, but its smooth surface affords us no foothold. She who has been our teacher, and afforded us protection from all of the world, and whose heart is filled with love for her awkward children, knows no pity and our strength is not sufficient to allow us to remain in the security of the nest in which we have been reared. All things must end and today, knowing not the strength of our untried wings, and with but a theoretical knowledge of their proper use, we are to fly for the first time from our eyrie.

In each and every heart there is a feeling of pride in our achievement and our profession, a feeling of desire to essay the perilous flight and a deep, sincere feeling of sorrow that after today the companionship, which has made us more secure, which

has been so warm and comforting through the lonely hours of the night, is to cease. Together we have watched the "Dull Clod" give way to the "Instinct of Might" within it, the birth of the new life of spring through the travail of earth, the mother, laying aside for the nonce the dusty tomes and cold reasoning of the distinguished jurists to don our flannels, vivid socks, loud ties and a-courting go, harking with willing ears to the soft calls of Psyche and feeling with keen joy the pangs of the shafts of Eros.

We are but mortal, and being so have had our petty quarrels and feelings of enmity. In the heat of argument about the construction of some statute; in the moot court on the trial of a case, the strained nerves of the fledgling lawyer have given away to the stress of the conflict, but on this day of parting, the book of our unity and good will is open to all who care to read. Some of our members perhaps have been opposed in the school of politics, some on questions which, to them, are vital; but today, standing on the rostrum on which the great men of Mississippi have stood, in the chapel in which today the spirits of the Alumni who have gone before and the hearts of those who are in the hurly-burly stampede of life are hovering eager to welcome to their distinguished ranks the callow eaglet striving to cling to the wings of its Alma Mater, there is no feeling of enmity, no feeling of strife. Gone are the unpleasant things of the past. Before the final parting, the breaking up of our perfect unity, all the small, petty trifles are forgotten, nothing remains but regret that our lives are no longer to continue side by side, each deriving strength from the other; and an overwhelming desire that each and every one will prove worthy of the earnest and conscientious efforts of our beloved instructors, Messrs. Somerville and Farley. Today the swaddling clothes are unpinned from the baby destiny by the dumb God of the Future and the first fold is beginning to unwrap—if all of the folds could be unwrapped today, each of us would be saved many a heartache to come in the future—but the cloth is only unpinned and year

by year the faces will gradually fall until the future is but the past, and we have succeeded; or failed and, bruised and broken, crawled to the refuge which an all-wise Providence has prepared for the man who has done his best.

### THE FUTURE.

Tomorrow, we boys, unacquainted with aught but the tilting yard, with weapons with which we are but theoretically acquainted, ride into the midst of the bitter melee of the tournament of life in a body. Some of us will fall, some will stand and in time become the grim and battle-scarred veterans of the Battle of Life, to which the noise of the conflict is the harmony of the universe, to whom the smoke of the battle is the very breath of life, the class of men with which we on the morrow, inexperienced, untried, tilt. Though we be conquered in our first and our second, third, fourth and fifth struggle, yet the teaching that we have received, and the hard study that we have done will yet show its temper, and from each such conflict we will emerge but unconquered, knowing more of the use of our weapons, until, in the end, we will rest in our tents, our shields bearing our resplendent arms, the pennons of success waving in the wind for the world to read, reflecting honor upon the mother and upon our class.

Armed for the battle, prepared, courageous, in the armor so carefully made by the master armorers, with the razor-sharp, two-edged sword which they too have welded and tempered, men, we face the grueling battle that may last half a century, and though it may be slow in coming, yet will the god of battle finally award to us the victory; or on the field of valor, facing the heat of the conflict, our path marked by the fallen, our standard guarded by the still bodies which once composed the Class of 1912, the class will bury its shame that it has not succeeded by the manner of its battle, and the unconquerable valor of its members still the tongue of the maligner.

J. S. H., '12.

## *Limericks*



There was a young fellow named Corner;  
He covered himself all over mit honor,  
For his jokes and hot air,  
He was the despair  
Of idiots who ought to be calmer.

There was a young lady named Dubose,  
Who became intensely morose.  
And the poor little girl,  
When her head did a whirl,  
Tripped up town for a divorce.

The first man, they say, was Adam.  
He is with us, maid and madam.  
And rushes the Ricks Hall queens,  
With all his splendor and sheens.  
His vast virtues, you may add 'em.

There was a young man named Brown,  
Just from a Molly Jackson town.  
By the noise when he spoke,  
The Prof.s' record he broke.  
Here's to Casey, drink it down.

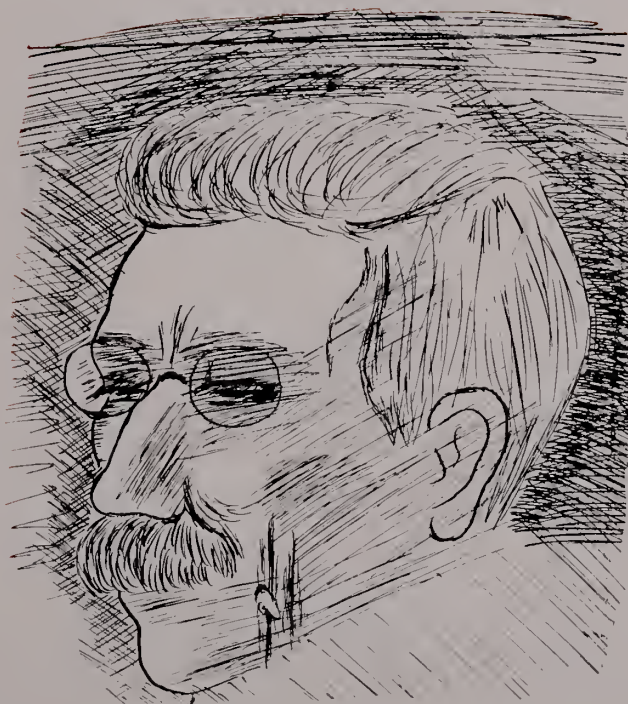
There was a bright boy named Pat,  
Who in Ricks Hall often sat.  
And for a loving heart-smasher,  
There was never such a masher,  
When he fills the ring with his hat.

Among us he came so witty,  
A student of Law and Lit-ty.  
And he lived a White life,  
After taking a wife,  
And was Locked with Silver City.

There was a young fellow named Duff,  
Made of the proper sort of stuff.  
But he would sing a song,  
Smash it all to the wrong,  
And forget that enough was enough.

There was a fellow named Barker,  
Who was some sort of a sparker.  
Sported some forty or more medals,  
Plugged the iv'ry and spanked the pedals.  
Courtied the girls and lived a larker.

There was a young fellow named Red,  
Who is noted for his football head.  
Captain of the championship team  
For nineteen hundred and thirteen.  
Here's to the leader aforesaid.



O fall the "swine"—"BOTTIS" CAUSEY.



THE JUNIOR LAW CLASS

"Jug" LEAVELL—"Some say that dancing is the same as hugging. I don't think it is as good."

## *Junior Law Officers*



C. S. LEAVELL ..... President  
 JOHN M. BOGGAN ..... Vice-President  
 J. D. RUCKER ..... Secretary and Treasurer  
 JOHN W. LOCH ..... Historian  
 J. R. ANDERSON, C. C. CORDILL.. Honor Council

## *Junior Law Class*



<p>ANDERSON, J. R.....Tupelo, Lee County                      Delta Tau Delta, Tennis Club, Blackstone Club, Honor Council.</p> <p>BOGGAN, JOHN M.....Tupelo, Lee County                      Blackstone, Phi Sigma, U.M.A.A., Vice-President Class.</p> <p>BYRNES, C. F.....Natchez, Adams County                      Alpha Tau Omega, Blackstone Club, U.M.A.A.</p> <p>CLARK, A. B.....Newton, Newton County                      Delta Tau Delta, Scribblers, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A., Ole Miss Board.</p> <p>COHN, H. L.....Loman, Jefferson County                      Phi Kappa Psi, Blackstone Club, U.M.A.A.</p> <p>COLEMAN, E. F.....McLain, Greene County                      Blackstone, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.</p> <p>CONNER, C. E.....Columbia, Marian County                      Kappa Alpha, Blackstone Club, U.M.A.A.</p> <p>COOPER, F. G.....Forest, Scott County                      Phi Sigma, Blackstone Club, Annual Staff, Editor Mississippian.</p>	<p>CORDILL, C. C.....Crowville, La.                      Phi Sigma, Blackstone, Annual Staff.</p> <p>DORROH, C. E.....Macon, Nuxabee County                      U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A., Blackstone Club.</p> <p>FLOURNOY, RICHARD.....Crawford, Lowdnes County                      Blackstone, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.</p> <p>FOOTE, A. M.....Hattiesburg, Forrest County                      Kappa Alpha, U.M.A.A., Blackstone Club., Baseball.</p> <p>FORMAN, G. E.....Liberty, Amite County                      Fiddlers' Club, Blackstone Club.</p> <p>GREENE, W. G.....Natchez, Adams County                      Delta Kappa Epsilon, Blackstone Club, U.M.A.A.</p> <p>HARDY, J. A.....Columbus, Lowdnes County                      Delta Tau Delta, Blackstone Club, Tennis Club.</p> <p>HURST, G. G.....Oxford, Lafayette County                      Phi Kappa Psi, Instructor in Education.</p>
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“Yaas, yaas, he was a member of General Jackson’s Staaf”—PROF. BONDY.

KYLE, JOHN W.....Batesville, Panola County  
Delta Kappa Epsilon, Blackstone, Scribblers' Club, U.M.A.A.

LEAVELL, CLARENCE S.....Oxford, Lafayette County  
Sigma Chi, Blackstone Club, Phi Sigma, Class President.

LOCH, J. W.....Magnolia, Pike County  
Kappa Sigma, Blackstone Club, Phi Sigma.

McKINNEY, W. T.....Anguilla, Sharkey County  
Phi Delta Theta, Blackstone Club, Scribblers' Club.

McLAURIN, H. J.....Brandon, Rankin County  
B.S., Mississippi College, U.M.A.A.

McLEAN, J. H.....Winona, Montgomery County  
D.K.E., Scribblers' Club, U.M.A.A.

McRANEY, A. W.....Collins, Covington County  
Blackstone Club, U.M.A.A.

MITCHELL, S. F.....Sardis, Panola County  
S.A.E., Blackstone, Captain Football 1911, U.M.A.A.

OATES, O. M.....Bay Springs, Jasper County  
Blackstone Club Honor Council.

PILKINTON, S. T.....Artesia, Lowndes County  
Blackstone, Mississippi Legislature.

RAY, R. C.....Canton, Madison County  
D.T.D., Blackstone, Junior Prom., U.M.A.A.

RUCKER, J. D.....Itta Bene, Leflore County  
D.T.D., Scribblers' Club, Instructor in Engineering.

SCUMBALL, L. F.....Soso, Jones County  
Blackstone, Phi Sigma, U.M.A.A.

WILSON, T. W.....Coldwater, Tate County  
Blackstone, Hermean, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.

WILROY, N. E.....Hernando, DeSoto County  
Blackstone, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.

WING, A. G.....Grenville, Washington County  
Blackstone, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.

WINTER, J.....University, Lafayette County  
Blackstone, U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.

## *Junior Law History*

### EXCERPTS FROM HISTORICAL CONTRIBUTION OF 3912, A. D.

**I**N a paper to be read before the Universal Historical Society in 3912, the historian will probably incorporate, in substance, the following:

"During the first century of a free and democratic government, the American people made wonderful progress in science, invention and the fine arts. Commerce became highly developed, and vast corporations sprang up and acquired a power never before dreamed of. Enormous fortunes were amassed by a few individuals, and lesser fortunes by many more.

"But the very industrial and commercial conditions of the times made possible the development of a class, denominated by their less fortunate and hard-working contemporaries, the Idle Rich. These, in their efforts to excel each other in the lavishness of their entertainments, dress, and buildings, introduced an era of splendid extravagance hitherto unattained by any people. The desire on the part of the moderately well-to-do to imitate the immensely rich brought about a reign of high prices that so increased the cost of living as to reduce the condition of the poorer classes well nigh to intolerable destitution. In order to build up still greater fortunes, the unconscious captains of high finance with their ill-gotten gold corrupted the legislative assemblies of the country and tainted the fountains of justice. The free institutions of the early patriots were throttled by the Dragon of Greed. Naturally, a conflict ensued between the

oppressed laboring classes and the rich. The only weapon with which the laboring classes had to fight was personal force and violence. Since the latter were vastly in the majority, it is easily seen that such a struggle must finally have resulted in a period of bloody anarchy and revolution, had not some great and potent influence intervened.

"That such a calamity was averted was due in no small degree to a group of young men who entered the University of Mississippi during the session of nineteen hundred and twelve to engage in the study of the law. The service which they rendered succeeding generations was incalculable. By virtue of a divine zeal, undaunted integrity, and signal ability, they drove from the legislative halls the representatives of predatory wealth, purified the fountains of justice, curbed the rapacious appetites of the moneyed aristocracy, and, by wise legislation, made the enjoyment of the luxuries of life dependent directly upon the equitable basis of services rendered.

"It is well to notice just here the training and influences that were brought to bear upon the members of this group of remarkable men, and which so admirably fitted them for the rendering of so great a service to humanity.

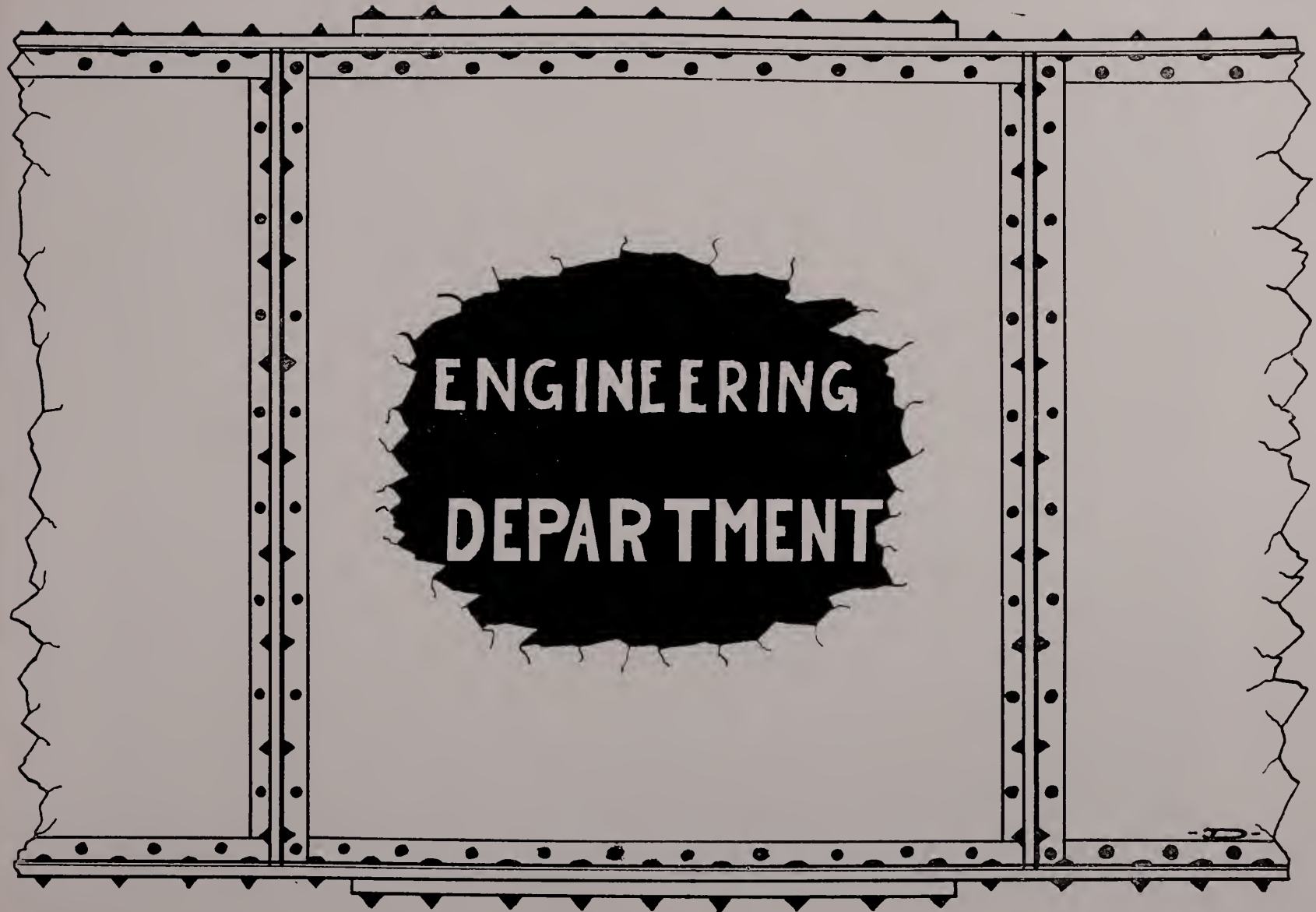
"In the first place they came from the masses of the people, though it is indeed fortunate for the world that they were reared in homes where the ideals of the early fathers of the

Republic were cherished and preserved: where the principles of freedom, of equal rights, of truth, and of justice were instilled into them from earliest childhood. They were taught the songs and traditions of a patriotic people, and their young imaginations were kindled by the recital of the noble deeds of the heroes of the American Revolution. Their fathers and grandfathers had fought and bled on the battlefield in a disastrous Civil War for what they thought to be right, and these sons of theirs were enjoined to sacrifice, if need be, their young lives upon their country's altar for the sake of her honor and the preservation of the principles embodied in her Constitution.

"Imbued then, as they were, with the highest ideals of the purposes of government, they entered upon the study of law that they might the better equip themselves for the great work that lay before them. They lent themselves diligently to the study of the ethical principles expounded by Blackstone, an

eminent legal scholar that lived some two centuries earlier. They searched with avidity the law reports of the times, and acquainted themselves with the judicial decisions of the most renowned judges. They regularly attended the sessions of Moot Court, an institution that existed at the University for the nurture and cultivation of embryonic legal luminaries. There they served as jurors that the Senior law students might practice their vociferous but empty arguments upon them. Thus they obtained a practical working knowledge of the intricate machinery of the law courts, its perfections and its imperfections. In the literary societies and the Blackstone Club, their phenomenal powers of eloquence and oratory excited the awe and admiration of their fellow students. No opportunity, the improving of which would prepare them for their high and holy calling, was neglected."

J. W. LOCH, Historian.





THE ENGINEERING ASSOCIATION

## *Engineering Department*

LINDSEY ..... President  
LIMERICK ..... Vice-President

DRAPER ..... Treasurer  
AYRES ..... Secretary

### ENGINEERING ASSOCIATION.

AYRES ..... President  
DRAPER ..... Vice-President

LIMERICK ..... Secretary  
LINDSEY ..... Treasurer

### MEMBERS.

AYRES.  
DRAPER.  
EADES.  
LINDSEY. -  
BELL.  
FARISH.

LIMERICK.  
MARTIN.  
SEYMOUR.  
BECK.  
CAHALL.  
CAUSEY.

HAYNES.  
HEDDLESTON.  
KERSTINE.  
KIMMONS.  
MCCALL.  
MOORE.

RAMEY.  
SHIELDS.  
WALTON.  
BRELAND.  
SWANN.  
WORD.



QUINCY CLAUDE AYRES .....Columbus, Lowndes County  
B.S., B.E., Kappa Alpha, Hermaean, Sphinx, Secretary and Treasurer  
Engineering Department '10-'11, President Engineering  
Association '11-'12, Secretary and Ex-Committee-  
man Honor Council.

When the Honorable Court of St. James was organized, an electrical engineer was needed to do the electrocuting, and Quincy got the job and made his first money. President Quincy of the Engineering Association is the best president they have ever had. A fine boy, popular and true to his friends. He has an evenly balanced temper, a kind heart, a good mind, and we predict that if he will apply himself "diligently to the tasks before him" and will play the part of a politician, he will have some chance of being elected county surveyor of Lowndes in the days to come.

GUSSIE A. DRAPER .....Sardis, Panola County  
B.E., Engineering Association, Court of St. James.

Gussie is the most handsome one of the famous surveying quartette getting dips this year. Look at his face. It is the very picture of independence. He especially likes Soph Math., which is very easy to him—the great mathematical mind that he has. Confident, self-possessed, with some engineering experience, he has an excellent opportunity of making good. His first work will be to dig a tunnel through the earth to China. "By gins, I'll do it," says he.

WILLER RICHARDS EADES, "Red" .....Oxford, Lafayette County  
B.S. in C. E., Engineering Association.

The reason that Eades has red hair and is a good student is that he was here when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Hopes some day to build an electric line from Oxford to Mars and he usually succeeds in everything he tries. Several years ago the engineering profession needed "Red" and he unselfishly heeded the call, left Ole Miss and made his reputation. This year he came back to get the finishing "Touches."

JOHN LUNDSEY, JR. ....Laurel, Jones County  
B.E., President of Class '11-'12, Treasurer English Association, Vice-  
President Jones County Club, I. O. B. H.

From Jones County and still a right respectable boy. He hopes to be an engineer some day, and we guess he will follow in the footsteps of his father and invent another eight-wheel wagon to haul his diploma away in. Since his club elected him treasurer, we admit that he is honest. Being the president of his class, "the wonder was and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew."

"BILLY" MCKINNEY—"Take my beard and make me happy."

## *History of the Class of 1912*



A VAST deposition of Time's fabled obscurity assails the eye with visions of an embryonic herd of the human species freshly emerged from a state of high-school dormancy. Loosed thus prematurely, it luckily transpires that ambition's eruptious rankling soon seeks scholastic imposition with cool disregard of consequent degrees of toil. The tactful element assume the trials of "Lit" as their insignia of devotion, those less resourceful perforate the realms of Medicine and Pharmacy, Law claims her share of the truly aspiring while Engineering ruthlessly entraps the guileless remainder.

Girded about with a raiment of soothing unconcern, the latter component craftily conceals numberless pitfalls, relentless activity and insufferable technic. Preliminary disclosures hastily dispel the proverbial illusion of laymen as regards the profession. The Engineer is painted not as a mere Surveyor the chief end of whom is to appear important, to squint through his three-legged badge and to record the objects of his distorted vision, but as a man of inexhaustible resources. He is a professional unit of originality providing unceasingly for the comfort, safety and protection of mankind. He is not a builder, but a designer, not a musician, but a composer. He harnesses, transforms and economizes the forces of Nature's provision to the greatest advantage of the public weal. Unlauded, unglorified and unknown he is content to labor in seclusion that the fruits thereof may compose the foremost ranks of advancing civilization.

It is with due impression and adjusted perspective, therefore, that the apprentice is led to the oracle of rudimentary detail. It is then that the trials, difficulties and dangers of his task assert themselves with alarming rapidity. Unwavering application coupled with some small degree of elementary talent is productive of either abject discouragement or of stubborn determination in the heart of the aspirant. Each year claims its toll of unfortunates who fall by the wayside in the supreme struggle for the coveted but elusive "sheep-skin." It is inevitable that the annals of University records reveal a diminutive nucleus and progressive decrease of engineering students as contrasted with those of other and more inviting departments. Consistent effort necessarily attends the achievement of goals worth while.

Ample corroboration of the foregoing is attested in a dissection of the class of 1912. Of its four constituent parts but one can justly lay claim to four years of continuous progression. A freshman of 1908, he alone has mounted all obstacles and emerged triumphant. Another of our seniors recruited in his sophomore year, still another swelled the junior brigade while the last, a junior of eight years standing, returned to renew afresh his tribulations as a 1912 senior. It is thus evidenced that historical divergence in no way handicaps the oneness of effort toward the accomplishment of a common purpose. May a kind Fate ever direct the endeavors of this unique quartette in their cultivation of subsequent fruitage. Q. C. A., '12.

## *Undergraduate Engineers*



### JUNIOR ENGINEERING STUDENTS.

BELL, B. M.....	University, Lafayette	LIMERICK, R. C.....	Natchez, Adams
FARISH, J. W.....	Yazoo City, Yazoo	MARTIN, W. T.....	Natchez, Adams
SEYMOUR, E. N.....	Coffeeville, Yalobusha		

### SOPHOMORE ENGINEERING STUDENTS

BECK, K. R.....	Merigold, Bolivar	KIMMONS, E. H., JR.....	Oxford, Lafayette
CAHALL, W. C.....	Germantown, Penn.	MCCALL, E. F.....	Summerland, Jones
CAUSEY, J. B.....	Liberty, Amite	MOORE, W. H.....	Benoit, Bolivar
HAYNES, J. W.....	Oxford, Lafayette	RAMEY, J. R.....	Oxford, Lafayette
HEDDLESTON, W. D. JR.....	University, Lafayette	SHIELDS, F. L.....	Jackson, Hinds
KERSTINE, I.....	Clarksdale, Coahoma	WALTON, B. S.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

### FRESHMAN ENGINEERING STUDENTS.

BRELAND, D. A.....	Wisdom, Harrison	SWANN, P.....	Macon, Noxubee
WORD, E. R.....	Oxford, Lafayette		

## *“The Engineer”*



A man of grace, unknown, to some extent,

In worldly fame: a life of noble toil  
Bequeaths to him the joy of soul content.

Each day his thoughts to higher planes arise;  
Each hour his hand subtends a wider sphere.

At night he dreams—on him the world relies.

The pierced mountain,—chasm overspanned,—

The lofty peak of builder's stone,—the scar  
Upon the face of Mother Earth,—the plan

Of rapid flight on land, on sea, in air,—  
Reveal to us, in vivid tone, the work,

As planned, by the mighty Engineer.

No mind can know how far his work may go:

No man can say how soon the end may come;

The force of nature may become a foe

So strong that man no longer may exist—

But be it as it may, the more the risk,

The more the Engineer will stubbornly resist.

G. A. D., '12

## *A Romantic Literary Romance*



“WHEN Knighthood Was in Flower,” “Miss Selina Lou,” accompanied by “The Chaperon,” visited “Rosalind of the Red Gate,” where she met “Colonel Carter of Cartersville.” It was a case of love at first sight, and when he asked for “The Right of Way” to her heart, her face was suffused with blushes, no “Freckles” showed; she believed he spoke the “Truth,” and as she saw no “Sign of the Cross” disposition that some men have, she gave him her “Hungry Heart” “To Have and to Hold.”

There was a grand wedding, “The Little Minister” read the service in an impressive way. “Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm” was ring-bearer, “Inez,” “Marcia,” Beulah” and “Vashti” were flower girls. “Hulda,” “Barbara Worth,” “Lovie Mary” and “Annie of Green Gables” were bridesmaids. “Eben Holden,” “Gordon Keith,” “David Harum” and “Abner Daniel” were groomsmen. The bride was clad in “Lavender and Old Lace” and was given away by “The Gentleman from Indiana.” Upon reaching the church door they were met and congratulated by their old friends, “The Hoosier Schoolmaster” and “The Circuit Rider’s Wife.” After a slight delay “The Man on the Box” was told to drive by the way of “The Lonesome Pine” to the “House of a Thousand Candles,” where a feast had been prepared by “The Daughters of Babylon.”

“Lim Jucklin” had sent chickens for the meats, “Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch” donated pickle and salads, “The

Master of the Vineyard” sent wine and grapes, and there were “Wild Olives” in abundance.

They were received by “Miss Minerva and William Green Hill,” “Tom Grogan” and “The Shepherd of the Hills.” “Peter” was told to take care of the horses.

The address of welcome was made by “The Gentleman from Mississippi.” Then the house became “A House of Mirth.”

Now, in her youth “Miss Selina Lou” loved the “Princess Virginia,” who, when she grew up, married “Vergillius” and for a time was happy, but “Satan Sanderson” put “The Gambler” up to telling “Vergillius” they thought his wife was spending too much money. Then “The Angel of Pain” took up her abode in “Castle Crancycrow,” for the “Princess” wrote, “Come to me, dear ‘Selina,’ and bring ‘The Colonel.’”

I daily say “The Rosary,” my husband is “The Traitor.” We are playing the game of “The Lion and the Mouse,” and I am at “The Mercy of Tiberius”: “The Yoke” is unbearable.

So with “Hearts Courageous” they started out to rescue their friend. “Miss Selina” pleaded thus with “Vergillius,” “Release this poor wife of yours, who is indeed ‘A Prisoner of Zenda,’ so follow the guidance of ‘The Star of Valhalla,’ for it shines alike on the ‘Just and the Unjust,’ or ‘The Devil’ will be your fate.” “Vergillius” replied, “‘I Am From Missouri,’ and ‘It’s Up to You’ to show where the money will come from if she spends ‘Brewster’s Millions’ ‘Keeping Up With Lizzie.’” “The Crisis” passed, he agreed to let his wife have “The Last Word”

if she would furnish "The Hard Cash" to pay for the drinks delivered "Through a Hole in the Wall."

Having escaped, they went to England, where they met "Lord Loveland," who took them on a tour to "The House by the Lock" in "The Car of Destiny," which was driven by "My Friend the Chauffeur." When they departed "Lord Loveland" gave them "The Filigree Ball" at which he presented them with a "Brass Bowl."

They reached America in time for "Col. Carter's Christmas"

party. The grand march was led by "The Honorable Peter Sterling" and "Janice Meredith." Others who were at this party were "Richard Carvel," "That Printer of Udell's," "The Doctor," "The Virginians" and many other "Southerners."

Now, in closing this "Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman," it is only fair to state that he is as happy as "An Uncrowned King," living in peace with "The Clansman" at "Red Rock," awaiting "The Long Roll" call to join "The Choir Invisible."

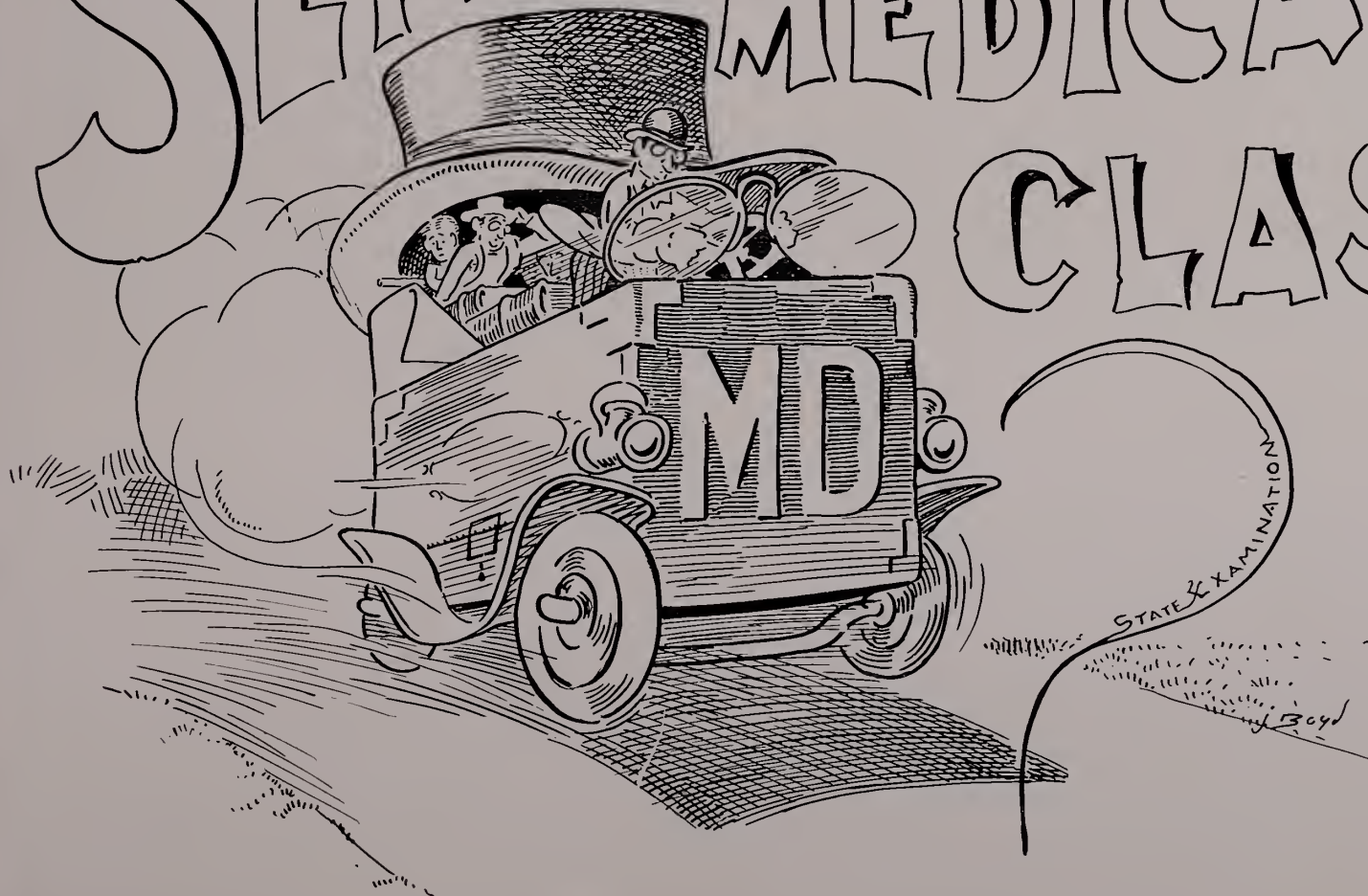
PENPOINT.



"JUG" LEAVELL—"Greeting, my lord; how-r- yer?"



# SENIOR MEDICAL CLASS



STATE EXAMINATION

1304



JOHN CHARLES ADAMS.....Kosciusko, Attala County  
Certificate in Medicine, Football 1910-11-12, Captain 1913 team, Phi Kappa  
Psi.

Just turn to the Athletic department and read the wonderful account of "Red," then go to Dr. Nicely and ask about his great medical ability; next go to Rube Barker, who will tell you what a good roommate he is. There, you have a good picture of this big boy, big in body, heart and soul. Captain "Red" received his preparatory training at Millsaps and then came to the larger fields near Oxford, where he has developed into somewhat of a society youth during his old days. He will be back to soak the farmers next year.

RUBEN ALLEN BARKER (Rube).....University, Lafayette County  
Certificate in Medicine, Football 1911-12, Track 1911-12, "Ole Miss" Representative in Madison Square Garden Track Meet 1912.

She, who wins his heart, has much to be proud of. A perfect athlete, blessed with a wonderful physique, "Dr. Rube," appropriately named gentlemen, friend, companion, is one of the most popular men in the University. Over forty medals have been awarded to "Rube" for track records and he holds a few Southern ones, by the way, and was almost unanimously chosen All-Southern Football lineman. But still he's just plain old "Rube," not concealed one bit.

GEORGE ANDREW BROWN.....Oxford  
Second Year Medicine.

George intends to be an M.D. some day, and, doubtless he will be in a position to render valuable services to the undertaker. However, by his quiet, friendly manner he has shown no signs of enmity to his fellow man yet. He is a warm friend to those who know him.

PAUL BIRCHFIELD, "Swamp Rabbit".....Kosciusko, Attala County  
Certificate in Medicine.

The wonder was, and still the wonder grew,  
How one small arm could carry all the books it do.

He says that the way that he has learned so much is by absorbing from the library under his arm. Our Senior Classes seem to have robbed Attala of the cream of her manly products, and here's one of the richest of them all. Birchy is dangerously associated with love, he rooms with love, walks with love, and studies with love. He is never happier than when telling of his sojourn in Mexico, which, as we are informed, was painfully brief and hurriedly ended.



JAMES BELL CAROTHERS.....West Point, Clay County  
Certificate in Medicine.

Jim is the only one of the "West Pointers," who has decided to study Medicine, but then Jim will fix enough for the whole bunch. You would never guess from his military tread, that he is a graduate of West Point (High), but so he is. He is a good student, but finds time to spend with his friends, who all are free, though Jim's future is a little hazy now that the sunshine will drive away the clouds and success will be his.

DAVID LABOUE FARLEY, "Booze" .....Oxford, Lafayette County  
B.S., Phi Pappa Psi, Scribblers, Varsity Voice Staff, "Ole Miss" Staff 1912.

Our mind is replete with good things when we think of "Booze." He has been here five years already and may continue his sojourn for some time yet. His one regret is that Junior Law does not count toward a medical degree. Farley is a good student, a good writer, and an all-around good fellow. We expect him to prove to be a great scientist and to discover some new microbe to threaten our health and prosperity.

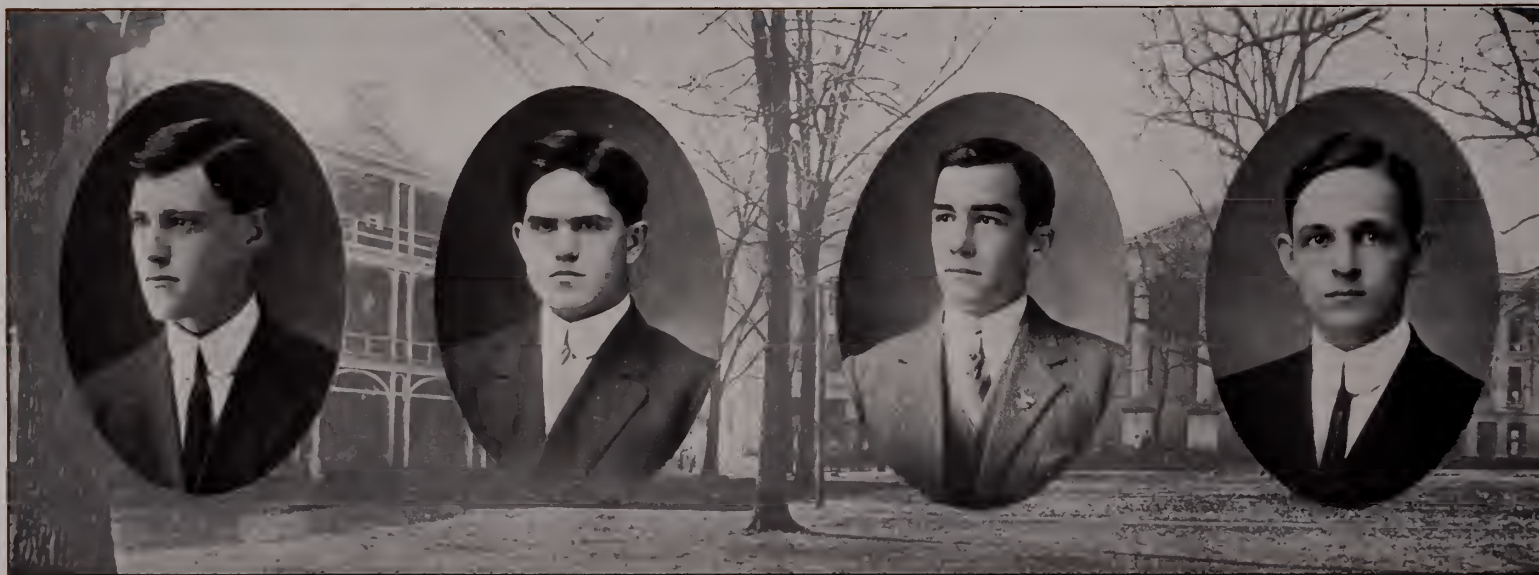
JAMES H. GALLOWAY.....Mississippi City, Harrison County  
Certificate in Medicine, Kappa Sigma.

After making hay, while the sun was shining down at Millsaps College, and banking up all of his knowledge, Jim struck a trot for "Ole Miss," where he decided to be a physician like his dad. Jim has girls all of the way from Mississippi City to Oxford, and every one of them thinks that he is in love with her. He especially likes medical jurisprudence, is very fond of Anatomy, glories when the Chemistry Class comes, and shouts when exams are near. In fact, with a little effort, Jim will make a good physician.

H. G. HAMMOND.....Kilmichael, Montgomery  
Certificate in Medicine, Chemistry Club.

A good, solid fellow is our friend, Hammond. He is very charitable and will give his life to the service of his fellow man and incidentally to make a little coin along with the charitable services. May he have abundant service.

CECIL SMITH—"Don't she look elephant."



ROBERT BLACKWELL HARPER, "Black".....Fayette, Jefferson County  
Kappa Alpha, Second Year Medicine, B.S., "Pngilists' Club."

"Black" is "one of them things" in the art of Jim Jeffries. He still has time to capture two dips, which is better than most of us can do. Incidentally he is a pretty good backstop in the football line.

HARVEY LOVE.....Kosciusko, Attala County  
Certificate in Medicine.

Just turn back a page or two and read about "The Swamp Rabbitt," add fifty pounds to that and you have this fellow. With such a name this Attala lad should win an Attala lassie before the close of the year. One of the leaders not only of the Medical Class, but of the advance guard into the dining room, three times a day.

JAMES TUTTLE OWEN (Bloody) .....White Castle, La.  
Certificate in Medicine.

This follower of the Medicos is never happier than when telling of his extensive travels to co-eds with a Mrs. before their names. The Medical Class hasn't a more popular boy than "Bloody," even though he is said to eat eleven teen bisenit every meal, when he can get them. Tulane catches him next year and then the mighty career is opened to him. He lost three eye teeth, and other things more substantial, when the Athletics beat the Giants.

WILLIAM CARL POOL.....Leakesville, Green County  
B.S., Certificate in Medicine, Unlucky Trio, Secretary and Treasurer Junio  
Medicine 1910-11.

Pool is a good warm friend to his associates. He has always conducted himself in a dignified way, while at the University, and has won the respect and esteem of all those who know him. We hate to lose such as he.



IVISON B. RIDGWAY.....Jackson, Hinds County  
B.S., Certificate in Medicine, Student Assistant in Anatomy 1911-12, Mill-  
saps College 1909-10, Phi Sigma.

He's a great big beautiful doll, a good doctor, and is never happier than when washing bottles as the Assistant in Anatomy. He blushed in sixteen original colors when a certain co-ed smiled at him. He is sure to make his mark as a surgeon even if it is on some helpless negro "stiff." Two hundred and forty pounds of good nature goes along with him. "Dough" is a good natured lad and is well liked by all his classmates.

ROBERT BEDFORD RUCKER. (Dr. Pill).....Itta Bena, Leflore County  
B.S., Second Year Medicine, Delta Tau Delta, Phi Sigma.

This Grey Eagle of the Delta hails from Itta Bena and like most good things must be understood to be appreciated. "Dr. Pill" gets two dips this year and when Tulane turns him loose we predict that he will kill or cure those Delta "niggers" by the wagon load. Bob never says much, but when it's said, it's said and that's the end of it. He drifted from the Lit class after his Soph. year, and has been drifting ever since. R. B. is a quiet studious boy.

CYRUS M. SHIPP.....University, Lafayette County  
Certificate in Medicine.

He is the biggest heart smasher in school, a railroad man—and tells jokes. We some times wonder if Cy thinks we believe those marvelous tales he tells, some of them are so fishy that they have gills. His weekly visit to Water Valley is getting serious. We don't know who she is, but the conductor has our best wishes. If success is assured to any of the young doctors, the good-natured, friendly, whole-souled son of sunshine is surely a member of that part of the class.

JOHN LILLY TRICE.....Tupelo, Lee County  
Certificate in Medicine.

Johnnie is the quietest, meekest and most harmless fellow that ever came from Tupelo, but with it all he has made good. He never "buts in" except to the daily assignment in Anatomy or Materia Medica and the dining room, but he always manages to get all that is coming at both of these pursuits. He is a good student, and will some day be able to do the most serious of operations. He was never known to go into society, except when "she" came over from Tupelo for a visit.



WILLIAM P. TUCKER.....Ellisville, Jones County  
Certificate in Medicine, Baseball 1910-11, Football 1911-12,  
Jones County Club.

Another member of that great club composed of citizens of Jones. He is better suited right now for athletics than for medicine, but he is studying hard to work the necessary change. Give him a baseball bat and a fulcrum and he can move the world—while on the football field he has made the world move round for many opponents. J. M. A. sent him to us and we thank her.



HERBERT KING TURLEY (Doc) .....Coldwater, ——— County  
Certificate in Medicine, Castle Heights, Reserve Football 1911.

If "Doc" continues his hard work of the last two years, surely he will make a successful practicing physician. He spends from the early morn until late at night with his dissecting instruments and it is said that he enjoys the work. Although a very light weight, this lad because of his grit and assertiveness, won recognition on the gridiron where men of greater weight failed. He arrived from Castle Heights and though his stay with us numbers only two years, we like him and our best wishes follow him.

VIVIAN P. RANDOLPH, "Monk".....Iuka, Tishomingo County  
Certificate in Medicine, B.S. Randolph-Macon, Kappa Sigma, Baseball  
1911-12, Quarterback Football 1911.

"Monk" came to us from afar, but he is a Mississippian nevertheless. His ability and renown as an athlete has preceded this article and we shall refrain from singing his praises. As a practical joker he has no equal and we very much fear that he will "Prep" around the bedside of his patients, and if he does they will surely forsake their couches—the dead would flinch from such punishment. He may give up medicine for contracting and if he does, he will doubtless raise many sky-scrapers.



"THE DOCTORS"

"JOHN" KYLE—"In the reconstruction days, etc.—"

## *History Senior Medical Class*



**I**N SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1910, twenty-one men decided to test the law of "Das Überbleiben der Lebenskraftigsten," or in plain Anglo-American, "The Survival of the Fittest." Fourteen of the brave band made the preliminary mistake of coming by train. The remaining seven, with an intuitive knowledge, the contemplation of which makes one thank God that the twentieth century still has some men, began training for the great two-year test by walking cross-ties several hundred odd miles with a trunk full of Gray's Anatomys on one shoulder and their wearing apparel on the other, in order to get into some puny semblance of condition. When the final roll was called May, A. D. 1911, eight men torn and bleeding lay by the wayside broken up by a Bullit.

As Byron said on the seashore when his summer girl walked off with another fellow, "Each one of us would have been delighted to lie down like a tired child and—" But as the good old saying goes, "You can't keep a good man down with a pile

driver," consequently in September, A. D. 1911, sixteen men with sores on their backs from sleeping with Dr. Gray's Anatomy, dragged wearily to the third floor of Science Hall, hugging dear old Gray desperately, and with vague mutterings of doses and pill formulas, threw themselves, as Robert Louis Stevenson would have said, "On the dead man's chest, Hey Hi Ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Let us pass over the horrible interim to May, A. D. 1912. Suffice it to say that the Bullit clipped an ear here, broke a leg yonder, prostrated a man for a week or two every day or so (No mathematics, please, this is history). But finally we clasped a soiled certificate fondly to our torn breasts and wended our weary way way, each of us to some bed in a quiet corner to sleep for three solid months, having our food injected hypodermically to keep from waking us.

In two more years the remainder of this history will be given to the world.

D. L. F., '12.

## *Junior Medical Class Officers*



J. G. SIMMONS, JR.....President	W. E. VANDEVERE.....Vice-President
C. B. MITCHEL.....	Historian

### FIRST YEAR MEDICAL STUDENTS.

ALEXANDER, M. J.....Tunica, Tunica	HARELSON, M. F.....Forest, Scott
BATSON, T. T.....Hattiesburg, Forest	HARRISON, F. E.....Eupora, Webster
BRANDON, L. H.....Prairie, Monroe	KENT, C. M.....Kilmichael, Montgomery
BROWN, P. Z.....Kosciusko, Attala	KNOTT, C. A.....Durant, Holmes
BURNS, E. B.....Ratliff, Ittawamba	MAXWELL, V. W.....Brookhaven, Lincoln
CHILDERS, J. E.....Ripley, Tippah	MITCHELL, C. B.....Pontotoc, Pontotoc
FULMER, J. A.....Holcomb, Grenada	McKIE, A. B.....Canton, Madison
GILLESPIE, G. Y., JR.....Duck Hill, Montgomery	ROSENTHAL, D.....Lexington, Holmes
GREAVES, P. R.....Asylum, Hinds	TINDALL, F. M.....Duck Hill, Montgomery
GREENE, D. G.....Guntown, Lee	TUCKER, I. N.....Meridian, Lauderdale
HARRISON, C.....Walnut Grove, Leake	VANDEVERE, W. E.....Eden, Yazoo

## *The Plot*



The night outside was cold and dark,  
The "stiffs" inside lay staring stark,  
Flickering never an eyelid's breadth,  
Thinking the solemn thoughts of death.  
A timber cracked and moved a bit  
To ease itself in its awkward fit,  
An uneasy door half open cried  
And frightened a nibbling rat inside.  
The flowing whiskers on one stiff's jaw  
Moved by the wind in stealthy awe,  
Gave semblance grim, Oh terror deep!  
That he was dreaming in his sleep.  
The clock struck one, that awful hour  
When Death relaxes his clammy power,  
And horrors unspeakable perambulate  
And dank dark graves regurgitate!  
The burly negro without a head,  
Gurgled impatiently on his bed:—  
His breath made soft melodious sound  
As it whistled through his thorax down.  
Obedient to his gurgling call  
A head rose up in alcohol

With drunken murmur of "Chemotaxis"  
Reeled satisfied to his bloody axis.  
He grinned a grin, unstretched his knee  
And fixed his head more comfortably,  
And in good English,—Let me say  
He'd been a school teacher in his day—(MORAL)—  
Thus addressed this audience grim,  
Waving aloft a bony limb,—  
"We'll strangle one, Oh H——— give pow'r  
If we catch him here after this hour,  
We'll wait and wait,—Now comrades don't start,  
They'll say he died of disease of the heart:  
H— knows we've suffered wrongs enough,—  
Excuse me for speaking a little rough,  
I was raised in Southern Alabama  
And am given a little to melodrama.  
We're cut and sawed and stabbed and bled,  
Not saying a word about my head.  
Now Sis Salina across the way,  
Let's have a little tete-a-tete."  
And more informal the meeting grew,  
As they paired off thusly, two by two.

D. L. F., '12.



"THE PHARMACEUTICAL DEPARTMENT."

"Jug" LEAVELL—"I'll swigger, that's the darndest thing, I know."



JAMES STEWART ABNEY.....Toccoola, Pontotoc County  
B.S., Ph.B., President Junior Ph.B. Class 1910-11, Psi Sigma.

Two dips are too much for some men to carry away at once, but not for this cream of Pontotoc's products. Jim's ambition makes him live not for the present, but he keeps his eye on the future. This assures him success in his chosen profession. Having a talent for Chemistry and other by-products of pharmacy, success is doubly sure.

CLAUDIUS ADEN CARTER.....New Albany, Union County  
Ph.G., Chemistry Club.

We confidently predict that the first vacancy in the State Pharmacy Board will be filled by the appointment of the illustrious man whose picture is herewith exposed to the public gaze. Even though he may try as hard as he can, success will surely overtake him. He is a quiet boy and unless you knew him you would never think that he was nearing the "goal."

THOMAS DUDLEY CHILTON, "Top".....Oxford, Lafayette County  
Ph.G., Delta Kappa Epsilon, Tennis Club, Sphinx Club, Honor Council, Chemistry Club.

This lad has been with us a long time, before he went to California, and since he came back. The change did him good, but he still takes the Campus Course, and it requires just as much time for him to walk from the monument to James' corner as it did in days past. "Top" will be a great Pharmacist and some day he will have a drug store like our "Uncle" and we will pay for soda water for our children as our fathers have done.

NEWMAN SHERRIL FOX.....Louisville, Winston County  
Ph.G., Chemistry Club, Reserve Baseball 1911, President Winston County Club.

Some one has suggested that the gentleman is inclined to be lazy, but we will let you draw your own conclusion from the photo hereto attached. It is true that he is always uneasy, lest he break down his health; this is one of his original ideas. However, his ability is shown by the fact that he hasn't fallen by the wayside up to the present and that he will soon be turned out to mix physic for all who dare to "run the risk."



THOMAS E. GOODMAN, "Tommy".....New Albany, Union County  
Ph.G.

"Tommy" came to us from the strong county of Union, and at first we thought he was an "Innocent Abroad," but we soon realized our mistake, when his classmates began to report his doings over at the Science Hall—then when his grades came in, we knew that we had committed an unpardonable error. Some of his marks even went so near to the one-hundred mark as to almost catch fire—now we know him.

EUSTACE J. HUNT, "H<sub>2</sub>O".....Oxford, Lafayette County  
Ph.G., Phi Sigma, Chemistry Club, Class Historian 1910-11.

When the Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower, in 1620, it was confidently predicted that this young man would be a Pharmacist, by the Wise Ones, and they were correct. Dr. Faser has the reputation of sending out wonders, and Hunt is one of the most wondrous. 'Tis said by his classmates that he is one of the best students in the class.

JIM JONES.....Kossuth, Alcorn County  
Ph.G., Class Poet 1912, Chemistry Club.

This innocent student invented "Casey Jones" and thereby won his fame as a poet and his class, recognizing merit, as they always do, elected him to write poetry for the "Pharmaseuts." His poetical nature has won him such fame that it is feared he will desert the "pill rolling job" and turn to the more lucrative one of writing poems, exclusively for the "Kossuth Kamera," the well known weekly journal of home life.

DE WITT D. McEACHERN.....Carrollton, Carroll County  
Ph.G., Y. M. C. A., U. M. A. A.

Mc. is fortunate this year in having the honor to wag off from "Ole Miss" the degrees of U. M. A. A., Y. M. C. A. and Ph.G., all of which will be useful in his future profession. He is especially fond of Chemistry, says Dr. Faser, and this alone assures him of an abundant success in the future, when he undertakes to alleviate the illness of the good people of Carroll.



BERTRAM EVANS MOORE, "Burr".....Houston, Chickasaw County  
Ph.G., Chemistry Club, Vice-President Class 1912, President Chickasaw  
County Club.

His rosy cheeks and perfect complexion, makes one ask where the skirts and rats and puffs are, but with all of this he is a true disciple of Dr. Faser and makes some grades around the top. He will, no doubt, make an eminent pill-roller some day, after he has had sufficient experience to teach him the "fatality of overdoses."

MISS FLORA SCARBOROUGH.....Lanrel, Jones Comnty  
Ph.B., Secretary Class 1910-11, Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1910-11, Sec-  
retary Chemistry Club 1910-11, Class President 1911-12,  
Jones County Club.

Miss Flora tried every school in the state (nearly) before she came here, and even now sings I. I. & C. songs, and runs for Mississippi College. She is not much given to studying, but knows how to bug profs and does not find studying essential. She has the distinction of being the first girl elected to class president, which honor is perhaps due to her campaign manager. Her life work will be among the heathen, that is if Master Cupid does not enter the stage.

FRANK G. SPANN.....Highlandale, Ieflore County  
Ph.G., Reserve Baseball, Chemistry Club.

Frankie's great knowledge of Chemistry has at last taught him the formula for water, but he wants to know to which the "2" belongs, the "H," or the "O," in " $H_2O$ ." Frankie is really one of the best students in the Pharmacy Class, and his ability as a reserve baseball Highlandale Southpaw will soon win him a place on the Reserve Giant team, if he does not get too interested in Pharmacy.

RICHARD TOM WOOD, Ph.G., Chemistry Club.....Kilmichael

Everybody knows when Tom is near—his voice proclaims that fact in stentorian tones. If noise, and wit, and humor, and being won by widows, will make a successful pharmacist, Tom has his cinched. But he has more. Frequently he turns loose and leads his class. These make a rare combination for any boy. Everybody likes Tom.

MISS CAMILLE BANKS.....Vicksburg, Warren County  
Ph.G., Class Treasurer 1910-11, Secretary and Treasurer Class 1911-12,  
Y. W. C. A.

She is nervous and worries a great deal over her work, but leaves this frame of mind behind when the time for play arrives. Her jolly nature, akin to the sunshine, spoken of by the poets, renders her very popular among co-eds, and with others.

## *Pharmacy Class Officers*



MISS FLORA SCARBOROUGH.....	President	MISS CAMILLE BANKS.....	Secretary and Treasurer
B. E. MOORE.....	Vice-President	Q. JONES.....	Poet
T. E. GOODMAN.....	Historian		

### JUNIOR PHARMACY.

ANDERSON, MISS ANNIE.....	Myrtle, Union	FORTNER, J. B.....	Dallas, Lafayette
ATKINSON, S. C.....	Water Valley, Yalobusha	HALL, L. P.....	Swiftown, Leflore
BURRIS, J. A.....	Liberty, Amite	HOWE, W. M.....	Oxford, Lafayette
BOYETT, R. W. ....	Oxford, Lafayette	LOTT, G.....	Richton, Perry
CAMP, E. L.....	Amory, Monroe	MAY, C. H. ....	Amory, Monroe
CARR, F. ....	Summerland, Smith	NABORS, D. E.....	Kilmichael, Montgomery
COLLETTE, A.....	New Orleans, La.	PRICE, F. T.....	Oxford, Lafayette
CORTRIGHT, E. G.....	Rolling Fork, Sharkey	ROWLAND, B. W.....	Oxford, Lafayette
DAVIS, J. E.....	Sherman, Pontotoc	STEWART, C. A.....	Liberty, Amite
DOTHEROW, W. H.....	Brooksville, Noxubee	TUCKER A. S.....	Cary, Sharkey
DUGGINS, H. E.....	Grenada, Grenada	WALKER, W. E.....	Columbia, Marion
WOODS, W.....	Byhalia, Marshall		

## Yesterday



You stabbed my soul with the words you said,  
Though you meant most kind, I know.  
The sunlight out of my soul-life fled,  
And my dreams were dust, and my hopes were dead,  
And the world was a world of woe.

I had built up a castle with golden spires,  
In the land where the sirens sing,  
With high halls jewelled with dream desires,  
And rift with the music of rhythmic lyres,  
Like the waft of an angel's wing.

I had delved us fountains with dimpling sprays,  
In a girdle of gardens and lawns,  
The gladsome haunts of the fair-haired fays,  
And the sprites that sport in the woodland ways,  
And the blythe-souled satyrs and fauns.

I had fashioned a bower of roses red,  
Still bright with the shimmer of dew;  
With snow-white blossoms, I had softly spread  
A fragrant couch for the curl-crowned head  
And the lily-white heart of you.

With the gift of a Midas, I had touched with gold  
Every trace of the base in your fate;  
I had framed you a future with triumphs untold,  
And every delight of the blythe and the bold,  
Unmixed with the griefs of the great.

I had found you, a child, in the valley at play  
Content with the charms of the plain;  
I had plead with your spirit to wander away  
To the shimmering heights where the stout-hearted stay—  
Were my words of entreaty in vain?

I had dreamed of a time, when your heart, dear, and mine  
Together might strive to attain;  
But with blooms of the valley, your brows you entwine  
From the cup of the present you quaff witching wine—  
Alone, I must lose or must gain;

For you stabbed my soul with the words you said,  
Though you meant most kind, I know.  
The sunlight out of my soul-life fled,  
And my dreams are dust, and my hopes are dead,  
And the world is a world of woe. D. E. G.

## The Greater Love



*"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—New Testament.*

THE VAST dungeon of the Serapeum was hideously alive with the sights and sounds of the pit. Snaky convolutions of flame lit up with a horrid brightness the little knot of Roman legionaries and temple attendants clustered about the white-robed High Priest of Serapis, and the shuddering flames and shadows threw into ghastly relief the figures of the executioner, the rack and its moaning victim.

Very rarely was the High Priest himself seen in this awful place. This departure from his prescribed region above would probably entail weeks of ceremonial cleansing. But in a tremendous work of persecution which had set every furnace-fire aglow, and filled long-rusted racks with obdurate Christians,—in this most desperate effort of Paganism to stamp out the young enemy which it felt must finally overthrow its altars, the girl whose heavy black hair flowed from the rack before the High Priest held the key to the situation. Small wonder that the Priest Psamtik himself must be present when the apostasy of the daughter of the richest Egyptian in Alexandria was being put to the test. If she stood firm, the whole Egyptian quarter was lost to Serapis. If she recanted, a thousand Christians who adored the beautiful girl would recant also.

And the priest was perplexed, for there seemed very little prospect of forcing the frail girl to bend to his threats. Four times today she had been carried, terribly scorched and almost unconscious, to the great altar above, about which the frantic mob howled incessantly for Christian blood. And each time, the delicate head was raised just long enough to nod a determined

negative when the priest demanded of her whether she was ready to return to her ancestral faith. And now the rack was to be called in,—most ingenious torture of all. For the fire cannot be perfectly controlled. In its ungovernable fury it sometimes gives the relief of unconsciousness and may kill before the extremity of pain has been reached. But the rack is the docile servant of the cold cruelty that stands behind it, and the precise degree of bearable agony is readily gauged.

The girl moaned unceasingly, and turned her white face from side to side, but made no sign of submission. Suddenly the executioner, a gnome-like being shining with sweat, left his rack, strode through the crowd of attendants, and stood before Psamtik.

"My Lord Priest," he said sullenly, "I am not one to be squeamish, but more of this I cannot stand. The woman yonder is possessed,—whether it be of devils or of a god, I know not. I do know, my lord, that the wrath of heaven is upon him who molests an inspired one."

He threw down his iron pincers and walked off, and the priest, though his eyes blazed for an instant, made no effort to stop him, for, looking into the faces of his men, he feared further insubordination. He was deeply troubled. The extremity of physical torture was quite futile, and he would defeat his own purpose by making a martyr of the girl. He must have time to weigh so perplexing a question, so he ordered the soldiers to release the victim and bear her up to the women's quarters where she could be kept alive till further developments.

The procession wound slowly through the hellish room, two mail-clad legionaries supporting the fainting girl. Her eyes, fevered with suffering, roved restlessly over the horrid groups they passed,—every group busy with its fiendish task. On the last rack lay a young man, and, as his face, twisting with pain, turned toward the girl, into her eyes came a look that the rack had worked in vain to put there. She cried out and fainted dead away. And a light of understanding flashed into the High Priest's hard, cold eye. And the man on the rack began to struggle impotently and to rave of "Iras! Iras!"

Iras, the beautiful Christian, lay, white and groaning with the pain of her wrenched limbs, on a couch in the apartment of the Sub-Priestess. From time to time, the remembrance of the face on that last rack returned to her, and she covered her face and groaned. The heavy hangings rustled, and Psantik stood over her and spoke in a voice of silk.

"My daughter, listen well. Will you, for the sake of a god who seems strangely forgetful of his devotees, consign yourself and your lover—" the girl started violently at the discovery that he knew her secret. The man went on gloatingly. "Will you consign your lover to the tortures whose awfulness you have tasted? The man is as obdurate as the rest of your kind. He will suffer to the end. Only recant, and give your example to the thousands of Christians who hang on every word and deed of Iras, and you will be restored to the arms of your liberated lover."

He paused dramatically, to give his words effect. The girl, who had lain with her hand over her face, roused quickly and sat upright before him.

"No, priest," she said quietly. "My love is a man and a

Christian. If he must suffer for the glory of Christ, so be it. We shall be joined where your arm cannot reach. And now, tear me limb from limb, but seek no more to tempt me. My heart is set." And she fell back groaning.

A white-clad servitor stood in the doorway. Psantik took a letter from his hands and he retired. The priest read the note and, without a word, handed it to the girl. She read it slowly, hardly comprehending, for the fierce physical agony that racked her. Then she did comprehend, and in spite of her weakness, struggled to her feet and began to pace the little apartment, sobbing as if her heart would break. The note fluttered to the floor, and the priest picked it up and read it aloud—

"To His Supreme Holiness, greetings—

"The Christian, Amru, on the rack for his obstinacy, is weakening. A little more torture and he recants." "A man and a Christian," murmured Psantik, almost chuckling.

The girl paused before him, wringing her hands.

"If I give in at once, will you release him before he is forced to yield?" she demanded. The priest considered a moment, a crafty look on his face. Then he nodded.

"Go with me now to the altar and bow before the god, and he shall have no more torture." "Then I will go," she murmured. "I will go, even though it means to go down to the death of my soul. I am the stronger, and I must protect his faith. Hurry, hurry!" she cried, pushing him to the door with her poor, broken hands.

He touched a bell, and dispatched with a message the servant who entered.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The great, gorgeous Serapeum was crowded with the terrible Alexandrian mob. Under the shadow of the strange mix-

ture of Greek and Egyptian gods and scenes on the walls, the scum of the Graeco-Egyptian capital, which is to say the scum of the Empire, stormed and raved against the Nazarenes. All day they had raved, mad with priest-inspired rage, and now the tumult was worse, for not a single recantation had they seen. With the brazen hand of Rome at their command and an overwhelming force of public opinion at their backs, the worshippers of Serapis had not cowed a single follower of the Humble One.

Suddenly a glare at the great door lit up the late afternoon dimness, and the crowd hushed its clamor and drew back in expectancy as a procession, headed by torch bearers, moved across the mighty chamber. Then, when the party came in full view, a murmur of satisfaction arose and swelled to a howl of triumph as Iras appeared, leaning heavily on the arm of the High Priestess.

"The Lady Iras has given in," they yelled, and shoved one another in their excess of joy. "Iras, the greatest of them all, rich old Amytis' daughter. The whole sect will go to pieces now."

And Iras, hearing, turned even paler, and her step lagged as she neared the great image of Serapis. But her decision, reached so quickly, held, and she thought of the danger to her lover's soul and went on.

The populace was completely hushed as the High Priest, rustling in beautiful linen and resplendent, jewelled trappings, demanded of the pale creature before him if she would solemnly renounce her strange god and return to the faith of her fathers. The girl raised her head and gazed about her,—looked toward the heaven she knew she was renouncing,—murmured a prayer to the

Christ she was deserting. Then she looked full at the priest and opened her pallid lips to speak.

But the priest was not looking at her. A murmur of wonder ran through the crowd, and Iras followed the gaze of a hundred eyes to the trap door that led from a niche behind the Serapis down to the dungeon beneath. It was open, and a man had crawled out of it towards the group before the image. The mob was paralyzed with astonishment. Only a few knew of the existence of the door, and to those few, including the priests, the figure crawling up from the hell beneath seemed an apparition of their victims come to haunt them.

The man, mangled, scorched and broken, crept feebly forward. Iras, seeing his face, started violently, cried out and staggered to him, raising his tottering form in her arms.

Those nearest heard his hoarse whisper, "Iras, they are deceiving you. I never intended to recant. Do not throw your soul away, and destroy the faith of the brethren. A jailer told me of the plan, and I bribed him to help me to you."

His voice grew fainter and they swayed in one another's arms. He went on painfully, and there was no one in that crowd of brutal fanatics who had the heart to interrupt him.

"Psantik's letter was a trick." Then the girl's voice, weary with suffering, but full of deep joy: "My own, my own! Then you were not a weakling. What a traitor I was to believe it. My own love!" He swayed again and fell, and she fell across his body, her head striking the marble pavement with cruel force.

And when the mob, strangely hushed, raised the pale faces, the smile on the poor white lips told of things far beyond the reach of the great, grim Serapis, with his unconquered victims writhing beneath him, and his slaves subdued at his feet by overwhelming awe of a purer and greater God.

THOMAS FRANKLIN MAYO, '13.

## “Mac’s Coffee-house”



THE CASUAL acquaintance of English Literature—due deference to his fame—neither demands nor expects analytical succor to ferret out the significance of our obscure title. For the enlightenment of its patrons, however,—especially those gallant swains of the English department—be it disclosed that Prof. Johnson cherishes the names of Dryden, Swift, Addison and Steele in affectionate association therewith. As Will’s coffee-house dispensed heterogeneously choice morsels of wit, literary gems and tobacco smoke of the eighteenth century, so does its modern evolute dominate the unreputed brains of the present generation. Two centuries of backward advancement, however, have vulgarized the initial regime and a reversal of attractions is sadly confronted. No longer is thirst symbolic; mind succumbs to matter. Duty enshrouds the higher arts; pleasure engulfs the lower.

Released simultaneously or consecutively from exacting ordeals of Blackstone, Hydraulics or Oratory, animal appetites focus invariably on our hero’s abode. Scant patience drowns his voluble but courteous repetition of meritorious wares by persuasive thrusts of checks, currency and insufferable credit. Off-

springs of Shylock himself could no more gullably meet the demand. With incredible swiftness 3,207 ounces of cheese accompany a generous assignment of two and one-quarter crackers, dill pickles disown their environment, chocolate eclairs throw off their shackles, while withal “Shine” reigns supreme at the dope-counter. Engrossed in the absorbing dissipation of college-bred dignity and cheese, however, the debonair benefactors of this unique establishment grossly disregard its marvelous efficiency. No word of praise staggers the smoke-beclouded atmosphere. No ships disembark to cancel “past-due” accounts. On the contrary, methodic gulps permit interchange of faculty homicides accorded and received, reviews of the cause of recent foot-ball ignominy—with occasional reproduction of the effect—ensue, while the various merits and demerits of the gentler gender are nobly proclaimed.

Nor is the inter-class respite the only service our martyr endures. Gorged to the point of distraction with impositions of harsh paymasters, he nightly alleviates such agony of his persecuted constituents. Oyez! Oyez!—resounds the gladsome cry and signals all that “dope” regains its sway! Q. C. AYRES.



## *The Greek Letter Fraternity System*

**N**EW people, other than the student who has attended college where the Greek Letter Fraternity System is recognized, have any definite conception of these so-called college secret societies. In fact, since their membership is limited to about thirty-five or forty per cent of the student body and since one of their distinctive features is secrecy, a surprisingly small proportion of college men have really comprehended the true significance of the fraternity system. Without entering into any argumentative discussion of the relative merits or demerits of these organizations, we will attempt in this article to give a brief sketch of the system.

With the development of civilization and the growth of our higher educational system, the Greek letter fraternities have become important factors in our national progress. The first society in America bearing a Greek letter name was the Phi Beta Kappa, which was founded in the year 1728 at the College of William and Mary. Since that time the development has been rapid and the fraternities have become one of the important features of American college life. There are now in the United States more than one thousand fraternity chapters and more than two hundred and fifty thousand fraternity men.

College fraternities are chartered by the federal government and are recognized in a very large majority of the colleges and universities of the land. A national fraternity must not be confused with a mere local club, which is often times organized to supplying the need in places where fraternities do not have chapters. These clubs have generally proven unsatisfactory because they lack the organization, outside association and close supervision of the national fraternity. Each fraternity has a different mode of exercising this close supervision, but it is true in every case that the national fraternity, with a well organized form of government, carefully guards the scholarship and the morality

of its members, for in this way alone is it enabled to keep pace with its competitors. Whenever a chapter becomes lax in its morals or scholastic standing, an immediate and permanent improvement is demanded, and if such chapter does not respond properly the charter is repealed and it ceases to exist.

The prime object of the Greek Letter Fraternity is good fellowship. "Its purpose is to give to a student friend—more than ordinary friends—who will stand by him in the time of prosperity and in the time of need, who will willingly aid him at any time, and who will make his pleasures their pleasures and his sorrows their sorrows." It is impossible for any one who has not come in contact with these organizations to realize the esprit de corps of a college fraternity. Chancellor Barrow of the University of Georgia says, "The need which all normal people feel for friends and intimates finds expression in the college through these organizations. We find that wherever men come together they naturally fall into groups. In the life of the university it is natural that this social instinct should express itself in these fraternities. It is a method of meeting human need." The ideals of these organizations inspire all that is good and noble in the boy to lofty achievements and throw an influence of home life around the young fellow, giving him "brothers" who watch his welfare as zealously as they do their own. "The successful fraternity is founded upon broad principles of brotherhood, the object being to uplift the members in every way. In each Chapter students from first to last year are brought together and the younger men are given the benefit of the guidance of the older heads. These older heads, in their time, had the benefit of the same influence; so that in years of proper national supervision a fraternity chapter becomes practically a family with the life of a home and the influences that go with it." Chapter meetings are held where the social feeling is promoted, the welfare of the gen-

eral fraternity, the local chapter, and the individual members is earnestly discussed, literary exercises are had, the ritualistic works of the Order are studied and the ideals are inculcated.

The college fraternity is essentially a secret organization. However, this secrecy is not carried to any damaging extent, for the members are proud of their membership and they wear conspicuous badges and allow their names to be known and many of the facts connected with their existence. The secret parts are entirely contained in their rituals, codes and constitutions. Some of the greatest men in American history have expended their efforts and stamped their personalities upon the development of these rituals, codes and forms of initiation. The peculiar objects of each fraternity, the meaning of its name, and the interpretation of the symbolic designs are also closely guarded.

Their literature is very voluminous and is particularly worthy of notice. First in the list comes the catalogues, which contain the names, addresses and other biographical data concerning the members. A large number have issued song books, and nothing is calculated to arouse more enthusiasm than the notes of a fraternity song. Histories are sometimes issued and many chapters publish year books. Regular monthly journals are issued by practically every national fraternity. It is true that the American fraternity system owns much property. In many instances the various chapters own homes of their own and it has been conservatively estimated that the value of the fraternity property in the United States is over five million dollars, to say nothing of the initiation paraphernalia, etc.

Entrance into these organizations is to be gained only upon unanimous invitation of all the members of the particular chapter, and consequently they are exclusive and every man in school can not become a member. This is necessarily true for the chapter must be composed of harmonious elements and it is admitted that every man in college is not fitted for real home life with every other man. Therefore, there can be no reflection upon the man who is not invited to join a fraternity, nor is there any sen-

timent of that kind here at the University or in scarcely any of the colleges where the system prevails.

Fraternities have existed at the University of Mississippi since the very foundation and have taken a leading part in all phases of university life. The eight chapters of fraternities and the two chapters of sororities were established here in the following order: Chi of Delta Kappa Epsilon in 1850, Phi of Delta Psi in 1855, Mississippi Alpha of Phi Kappa Psi in 1857, Eta of Sigma Chi in 1857, Mississippi Gamma of Sigma Alpha Epsilon in 1865, Mississippi Alpha of Phi Delta Theta in 1877, Pi of Delta Tau Delta in 1884, Alpha Upsilon of Kappa Alpha in 1900, and Tau of Chi Omega in 1899 and Chi of Delta Delta Delta in 1904.

Many illustrious names appear upon the rolls of these chapters and fraternity alumni of the University of Mississippi are today taking front rank in state and church. Space will not permit the giving of a complete list, but the following are a few of the prominent men who took an active interest in fraternity affairs while in the University:

United States Senators L. Q. C. Lamar, George E. Chamberlain, H. D. Money, Joe Bailey, W. V. Sullivan; District Judges J. L. Buckley, W. H. Cook, W. F. Stevens, J. M. Liddell, W. C. Martin, Walter Malone, W. A. Roane, Hiram Cassiday, Stone Deavours, R. B. Haughton, E. E. Bryant, T. B. Watkins, Morgan Stevens, G. G. Lyel, D. M. Kimbrough, A. E. Weathersby; Congressmen Stephens, Spight, McLain, Sisson, Hill, Humphreys, Witherspoon, Collier; Supreme Court Judges Champe Marshall (Mo.), M. W. Beck (Ga.), Edward Mayes, Anderson, Whitfield, W. E. Hemmingway (Ark.), C. B. Howry of the Federal Court of Claims, Sidney Smith; Ex-Gov. Longino, Lieut.-Gov. Harrison, Attorney-General Collins, Ex-Attorney-Generals Hudson, McClurg and Nash; Bishop Charles B. Gallo-way; R. A. Meek, Editor of Christian Advocate; Speaker H. M. Quin; Dunbar Rowland, Historian; Chancellor A. A. Kincannon, C. H. Alexander, C. L. Sively, R. N. Miller, Guy Rencher, S. A. Morrison.



CHI OF DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

"BUNK" WILBURN—"Lend me a good stub pen."

## *Chi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon*

(Established in 1850.)

*Fraternity Founded in 1844.*



### *Fratres in Urbe.*

REV. WINN DAVID HEDDLESTON, PH.D.

WILLIAM EDWARD STONE, LL.B.

F. H. ROWLAND.

### *Fratres in Universitate.*

...

LAW.

*Class of 1913.*

W. G. GREENE, LL.B.

JOHN W. KYLE, LL.B.

JOHN H. McLEAN, LL.B.

### PHARMACY AND ENGINEERING.

*Class of 1912.*

T. D. CHILTON.

*Class of 1913.*

WILLIAM B. ROWLAND.

DAVID HEDDLESTON, B.E.

### LITERATURE.

*Class of 1912.*

JOHN W. KYLE, B.A.

JOHN H. McLEAN, B.A.

P. WHITMAN ROWLAND, B.S.

*Class of 1913.*

JIM KYLE HUDSON, B.A.

PHIL A. STONE, B.A.

R. G. MILLARD, B.S.

JOHN W. YOUNG, B.S.

DAVID NEILSON, B.S.

*Class of 1914.*

C. T. HALSELL, B.S.



LIMERICH



J.D. SIMMONS



McKAY



SUTHERLAND



VENTRISS



G.Y. GILLESPIE



W.A. MILLER

PHI OF DELTA PSI

"Miss" DuBose—"Jim, have I got too much powder on my face."

## *Phi Chapter of Delta<sup>Ψ</sup>Psi*

(Established in 1855.)

*Fraternity Founded in 1847.*



### *Fratres in Urbe.*

WILLIAM VAN AMBERG SULLIVAN

JAMES MCLEMORE BAIRD

DAVID EARLE PORTER

RICHARD MARION LEAVELL

JOHN ROBERT STOWERS

JAMES ELIAS PORTER

THOMAS DUDLEY ISOM

### *Fratres in Facultate.*

JAMES WARSAW BELL, B.P.

ROBERT ARCHIE TORREY

### *Fratres in Universitate.*

LAW, ENGINEERING AND MEDICINE.

### *Class of 1913.*

G. Y. GILLESPIE, JR., M.D.

R. C. LIMERICK, B.E.

R. H. MCKAY, LL.B.

J. D. SIMMONS, JR., M.D.

### LITERATURE.

### *Class of 1913.*

W. A. MILLER, B.S.

H. L. SUTHERLAND, JR., B.A.

L. T. VENTRESS, JR., B.S.



ETA OF SIGMA CHI

P. Z. Browne—"Hot-dam, I didn't know that."

## *Eta Chapter of Sigma Chi*

(Established in 1857.)

*Fraternity Founded in 1855.*



### *Fratres in Urbe.*

BRADLEY KIMBROUGH

D. M. KIMBROUGH

DR. A. A. YOUNG

L. P. LEAVELL

L. C. ANDREWS

D. L. ROSS

### *Fratres in Universitate.*

ENGINEERING, LAW, MEDICINE.

#### *Class of 1912.*

SILAS LEROY DEAR, LL.B.

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FRESHMAN BUCHANAN (to a co-ed)—“Beg pardon, have you met me.”

## *Mississippi Alpha Chapter of Phi Kappa Psi*

(Established in 1857.)

*Fraternity Founded in 1852.*



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"FRESHMAN" ANDERSON—"Lord, I wish I had some pie."

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"Red" NELSON—"I ought to have a motorcycle, instead of a touring car."

## *Mississippi Alpha of Phi Delta Theta*

(Established in 1878)

*Fraternity Founded in 1848.*



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PI OF DELTA TAU DELTA

"JOHN" McLEAN—"My gracious! Whew! Look a-yonder."

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(Chapter Founded as Rainbow Fraternity in 1849, Consolidated With  
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*Fraternity Founded in 1859.*



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"BILL" FOOTE—"I'll be gosh derned."

## *Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Kappa Alpha*

(Established in 1900)  
*Fraternity Founded in 1865.*



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A continual worry about somebody else's troubles—"BUDDY" ALEXANDER.

## *"A Taste of Wine"*



THE WINE gleamed like liquid rubies in the uplifted glass. The light on the table, softened by the silken shades to a rich carmine, steeped the little room in warm, deep color and made the black eyes across the table from Billy take on a purple hue, like the sheen of ripe grapes. Very luscious eyes they were, smiling sleepily at Billy, and very desirable did they seem to the older man who sat at their owner's left and ogled with vinous, middle-aged facetiousness at the face under the mass of dull black hair.

But Billy, apparently was not entirely conquered by the alluring look so evidently for him alone, though his eye devoured pleasurably the handsome creature in the dark red velvet gown. His gaze turned with a dim anxiety to the wine-glass in his hand, and he rued the hour when, to fittingly climax a day of cajoling tiresome, rankly provincial Mr. Whiteway, he had invited that elderly seeker for a lark to come to supper after her show, with Molly and himself.

"Just a little supper, like you used to have when you were a free-lance of the stage-door yourself," he had said, humoring an insatiable desire in the man to be considered a veteran blade. And the benedict of many summers had responded rapturously, though, if we must be painfully frank, his youthful visits to New York had been spent mostly in viewing "the sights" from the secure height of a sight-seeing tallyho. But that was before he had made his money, and it was money that spanned the gulf between his New York world of the then and the now—which

had marked him out to Billy's superiors as a highly desirable customer, and the exceeding abundance of which had made the assignment loom large in Billy's visions of business success, causing him to toil patiently and skilfully for the consummation of by far the biggest deal with which the firm had ever intrusted him.

So, bitterly as he begrudged the old bore his own evening's pleasure, he decided that, for once, Billy, the animal, must be denied his petting, and that the cozy little supper must complete the process of inspiring Mr. Whiteway with a feeling of confidence and fellowship that would loosen his tight-laced purse strings.

But the sacrifice of his much-loved personal enjoyment had involved another sacrifice which he had by no means foreseen, a sacrifice symbolized by the wine-glass in his hand. When Billy had come to New York from the South five years before, he had gradually taken on nearly all the paces of the tinsel-and-butterfly chorus girl world, the circle seeming to offer the best facilities for the fun which the normal young man craved. Nearly all, I say, for he had warily kept his boat to those parts of the rollicking stream which glittered multi-colored with light opera stars, and had so far avoided the dangerous eddies where he might be drawn down by the laughing, cruel Spirit of Wine. Though he worshiped and served diligently the well cared-for and indulged Animal in him, he also worshiped the career which must pay for the Animal's expensive tastes and gratify The Ani-

mal's desire for power over his fellows. The Other Thing, which he vaguely knew existed somewhere in his being, had either never raised its head, or, if it had ever spoken, had been laughed down by The Animal, which seemed so fully able to take care of Billy.

Tonight he had no intention of departing from his usual abstemious wont, but a spirit of mischief possessed Molly. She, and many others of her kind, had grown accustomed to what they considered an eccentricity of Billy's, and drank his wine with as much freedom as if he had been drinking with them. Billy had thought that they overlooked his abstinence entirely, but he had found tonight, to his annoyance, that Molly had only waited for a time when she should have him at her mercy to revenge the vanity which was piqued by his oft-repeated refusals to drink with her. She had managed her campaign skilfully, so as not to anger Billy into real resistance, and as she saw that, for some tiresome business reason, Billy was obliged to court the stranger, she made the infatuated Mr. Whiteway do the actual work. Having casually called attention to the absence of the wine-glass at the host's place, she adroitly set Mr. Whiteway on to insist that the circle should not thus be broken.

In vain had Billy fenced and evaded and changed the subject. Mr. Whiteway, vain of the liking which Billy had all day labored to make him think he had inspired in the younger man, and inflamed by his unusual wine-bibbing just to the point of unmanageable obstinacy, would not hear to Billy's not joining them in a glass or two.

"My boy," he said solemnly, "I wouldn't think of letting you get too much. But just three drinks for your stomach's sake can't hurt you."

And Billy, unable to dodge the issue, quickly decided to break his rule and finish out his day of humoring, reasoning that one time wouldn't hurt him and that the collapse of this Whiteway deal would ruin him.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wine sparkled merrily and almost laughed in the red

light, as Billy locked up at his glass. The scent of the blood-red roses in the corner breathed heavy sweetness on his senses. A Viennese waltz came softly from the main room of the restaurant below. Molly looked languishingly at him with those purple-black eyes, and he felt the blood course hotly through his veins.

Vaguely at first, then strongly, as he listened to Whiteway's fatuous, long-drawn toast, he realized that it was not only the cherished deal which was carrying the glass to his lips. He knew that The Animal was calling for the wine which sent its heavy aroma into his nostrils, calling in no uncertain terms for the tickling of the palate and the pleasurable uplifting of spirit it would afford. He knew that The Animal had always looked well to his interests, and he was strongly disposed to trust him here.

The toast, amid stifled yawns from Molly, came to an end, if not to a point. The auditors laughed politely, and the glasses clinked. Billy raised his and sipped,—then set it down abruptly.

Was it the strength of the wine that set his heart to pounding, and his mind to groping for a lost association? Evidently, he laughed to himself, he must go slow in this wine business.

Molly's toast was short and pointed, for Molly could be clever when she chose. The glasses, refilled, clinked again, and again, and again Billy's glass went to his lips. And once more he set it down quickly. The pounding at his heart was more insistent, and his mind was stirred to its depths with its wild groping after something whose very nature was utterly dark to him. He put his hand to his brow and bent every faculty to the task of finding the association that was so elusive,—a something connected mysteriously with the taste of the wine.

But his perturbed thoughts were cut short. The toasts had gone the rounds, and, little as he felt like it, he must make his, or spoil the effects of his efforts. He rallied his powers and rose in his place.

"Dear friends,"—he began mechanically. His voice seemed

to belong to another being. He wondered dazedly what words he would hear next.

"Here's a toast to her we all love—here's a toast to her we all hope some day to hold in our arms,—"

Molly blushed and cast her eyes down.

Then again the strange voice—

"Here's to"—some word trembled on the twitching lips, seeming to struggle to pass a threshold unfamiliar to it—"To Mother."

Realization smote Billy with stunning force. The lost association was lost no longer. Upon his mind flashed the picture it had groped for,—a little church with organ-loft and choir in front, with white-robed rector down before the congregation, blessing the bread and wine over which they knelt—in that flock, a woman with quiet sweetness of soul written deep on her face, and beside her a boy with the goblet held reverently to his lips.

Wine! Could the fiery, flashing Enchantress in the fragile crystal here be akin to the holy beverage of that holy day long ago? His mind ran rapidly over the years between. Not a sip had he taken since that last Communion. Here, then, was the key to his weirdly inopportune toast.

His companions were forgotten. He sat staring straight past the girl's gleaming white shoulders. His soul was in the little church beneath the warm spring sky. The scent of the passion-colored roses in the corner seemed to come to him fresh and sweet from the rector's garden by the sunny church wall. The orchestra down-stairs played an Hungarian melody, wild and sensuous, but he heard only the sink and swell of the little pipe-organ, and the low chant of the choir. His eye wandered from Molly's beautiful shoulders to her heavy coiled hair, but he saw black hair flecked with gray and a face with naught of

Molly's in it but the divine woman-look that still lingered in the girl's eyes.

Mother,—and unwelcome! He bowed his head in bitterness, and a tear forced itself out. An inopportune guest to his heart and his lips! And she was no longer where those lips and that heart could make reparation for their treachery.

The blackness of his ingratitude overwhelmed him. Oh, for a chance to kiss that grey-flecked black hair and watch the happy tears well up in sweet brown eyes! All the bitterness of a loss that had had but a passing effect swept over him, and the tears came fast and scorching.

Suddenly, almost with a jerk, he again saw his companions, and pity for them made him forget for a moment his own anguish of soul. They were both watching him with a fascinated stare, but the painful working of their features told him that their thoughts were turned inward. The man seemed actually shrunken in his misery. His brow was puckered as if in physical pain. But even as Billy's gaze met his, the tears came to his relief, and ran down the now relaxed features that showed old and drawn since the pitiful facetiousness was gone, and the wine had lost its power.

The girl was lividly white. Billy looked at her eyes, and shuddered at the awfulness of their agony. For in Molly The Animal had proven too strong for the Other Thing that had awakened so late, and the Other Thing was dying hard. Even as he looked she rose hastily, her white bosom heaving and the terrible eyes of pain staring straight before her, and fled silently from the room.

So all the scales fell from Billy's eyes and many things were made plain,—that The Animal cannot take care of any man, and that sooner or later it must come to a death-fight between The Animal and the Other Thing which is called The Soul.

T. F. M., '13.



"RUBE" BOYETT—"The result would be calcium chloride,  $H_2SO_4$ , and muriatic acid."



THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET

"JOHNNY" ROBINSON—"What's trumps? Oh, I forgot the heart convention."

## *University Young Women's Christian Association*



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The Young Women's Christian Association is an interdenominational organization that stands for the all-round development of women. Its motto is, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," and it seeks to bring to its members the more abundant life. It is a missionary organization and has sent missionaries into many parts

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THE Y. M. C. A. CABINET

## University Young Men's Christian Association



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Motto: "Spirit, Mind, Body."

Purpose: To lead men into the Christian life and to  
train Christian men for service.

### DESCRIPTIVE SAYINGS.

"The best thing on the campus."	"Stalwart, strong, spiritual, sensing student sins."
"Where good fellows get together—and occasionally some who are not."	"Promotes, peace, piety, power."
"A conservator of Christian manhood."	"Runs the steam roller over profanity, impurity, dishon- esty—or at least tries to."
"The more a fellow puts into it, the more he gets out."	"Disowns villainy as well as hypocrisy."

## *Mission Study Classes*



"GUGGER" MILLER "Gee, but he's a good friend of mine."

## *Mission Study*

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Missions.

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SUBJECT: Unoccupied Mission Fields.  
PROFESSOR A. L. BONDURANT, Leader.

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SUBJECT: Light of the World.

E. R. HIBBARD, Leader.

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## *Blackstone Banquet*

Gordon Hall, November Twenty-fourth.

### TOAST LIST.

A. M. FOOTE, Toastmaster

- DR. T. H. SOMERVILLE.....The Trials of a Young Lawyer  
 PROF. L. J. FARLEY.....Blackstone and The Law Student  
 M. S. CONNER.....Just Any Old Thing  
 A. B. SHAUBER.....The Future  
 GEO. G. HURST.....Blackstone and the Press  
 A. B. CLARK.....L. Q. C. Lamar  
 W. J. PATRICK.....Bills and Notes (Bigelow)

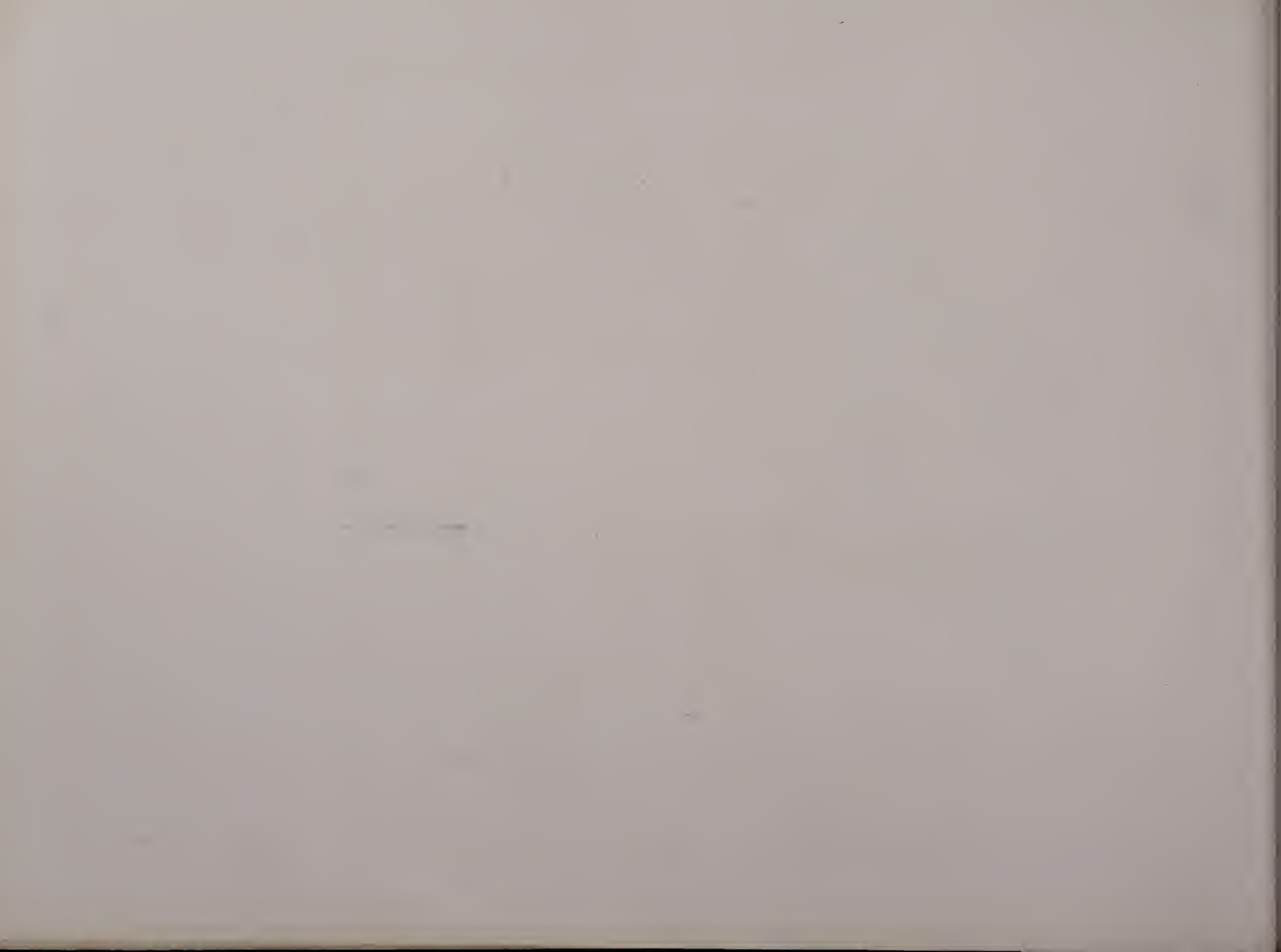
## *Hermæan Banquet*

Gordon Hall, February Twenty-second.

### TOAST LIST.

MIKE CONNER.....Toaster

1. PROF. L. J. FARLEY, Hermæan—Its Place in University Life
2. PROF. J. C. JOHNSON.....The Pre-historic Hermæan
3. J. G. BRIDGES.....Hermes—The God
4. T. W. WILSON.....Frvolities and Frills
5. T. D. JONES.....Hermæans in the Public Eye
6. S. N. AYRES, JR.....Presidential Troubles
7. A. M. FOOTE.....The Footing





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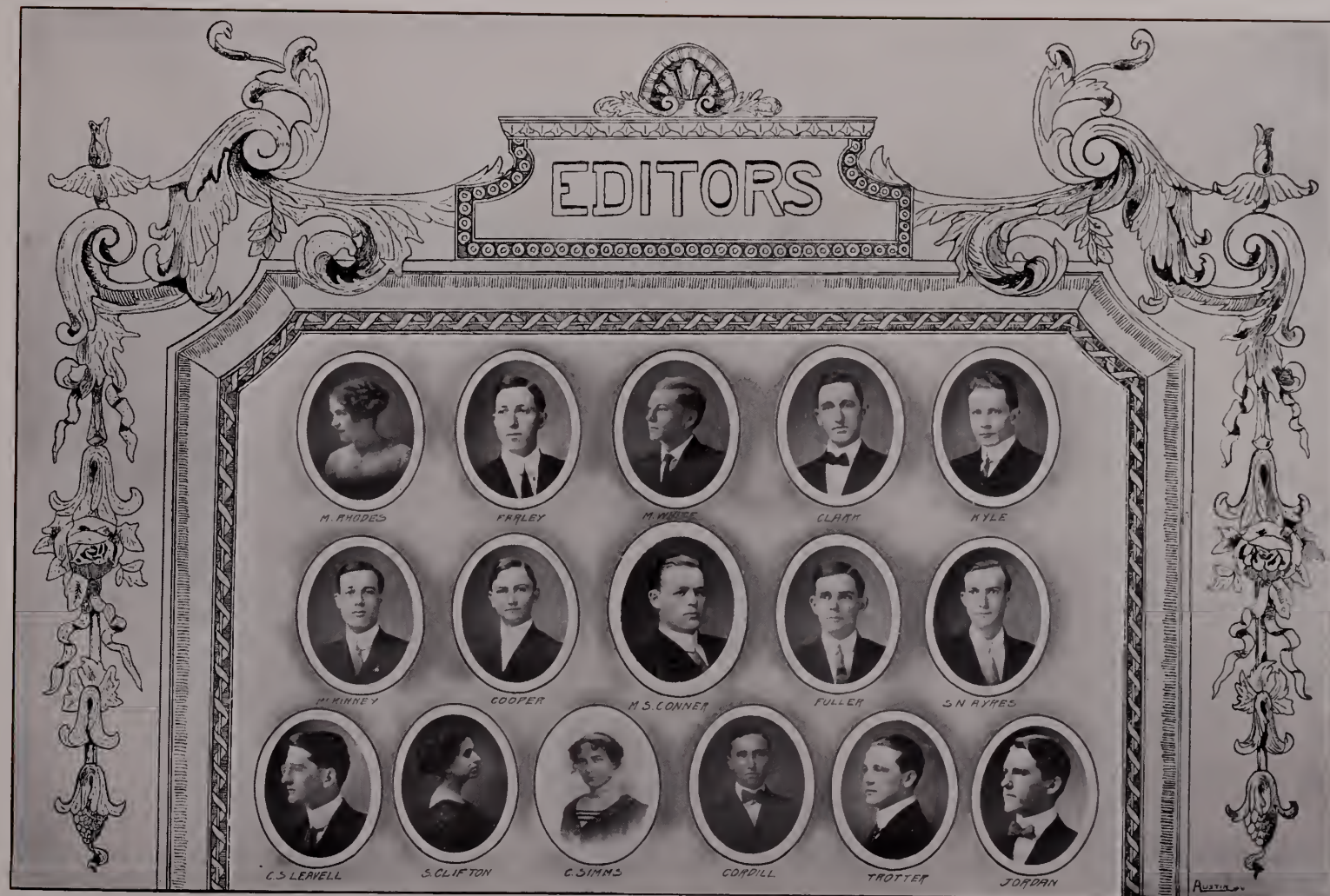
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"TOMMIE" MAYO—"Come in, come in; talk to you when I finish this book."

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"Red" WHITE hails from where there ain't no railroads.

## *A Tragedy*



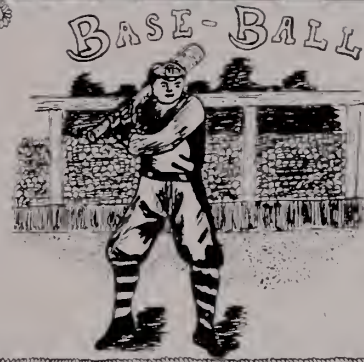
WHILE passing through Gordon Hall, Fay Hall, or Cahall, you walk 'up and down the Hollo-way thinking that the Dins-more than you can bear, you think of the Hardy men who have Pierced its Brown recesses and Foot-ed it over the Graves, Fuller than necessary, winning fame and fortune from the products of Beans, Moss, Furr, Brooms, and other commodities grown on the Hudson. The many Long Reeds sticking out from the Woods, the Knotts on the logs, by the Banks of Jordan show that the Ames of the many were for the Good of all. It moves you to natural philosophy for the Day, and you drop to Touch-Stone's style and shout: "I know all Wood Wilburn if not soaked in the Ford," "When it rains it is bound to Rain-water," "That Green Glass is not quite transparent," "Bridges are necessary to cross a Pool"; Also the easiest way to travel in winter is in a Slay;" "That a Bell in a Hightower can be heard far off." And soon until some one Shields you from the missiles Shipp-ed from the windows at you by the indignant oc-

cupants. This recalls to mind the conversation overheard and a small one who had solicited business for a shine: "Why, you can't shine shoes, you are nothing but a Boy-ette." And the other replied: "Yes, but I can Black-well enough to get a job."

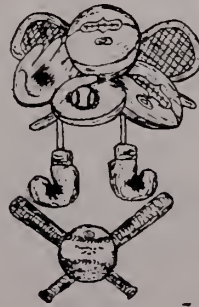
Many miraculous and incredible things happen around the dormitory. You will hardly Guess that a King would climb a Hill to listen to a Barker spiel about a White Fox, which was such a Loper that a Hunter had chased through the Park. And how he had shot Martins on the Wing—and how he had seen a Wise Miller grind up Pounds of Cohn for his wife, who was quite a Baker, to Cook on her Steele range—although she sometimes Burns it. Nevertheless, the Dean allows these ideas to remain only in the Rhodes to and from the campus. We bring this torture to a close by wondering why the Tip of a Ray of light disdains to keep Pace with mother earth And-er-son.

"PAP."

*Finis Tortunis.*



# ATHLETICS



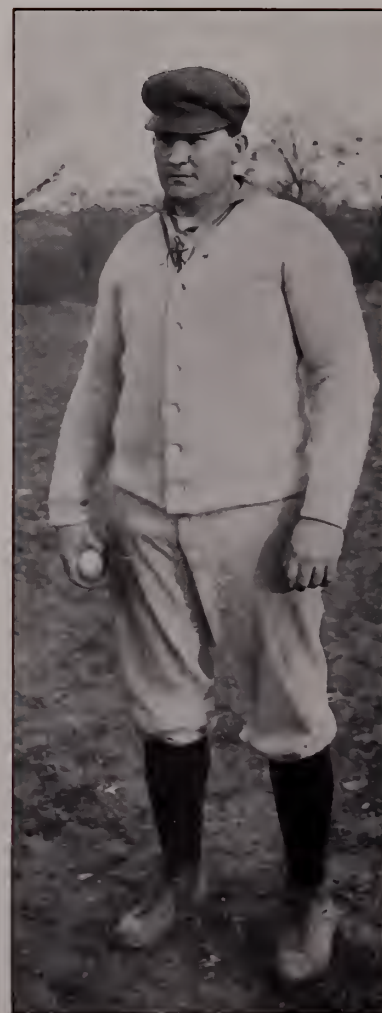
AUSTIN '11



COACH STAFFER



GRADUATE MANAGER SCHAUBERT



COACH MOSS

Why did "Tip" and "Doug" want to follow the L. I. L. team? — Guess.



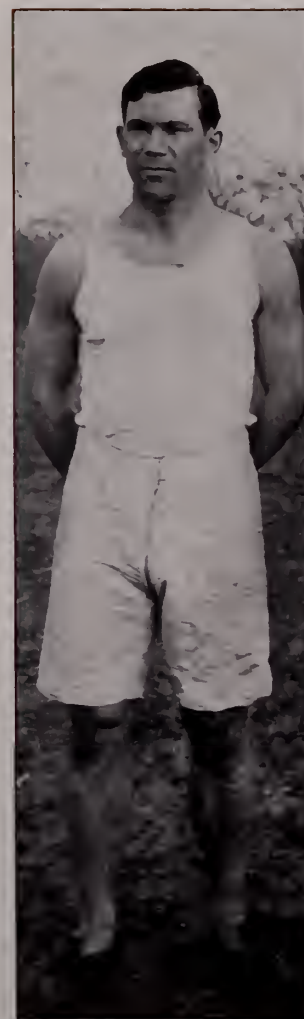
CAPTAIN MITCHELL  
Foot Ball



CAPTAIN SHIELDS  
Base Ball



CAPTAIN WALTON  
Basket Ball



CAPTAIN BARKER  
Track

"Now, I tell you how I am about that"—"BONUS" CLARK.



"DAUGHTER" HARPER — "I'm still young, but a cat with the ladies."

## *A Review of the Season*

**W**HEN Coach Stauffer and Captain Steve Mitchell assembled the varsity men of last year, the prep-school recruits and the promising material from the Freshman class on the athletic field, Mississippi's football stock began to rise by strides. Men with football brains and conservative judgment predicted a banner year for "Ole Miss." To view the stalwart bunch of athletes made the breast of every loyal and patriotic student swell. In his mind's eye he could see Vandy

trary, at all times showed the true manly spirit and fought every inch of the ground.

Officially the season opened on the Campus, September 30th, with Memphis High School. The Memphis lads put up a plucky fight, but were smothered to the tune of 42 to 0. The entire University squad played a star game and gained over their much lighter opponents almost at will. In this game Henry Cohn, the right guard of last year's team, and one of the strongest men of



walloped, the championship pennant snatched from her grip and planted over the camp of the Red and Blue.

Everybody, at home and abroad, conceded that Mississippi had the State pennant cinched, and that it was only a question of how many points would be piled up on the farmer lads on Thanksgiving Day. Neither of the above happened. The bearers of the Red and Blue, however, on no occasion showed the white feather or flinched from their tasks, but, on the con-

this year's aggregation, received an injury that put him out of the game for the rest of the season, except for a few minutes in the Mercer contest. The loss of Cohn was the first of many misfortunes that beset the team. His absence was keenly felt in every game that followed.

On October 5th "Ole Miss" applied the same whitewash roller to S. P. U., coming within one point of duplicating the score made against the Memphis lads. The Presbyterian aggre-

gation were moderately heavy and ought to have held "Ole Miss" to a much closer score, but at that time the Mississippi machine was irresistible and her line impregnable.

L. I. I. came next. We met them on the Campus October 13th, and contrary to the predictions of all, they held "The Eleven" to only 12 points. Had it not been for Cahall's two goals from field that were so beautifully executed the game would have ended with "Ole Miss" the winner by one hard-earned touchdown. The Louisiana boys showed great skill in tackling, un-

Mississippi College on the 29th at Jackson. In the game with Henderson-Brown, Cahall loomed into prominence with his wonderful drop kicking which made a decisive victory of 24 to 12 out of an otherwise tie score. The probable reason that the team did not make a larger score was because they were holding themselves in reserve for the Texas game. Texas defeated us 17 to 0, and for the first time in two years Mississippi failed to score. It is only fair to say in commendation of the Texas bunch that they had a better team than we—that is, a much



usual speed, and on the whole played a game that would reflect credit on any institution. But, alas! two things happened in this game that spread gloom over our camp. First, Pete Shields had his collar-bone dislocated which kept him out of the game until the A. & M. contest; and second, Rube Barker received a sprained shoulder which prevented him from playing in any of the games on the Western invasion.

On October 22nd "Ole Miss" started on her first trip, on which she met three teams: Henderson-Brown at Arkadelphia on the 23rd, Texas A. & M. at College Station on the 26th and

heavier and a more experienced aggregation—and in justification of Mississippi that she was undoubtedly hampered by the comparative lightness of her men, absence of Cohn, Shields and Barker and the disadvantage of playing on a strange field and before an unsympathetic audience. There is no doubt in the minds of any of the "Ole Miss" supporters but that, if the game had been played on a neutral field, with the above mentioned men at their usual stands the score would have been at least a tie. In the contest with Mississippi College practically all the varsity

men retired in favor of the scrubs. The scrubs acquitted themselves admirably, tearing them up 28 to 0.

When the team came back strenuous practice began again in preparation for the contest with Mercer. They were met on November 14th at Macon, and as the score of 34 to 0 indicates, they were completely and decisively whipped. In the last quarter of that game, Adams, our center, and one of the mainstays of the team, received an injured knee that laid him up for the remainder of the season. This loss to the team was the last of a series

departure was marked by the most enthusiastic student demonstration that has ever been given to a Mississippi athletic team. Two hundred and fifty supporters followed the next day on a special train. They were led by four cheer leaders, and throughout the game, even when hopes for victory were shattered to the four winds and a defeat by a small score was impossible their yells of encouragement to the team could be heard much clearer and louder than those emitted from the enemies' camp.

There were two contributing causes to the defeat—first, the



that rendered "Ole Miss" weaker than she had been at any other previous time,—and weaker at a most inopportune time,—on the eve of the most important and greatest contest in the history of her football career,—the one with Vandy.

Spurred on by the victory over Mercer and the known and proved ability of her team, "Ole Miss" began to get in trim for this affray. Two weeks were spent in hard signal practice and every man was required to observe the strictest rules of training. Daily the men were reminded by the students that "Vandy must be defeated." The squad left two days before the game. The

absence of three stars from the eleven; second, the unquestioned superiority of Vanderbilt. Adams, Shields and Cohn were still unable to play. The first quarter ended with no scoring, but in the second the fitness and ability of Vandy's backfield— I say Vandy's backfield because without a doubt therein laid her strength—soon told and a touch-down was made. During the three remaining quarters two touch-downs and a goal from field were scored, making the final score 21 to 0.

In no stage of the game did Mississippi's fighting spirit wane. Even in the third quarter when the game was irretriev-

ably lost, "Ole Miss" tackled just as hard as in the first and repeatedly tore open Vandy's line for long gains. Several times a few more yards would have given Mississippi a touch-down, but it seemed just at those crucial moments something unexpected would happen and Vandy would come in possession of the ball.

The season closed with A. & M. at Jackson on Thanksgiving Day. As is the custom, the student body went down and witnessed the game. There was probably more mystery surrounding that game than any other "Ole Miss" has ever played. Neither

eleven which resulted in a general change in the line-up; and in the second, luck was against us. Many times the ball was lost on fumbles and whenever distance was gained or lost A. & M. was the fortunate one.

Some things stand out prominently in the season's record. First, there was the courage and grit shown by the team when they met a heavier and stronger opponent. Even when they were outplayed and scored upon they never quit. Then there was the great success and scoring ability displayed by the team when



side scored in the first two quarters. In the third the ball was passed toward Captain Mitchell, but instead of the ball being received by him and the play executed it went wild, bouncing toward our goal. And who should be there but a fleet-footed farmer lad, who, picking the ball up, with only a few yards to go and not a Mississippi man in tackling distance, bounded across our goal for a touch-down. That touch-down, which was the only one made during the game can not be labeled anything but a "fluke."

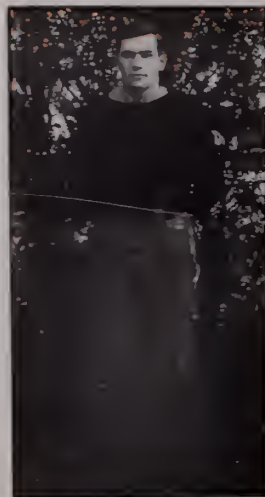
Mississippi's inability to score may be assigned to many causes. In the first place several men were absent from the

they were all together and in good condition. This, however, happened only once or twice during the season. If misfortune had left the team reasonably intact and unhampered no eleven this side of the Mason and Dixon line could have scored on them and beyond a doubt our beautiful vision of the State and Southern championship would have been fulfilled. Finally, the ardent and constant support of the team by the students was never lacking. They demonstrated their loyalty to the team at all times because they were the standard bearers of the Red and Blue, the banner that is so dear to all that are now or ever have been connected with the great old institution.



ADAMS.

When the "Old Reliable" 1910 All Southern Center enters a game, he not only instills confidence in the team, but also in the spectators. For a bobble is something unknown to "Red," whose swift and exact passes have been the wonder of Southern gridirons for the past three seasons. He is near the ball from the kick-off until the final whistle calls, and it is free from him only when the oval is high in the air. At Mercer he sustained a serious dislocation of the knee, which put him "on the hummer" for the remainder of the season, and to this accident Vandy's center, Morgan, may attribute his All Southern honors. He is chosen as the leader of the "Southern Championship Team of 1912," and a good one, he is, too.



BARKER.

"Rube" is built like a bull, but he is unusually fast to bear a resemblance to the aforesaid animal. On the list of Southern athletes his name is first, he having won a number of medals in the fastest meets of the States. Great disappointment was felt last year when, at the position of full-back, he received a broken shoulder, which retired him from the remaining games of the season. However, Rube now eclipses everything in the South as tackle, having been unanimously chosen for All Southern. With his lightning speed and his Herculean strength, he breaks the opposing lines almost at will and leaves holes in them through which the backs may romp at leisure.



CAHALL.

Cahall, the sensational drop-kicker of Dixie, came to us from Germantown Academy, Penn., where he generated the Academy team for one year before entering the field of College athletics. The chief virtues attributable to this blonde-haired "yankee" lad lies in his thorough knowledge of the game and the wonderful use of his toe, the latter virtue having saved the day for "Ole Miss" in the Henderson College game, and others. At quarter "Billy" displays that cool-headed judgment which is requisite for a leader; at full, he is good for a gain; on the end, he puts up such defense that only a few attempts are necessary to convince the enemy that there is "nothing doing" on the way of gains over him. He returns.



CARTER.

Carter enjoys the distinction of being the biggest man on the campus. For a trio of years he has remained in the same position, tackle, on the varsity line—each year growing more and more efficient. Often has his gigantic strength enabled him to smash the line of the opposition and break up plays that otherwise were sure of success. "Fred" surely contains the qualities of self-sacrificing patriotism, for in the two months' confinement, caused by a bad knee, torn up in the last play of the closing game of the season, he lost none of his sunny disposition nor his love for a practical joke. Mississippi will indeed be fortunate if she is allowed to confer a football diploma upon this son of the gridiron.



CAUSEY.

This veteran linesman, who for three years past has figured so prominently in Mississippi football dope, is recognized on the campus by the dignified entitlement of "Mr. Botts." During the entire period of his career he has never been injured, not even to the extent of ruffling his smooth temper. It is well, however, for the enemy not to fret him by attempts to break the line, for should he notice it, he "looks them over" and then proceeds to smash up everything in sight. A chew of tobacco seems to lend strength to his straight-forward consistency and coolness in the game, and no one is able to convince him that this is not one of the essential requisites of good training. He finishes next year.



COHN.

Upon his entrance in 1909 "Henry," because of his heavy build and four years previous experience at Chamberlain Hunt Academy, stepped into the vacant place on the line as guard. There he has remained as a tower of strength since, with the few exceptions of being shifted to tackle in cases of emergency. Cohn's method is the safe and conservative, rather than the dashing. He stands five feet, seven inches and weighs two hundred pounds. A fractured knee has kept him on the side lines a greater part of this season, but it is hoped that he will join the 1912 aggregation and win the honors that are justly due him in his last, and banner year.



MANSHIP.

Manship, whose common appellation is "Dug," is a product of the Capital City High School and Castle Heights Academy, where he played star ball at half-back. Although a little late in entering school this, his first year, he had no trouble in landing his old position behind the line. The season's review proves him deserving of the confidence placed in him. He tackles hard, runs good interference, and as a plunger he can always be counted on. Barring an accident, next season will bring to Dug a realization of his ambitions, for eminent authorities say that he will receive serious consideration for All Southern honors.



McCALL.

"Little Scotchie," so dubbed because of having an elder brother to precede him here, has the stubborn, unconquerable disposition characteristic of his highland tribe. Recognizing these qualities in him, Coach Stauffer shifted him to a permanent place at center after Adams was forced out because of his disabilities. He has made good as a pivot man, in spite of the fact that this is his first year on the team. McCall's experience reaches back a year on the scrub team (being ineligible for varsity material), a year on Mississippi College team, and a series of years on the High School squad. He stands as one of the pillars upon which is being built the hopes of 1912 success.



#### MITCHELL.

Captain Mitchell was not a seeker of football laurels until his second year in school. He then displayed exceptional ability in handling the pigskin, and before the close of the season had hammered his way to a berth on the team, which was one of the best that Mississippi had put out in a number of seasons. "Steve" is one of the most consistent backs that has ever worn the colors. His success at kicking goals is wonderful. Though not a player of the flashy type, he has the degree of reliability of him who knows his duty and performs it with credit. The confidence reposed in him is evidenced by his being chosen captain, this his last year of service. May he meet with as ready and as marked success in the world as he has met with on the gridiron.



#### PURYEAR.

Two years ago freshman Puryear entered the University with about as much athletic ability as the captain of the Co-ed baseball team now can boast of. But with a constant grind in the ranks of the scrubs he rounded into shape, and the opening of the year found him well equipped for varsity work. While "Face" is not a sensational player, he always covers his ground and is in for a steady, straight-forward game. He now carries one hundred and sixty-five pounds of physical stubbornness, and with an additional summer in development he is expected to make an exceptionally good fighter next year.



#### MYERS.

When, at the beginning of last year, Myers, known as "Calf," reported to Coach Stauffer, few recognized in this inexperienced High School youngster the football qualities necessary for wearing the "M" within two short seasons. But with hard training and a careful study of the game, "Calf" found himself in line for a substitute varsity position at the opening of this season. Owing to Cohn's having been retired in one of the early games, Myers has participated in all of the important contests filling very ably the position of guard. The indications are that this junior member of the kine family will, in his remaining two years, equal the record made by an elder brother, "Bull," who was for two years captain of the Mississippi warriors.



#### RANDOLPH.

Randolph's three years' experience at Randolph-Macon, and his established reputation as a quarter-back, gained ready recognition for him in football circles upon his entrance here. It is true that "Monk" talks somewhat slowly, but when it comes to handling his twigs, he is some speed merchant. Excitement and the loss of his head are traits unknown to this venerable leader, and this same level-headed judgment has pulled the varsity out of many a bad hole. As a drop-kicker, he is successful; as a tackle, he is sure and fierce; in running back punts, he cannot be equaled. The conviction of "Well done" comes to all who investigate his record.



#### SHIELDS.

"Speedy Pete," the acknowledged premier punter of the South, has shown his superiority throughout the season—averaging forty-five yards. From full-back he usually hits the line for a gain, and is a speed demon when he carries the ball. Hard luck overtook Shields in the first real game, and with a broken collarbone he was forced to remain inactive until the clash with A. & M. College. But, notwithstanding this accident, he received honorable mention for All Southern by several critics. This marks Speedy's second year on the team, having won his letter as a freshman. He will, no doubt, land the coveted All Southern belt next season.



#### VANDEVERE.

The innocent nursery name, "Willie," seems strangely out of place in being applied to this fiery pig-skin pugilist. In spite of the handicap of carrying only one hundred and fifty pounds, Vandevere is one of the most effective and dreaded tacklers of the red and blue line. His unsurpassed courage and grit, in conjunction with his fleetness of foot, makes him a valuable asset on the left end. He has been beaten, but never conquered; he has been pummeled and punched from all sides, but never has he been injured to speak of; in fact, the fighting spirit in him so predominates that he is not aware of cuts, sprains, bruises or breaks until the final whistle calls the end. Contrary to the general rule of great fighters, Willie is "coming back."



#### WALTON.

All Southern end, Captain, Coach and Center of basketball team, and the half-mile record of the State, are a few of the athletic distinctions gained by "By" in his first two years' connection with "Ole Miss." With four years' experience in the Central High School, of Philadelphia, Pa., as credentials, he readily cinched the right point of the varsity line in his freshman year. He carries one hundred and eighty pounds of solid brawn and muscle, a six-foot lift, and twenty-four years of existence. Walton especially excels in receiving passes, breaking up interference and running back punts. It was in the Vanderbilt game that he won the admiration of All Southern football enthusiasts, when, with a ten-yard handicap, he outstripped Capt. Morrison in a ninety-yard race for the goal, thereby saving an additional touchdown. Let Vandy take notice, for he returns to Dudley Field in 1912.

## *“The Reserves”*



R. K. HANTON, Coach.

ALEXANDER, A. N.	}	Half Backs.	TUCKER, I. N.	}	Full Backs.
HARPOLE			HARRIS		
BATSON					
WILLIAMS					
HARALSON	}	Quarter Backs.	BREELAND	}	Ends
OWEN			TURLEY		
LOPER			MAXWELL		
HUDSON	}	Centers	BURKES	}	Tackles.
GAUTIER			COLLETTE		
			VENTRISS		
			PIERCE		
SAMUELS	}	Guards			
HARPER					
GORDON					
DUGGINS					
GOODE					

University Scrubs 18: French Camp Academy 0.

University Scrubs 11: Memphis University School 0.

This is the showing made for the season by the University Scrub team, and its victories were not the most useful part of its services, for next year's Varsity must depend, in some measure at least, on this year's Scrub team for material.

Samuels in the line played a uniformly excellent game and should be a good man next year. Breeland did good work at end and, had he been eligible, would have stood a good chance of taking the Varsity trips. Haralson and Alexander in the back-

field worked hard and made a good showing. But space is lacking to give honorable mention to all who deserve it, for every man earned his share of praise.

All honor then to the Scrubs, who work unceasingly without glory and without honor. Their efforts will not be useless for on the foundation they are laying will be built the Varsity that will battle triumphantly next fall for the Southern Championship and, on Thanksgiving Day, lay A. & M.'s hopes low in the dust.

## *"Tha Football Team of 1910"*

### THE TEAM.

HATHORN, L. E.; CARTER, L. T.; CAUSEY, L. G.; ADAMS, C.; COHN, R. G.; KINNEBREW, R. T.; WALTON, R. E.; HAXTON, Q. B.; SHIELDS, L. H.; MCCALL, R. H.; LEE, F. B.; MITCHELL, TROTTER, POE and CLEVELAND, Subs.

The football season of 1910 was undoubtedly the best in the history of athletics at the University. An account of the seasons and games was unfortunately left out of the "Ole Miss" of 1911, and for that reason we feel it our duty to pay the deserved honor to the team in this issue.

The season has been called the best because the team met but one defeat, was only scored upon by one team, was ranked second (a jump of five places from the rank of the previous year), and had one member of the team picked for the All Southern team, with five others receiving honorable mention. The Red and Blue team had never been so highly honored before.

The season opened on October 1st with the gritty lads from Memphis High School on the campus. In this game much new material was tried out and for that reason the team worked slowly. Although we had little trouble in keeping the high school lads from scoring, it was all the raw material could do to push over a touchdown in each half, the final score being 10 to 0.

The doctors from the University of Memphis were the next on the card. The score of that game nearly shattered the hopes of the "Ole Miss" followers, but the wise ones who observed the game closely knew what to hope for. The Memphis aggregation

spent no more than thirty seconds in the Red and Blue territory, but our offense was so listless that the only score made was on a safety in the second half. This 2 to 0 defeat was very encouraging to the Memphis lads, and they left the campus with the determination to turn the tables if they could possibly get another date with us that season. Barker, a new man of wonderful promise received an injury in this game which kept him off of the field for the rest of the season.

On the thirteenth of October Doctor Stauffer took his warriors to New Orleans and lined them up against the much heralded Tulane team. The Olive and Blue proved to be an inclined plane, for Mississippi started with a rush that accelerated throughout the remainder of the season. Capt. John McCall was largely responsible for the 15-0 victory over Tulane, as the team caught the spirit of his fearless attack and dogged defense.

When the team returned to the campus for practice they showed all the fire and snap of a climax game, and fulfilled all prophecies when they met Mississippi College at Clinton. Using as few regulars as possible the Red and Blue made her fourth clean sweep, and this time ran up a total of twenty-four points, while their opponents were unable to score.

While "Ole Miss" was scoring twenty-four points on Mississippi College Vanderbilt was holding Yale at New Haven to a scoreless tie. Neither Vanderbilt nor "Ole Miss" had been scored upon up to their date of November the fourth. As a matter of fact, we had never scored on Vanderbilt in all our football games. But now came the time when something had to happen. They

compromised. Each team scored. In the second quarter Morrison, "the wonderful," picked a punt out of the air and went through the Red and Blue team for ninety yards and a touchdown. Later Vanderbilt scored a field goal. However, Mississippi, being in Vanderbilt territory most of the time, was able to score on a safety and came out of the game defeated, but not crushed at a 9-2 score.

With several substitutes in the game "Ole Miss" next met Alabama at Greenville on a wet Saturday. Capt McCall only played a few minutes. The inspiration of his presence was needed at times, but the fighting machine ground out a 16-0 victory, and thereby got the "dope" as to the ranking of the teams in the S. I. A. A., over several teams who found excuses not to meet us.

Since the good start the University of Memphis team got on our campus she accomplished great things, and after very little debating was able to arrange another game with us to be played in Memphis. Both teams were unsatisfied with the previous score of two to nothing, but the most unsatisfied party concerned was our wise coach, Doctor Stauffer. His critical eye

told him the worth of both teams, and he was very willing to give Coach Buckingham satisfaction. In this game Kinnebrew acted as captain in the absence of McCall. The big tackle felt the weight of the honor and used it to advantage, fighting like a demon all the time. The team, almost as willing to follow one "red head" as another, "got right" and satisfied the Memphians to the harmony of 44 to 0.

The final game of the season—that with A. and M. at Jackson—proved to be a "turkey trot." The teams were very evenly matched both in weight and scores before, but—. A. and M. gained 124 yards while U. of M. gained 549. A. and M. was unable to score, while the Red and Blue chalked up thirty points. What more remains to be said?

Great credit is to be given to this fighting machine, a machine sighted by a lovable captain and set up and oiled by a confiding coach. This machine scoring 114 points to its opponents nine was a unit, and its common fractions were Doctor Nathan P. Stauffer, coach; John McCall, captain; Church Lee, Earl Kinnebrew, "Chuck" Trotter, Mitchell, Adams, Causey, Carter, Alex Powe, Haxton, Hathorne, Cohn, Walton, Shields, Guess and Cleveland.



"BILL" FOOTE- "Well, now, I'll tell you about that."

## *The Baseball Team*



		JORDAN.		MITCHELL.		SHIELDS.		SLAY.
CAHALL.	McCALL.		TUCKER.		AUSTIN.		CHANDLER.	
		BAILEY.		WILSON.		WILBOURN.		OATES.

Co-education is a good deal like moonshine, rather thin, but nourishing withal.

## *"The Varsity of Nineteen-Eleven"*

When Coach Moss sounded the call for aspiring candidates in the national pastime at the beginning of the nineteen-eleven season, he found, with the exception of one man, Capt. Austin, that the trusty machine of nineteen-ten had passed out. But even with this handicap to overcome, the outlook was not discouraging for a winning team, for the Freshman Class was rich in material and turned out dozens of applicants of some baseball ability—each applicant dreaming of the time when he would wear the coveted "M" and eager for a chance to make good.

In time, however, some hopes were blasted! The weeding out process necessarily came, and with it a reduction of the squad to less than a score of members. Then operations began in real earnest and when the smoke and confusion cleared up in about ten days the machine of nineteen-eleven had been welded into shape.

At the end of the receiving line, guarding the interest of the plate, was "Pete" Shields, the big, all-around athlete of the Freshman Class. Opposite him was the light, but plucky, little pitcher, Lane Chandler, possessing a head of remarkable coolness for one so young and having the other qualities which are requisite for a successful slab artist. From the initial sack, "Pedro" Wilson, the infield find of the season, shot so much ginger into the proceedings that the game was warm at all times. "Billy" Tucker, a hard-hitting, sure-fielding lad, took care of

the keystone bag, while the space between the second and third stations was ably covered by "Billy" Cahall, a smooth-tempered little Yankee, who, although a bit weak with the willow, overcame any minor defects by his fielding qualities and his unconquerable spirit. As to the third bag, no apprehensions were felt, for no less a personage than Captain Austin, himself, was stationed there. Only two of the berths in the sun garden were permanently taken until the season had far advanced. In the left section "Bunk" Wilbourn easily landed a place, and "Little Scotchie" McCall took care of the right section. Near the close of the season "Bill" Bailey, of batting fame, was lodged in center. About this time two other valuable assets were added in "Steve" Mitchell and "Artie" Jordan. The former coming to the aid of the badly crippled pitching staff, the latter going into his old position in the out-field. Thus the team battled until the season closed.

Insofar as the results of the games indicate, the season was not a successful one. But when the adverse circumstances are considered and when the fact that all material was new and untried is noted, it must be conceded that the outcome reflects much credit upon those who gave their best efforts to the cause. There have been more successful teams in the history of our institution, but a gamer, pluckier, more spirited bunch never crossed bats for the honor of Mississippi than the Varsity bunch of Nineteen-Eleven.



THE BASKET BALL TEAM OF 1912

Top row, left to right: Hibbard, assistant coach; Cahall, guard; Pound, forward; Schaubert, manager.  
Bottom row: Austin, forward; Walton, captain and center; Shields, guard.

## Basket Ball



THE Red and Blue Basket Ball Team, State champions of 1911, again went through the season without meeting defeat in Mississippi and is heralded as the 1912 champs. The boys on the team averaged up to a good size, outweighing every team they met, except perhaps the L. S. U., and they knew how to use their weight to the right purpose. Because of this they were appreciated everywhere they went for their clean sportsmanship. Their fast consistent playing was the only fault their opponents could find with them, but it won the hearts and hands of the rooters before they left the floor.

The team as a whole may be judged by its results, but in so judging it should be understood that only three members played in all the games and that the team received several severe setbacks by the continual changing of men at forwards. At critical periods of the season too much work, sickness, and the faculty ban took men off of the squad so that new team work had to be developed for each series of games.

"Ole Miss" scored 408 points while her opponents amassed only 197. This large total is well up with the biggest scores made by the best teams in Dixie. The scores of the games are as follows:

Millsaps	Mississippi
0	30
7	39
Miss. College	
16	20
25	29

L. S. U.	Mississippi
27	15
33	11
Union	
7	45
27	30
S. P. U.	
13	43
16	43
Union	
20	57
26	46
Opponents	"Ole Miss"
197	408

For a detailed explanation of the Red and Blue scoring machine and its output we have H, representing the number of halves the player was in, F representing the number of field goals shot, U representing the number of foul goals shot, and T representing the total number of points scored:

PLAYER—	H.	F.	U.	T.
Walton, c .....	24	61	9	131
Austin, f .....	16	28	41	97
Shields, g .....	24	33	0	66
Pound, f .....	16	28	0	56
Cahall, g .....	24	16	0	32
McDonald, f .....	8	7	0	14
Tucker, f .....	3	4	0	8
Long, f .....	2	2	0	4
Bailey, g .....	3	0	0	0
McCall, f .....	1	0	0	0

This scoring machine, if picked to pieces, would have three parts, *i. e.*, center, forwards and guards. After exhausting all the texts on the subject, an analytical summary of the individuals might read as follows:

At center, By Walton, captain and strategist of the team, had little difficulty in out-jumping his opposing centers. This insured success to each play and by the execution of signals confidence was given to the team at the start. His work did not stop here, however. His dribbling, passing and shooting were almost perfect; the former disorganizing the opposing team and the latter making him the highest scorer for Ole Miss. Being quick, strong and heady, the essential qualities of a basket-ball player, and having perfect control over his 180 pounds, he is considered throughout the South as the best in the game. Walton was also the coach of the team. He built up a strong scrub team which gave the Varsity good practice. His success in this line may be judged by the quality of the team turned out. This versatile athlete might almost be said to be the "patron saint" of basket-ball at the University of Mississippi. Certain it is that he has done more toward creating a keen interest in the game and putting out a team whose excellence is compared with the baseball and football teams than any one who has ever been here. As a reward and acknowledgment of his zeal, ability and popularity his team-mates unanimously elected him captain for 1913.

The forwards, on account of their continual changing, were never able to work with the desired smoothness. It would not be complimentary to the teams that opposed us if we speculate upon the results, had this smoothness ever worked throughout all the games. As it were, the forwards were always able to score

and showed a fighting spirit that left their opposing guards with a remembrance of the game.

"Spout" Austin, playing for the third season, was exceptionally fast. He was rather light to cope with the big guards who were always sent against him, but his accurate passing and sure shooting more than counterbalanced. His foul shooting and knowledge of the game made him invaluable.

"Pap" Pound, another light forward, played his second season. He is tall, able to execute passes and signals in close quarters: quick at sizing up his opponent and eluding him at the proper time. His shooting was always good and he was never at fault on the signals.

"Big" Tucker is also a veteran and made his need felt when he did play. He is not easily boxed by his opposing guard and seldom wastes a shot. This season he proved to be the "pinch-hitter" of the team.

"Fresh" McDonald, who learned the game at Summerland High School last year, was not given a regular berth at forward until the latter part of the season, but in the short time he played he exhibited such a willingness to work and so much spirit that he proved an asset.

"Sam" Leng and "Scotch" McCall also experienced their first year on the Varsity, were hard workers and dependable.

At guard there were few changes during the whole season, which gave the men in that position a better chance to work together. "Pete" Shields and "Billy" Cahall are the best in the South. They have been able to shut out their forwards almost at will, and, at the same time, have been big cogs in the signal machine.

Shields played the floor, leaving Cahall as stationary

guard. This worked exceptionally well, as Shields is an excellent shooter. With his big strides and long arms he would work the ball to the basket and drop it in, unmindful of the several men hanging on him. During the season he played every position on the team and was never at fault at any.

Cahall, whose opposing forwards scored the meager average of one goal per game, had the unique faculty of being able to resist the lure of the basket. He never left his forward alone while he went down the floor to shoot, yet he came in for his share of scoring. He is fast, knows how to dribble, and, like Shields and Walton, was playing his second year on the team.

"Bill" Bailey, in the few games in which he played, was another good guard. He is heavy and knows how to use every ounce to advantage, which means that he knows how to worry a forward to the point of despondency.

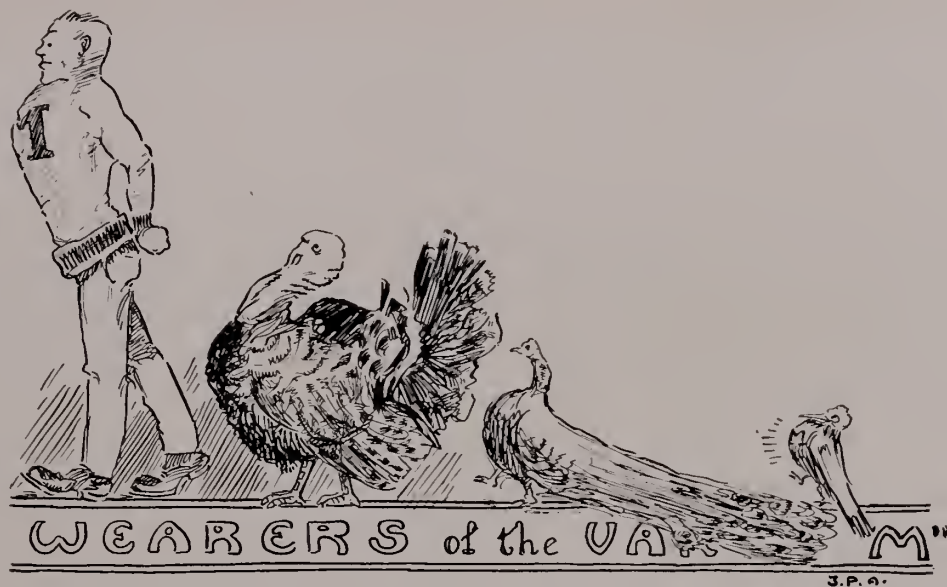
The general work of the guards may be summed up in the low score made against the team, though, of course, they were

not responsible for all the opponents' goals. Few teams in the country who have played twelve games have held their opponents to less than 200 points.

The scrub team deserves much credit for its untiring efforts and should have a place of glory along with the Varsity. Lack of space, however, makes it impossible to give to the scrubs all the credit due them, but their men, Haxton, Tucker, Haralson, Harris, Chandler, Wing, Spence and Miller should be considered a part of the Varsity.

The season was a big success from all viewpoints, *i. e.*, exercise, victories and finance. More students took an interest in the game than ever before and every day in practice found from fifteen to thirty men using the single court on the campus. About fifty in all used the court at some time during the season. Then the team won ten out of twelve games played, which is the best showing ever made by any of our previous teams, although the 1911 team, with ten victories out of thirteen games, came very close. Financially the team supported itself.





ADAMS	SHIELDS
AMES	TUCKER
AUSTIN	TROTTER
BARKER	VANDIVERE
CAHALL	VADAMAN
CARTER	WALTON
CAUSEY	WILBURN
COHN	WILSON

## *The Track Team*



CAPT. LEAVELL, LEFTWICH.

BARKER,

FRANKLIN,

WALTON,

CAUSEY,

ROGERS,

HARALSON.

THE NEW "CO-ED" — "I wonder if he is a real college boy, or did he borrow the sweater?"

## Track Team



### Entrances.

#### BARKER.

Arkansas S. A. A. Meet, May, 1908—Little Rock Ark.  
Castle Heights Field Day, April, 1909—Lebanon, Tenn.  
Vanderbilt's Interscholastic Meet, May, 1909—Nashville, Tenn.  
Castle Heights Field Day, April, 1910—Lebanon, Tenn.  
Society Meet (Castle Heights), April, 1910—Lebanon, Tenn.  
Vanderbilt vs. Castle Heights Meet, May, 1910—Lebanon, Tenn.  
Vanderbilt's Interscholastic Meet, May, 1910—Nashville, Tenn.  
University of Chicago Interscholastic of United States, June, 1910—Chicago, Ill.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.  
A. A. U. Championship Meet (Southern Association), June, 1911—New Orleans, La.  
A. A. U. Championship Meet (U. S.), July, 1911—Pittsburg, Penn.  
M. A. C. Meet, July, 1911—St. Louis, Mo.  
Triple "A" Meet, July, 1911—St. Louis, Mo.  
Irish Nationalists' Meet, August, 1911—St. Louis, Mo.

#### CAUSEY.

M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.

#### FRANKLIN.

North Mississippi High School Meet, 1908—Tupelo, Miss.  
North Mississippi High School Meet, 1909—Columbus, Miss.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1910—Greenville, Miss.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.

#### HARALSON.

M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1910—Greenville, Miss.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.

#### LEAVELL.

M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.

#### LEFTWICH.

North Mississippi High School Meet, 1908—Tupelo, Miss.  
North Mississippi High School Meet, 1909—Columbus, Miss.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.

#### ROGERS.

North Mississippi High School Meet, 1908—Tupelo, Miss.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1910—Greenville, Miss.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.

#### WALTON.

Princeton Interscholastic Meet, 1907—Princeton, N. J.  
Middle States Championship Meet, 1907—Philadelphia, Penn.  
Tome Interscholastic Meet, 1908—Port Deposit, Md.  
Princeton Interscholastic Meet, 1908—Princeton, N. J.  
Middle States Championship Meet, 1908—Philadelphia, Penn.  
Pennsylvania Relay Meet, April, 1908—Philadelphia, Penn.  
A. A. U. Meet, October, 1910—New Orleans, La.  
M. I. T. A. Meet, May, 1911—Gulfport, Miss.



THE TENNIS CLUB.

LAKE HAYS (truthfully)—“I believe I was born a Freshman.”

# University of Mississippi Tennis Club

W. L. FULLER, President.

J. R. ANDERSON, Manager.

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HUNTER.	CAHALL.	ANDERSON, J. R.	ANDERSON.	CLEVELAND.
	WILSON.	CHILTON.	WINTER.	

## COMMITTEE ON RULES.

ANDERSON, J. R.

LOCH.

RAY.

A. B. SCHAUBER, Graduate Manager.

## RESULTS OF TOURNAMENT, 1910-1911.

- Anderson and Pound  
vs.  
Hudson and Stone  
6-0; 6-0  
vs.  
Anderson and Pound  
6-2; 2-6; 6-4
- Lindsey and Longino  
vs.  
Plant and Chilton  
Plant and Chilton  
6-0; 6-2  
vs.  
Anderson and Pound  
3-6; 6-0; 6-4
- Fuller and White, J. P.  
vs.  
Moore and White, M. E.  
9-7; 6-4  
vs.  
Moore and White, M. E.  
8-6; 8-6
- Hardy and Richardson  
vs.  
Hardy and Richardson



ANDERSON AND POUND, TENNIS CHAMPIONS

Several attempts were made to arrange games with Mississippi College and Mississippi A. & M., but they would never give us dates. In view of this fact it is only fair to credit Anderson and Pound with not only the championship of the

University, but of the State. Moore and White, M. E., the runners-up, showed good form, and, as the record indicate, were not decisively outclassed by the champions.



THE CHEER LEADERS

"JIM" VARDAMAN    "BILL" FOOTE    "OTTO" JORDAN    "CHUCK" TROTTER

## *Yells and Songs*



Oxford Rah! Oxford Rah!  
     Varsity, Varsity, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Oxford Rah! Oxford Rah!  
     Varsity, Varsity, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Rah!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Rah!  
     Mississippi.

Boomalacka! Boomalacka!  
     Bow! Wow! Wow!  
 Chickalacka! Chickalacka!  
     Chow! Chow! Chow!  
 Boomalacka! Chickalacka!  
     Wah! Who! Wah!  
 Mississippi! Mississippi!  
     Rah! Rah! Rah!

Razzle Dazzle! Hobble Gobble!  
Sis! Boom! Bah!  
Mississippi! Mississippi!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Raxety-ax, co-ax, co-ax,  
Raxety-ax, co-ax, co-ax,  
Hullabaloo, Hullabaloo,  
Red and Blue! Red and Blue!  
Mississippi!

Here's to "Ole Miss," the school we love,  
Here's to the Red and Blue;  
Here's to the men who wear the "M,"  
And here's to our rooters true.  
Here's to the co-ed Varsity girl,  
Here's to old Oxford town;  
Here's to the campus we love so well,  
Here's to our team's renown.

Oh, the University boys we are and we come on the field today  
To show the bunch of hayseed lads the way they ought to play;  
We circle their ends and go through their line and all of their  
plans fulfill,  
And then you'll hear on every side: "To h—— with old  
Starkville."  
Hail, Mississippi, U. of M., Tra-la-la-la;  
Hail to the girls o' the Varsity, Tra-la-la-la-la-la.  
We circle their ends and go through their line and bear down  
their colors trim  
Until you'll hear on every side: "To h—— with A. & M."

O Varsity of great renown,  
Mississippi, U. of M.,  
'Twas founded in a Southern town,  
Mississippi, U. of M.:  
Its men are found in East and West,  
Its lore and learning are the best,  
And every man can stand the test—  
Mississippi, U. of M.

(Chorus)

O, U. of M., thy sons we are,  
And faithful may we ever be:  
Our hearts, our hopes, our joys are thine,  
Mississippi, U. of M.  
The ties that bind us to thy fame,  
Mississippi, U. of M.,  
Will keep us from deceit and shame:  
Mississippi, U. of M.,  
Thy stalwart sons will ever strive  
To keep thy name and creed alive,  
And look to thee with joy and pride,  
Mississippi, U. of M.

Oh, come and let's get together, boys, and sing a song of cheer,  
We'll have a rousing yell or two in voices loud and clear.  
Our team is playing football, but A. & M.'s in the air,  
While we shout for Mississippi.

(Chorus)

Hurrah, "Ole Miss," we'll raise a song to thee—  
Hurrah, "Ole Miss," we'll ever loyal be:  
We'll put aside all care today and join the jubilee,  
While we shout for Mississippi.

## *The Court*

### I.

The sheriff's voice is ringing,  
Through St. James' lofty hall,  
Calling all the Freshmen  
To the greatest court of all.

### II.

The judge's name is "Pedro";  
He's the best one in the land,  
When he says with voice stentorian,  
"Freshman, take the stand."

### III.

We have two able lawyers;  
You bet they're very slick;  
And if a Freshman ever lies,  
They'll surely catch him quick.

### IV.

There is the worthy sheriff,  
Who's duty's to apply  
The sentence of his "Honor,"  
And to do his best he'll try.

### IX.

And finally to end the scene,  
The Freshman, in his bliss,  
To a ne'er forgotten tune,  
Sings his laundry list.

### V.

The court has many doctors;  
The jury numbers three;  
Then two chief electricians,  
Obey its high decree.

### VI.

The Freshman first is sentenced  
To ride the 'lectric chair,  
And when the juice on him is turned,  
It surely lifts his hair.

### VII.

He then is made to down the match,  
And the "toe-hold" to get;  
To hug the pitcher like he hugged  
The girl he'll ne'er forget.

### VIII.

The doctors have their turn at him,  
They try to save his life;  
There are scars upon his frame,  
Left by the ink and knife.

# LITERARY SOCIETIES.



*Louise Porter*



THE HERMÆAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

"BILLY" CAHALL—"Hello, fellow."

# Hermaean Literary Society



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THE PHI SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

"FREDDIE" CARTER—"If Gautier were to die standing up, you would have to push him over."

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“BILL” BAILEY (to a pretty girl)—“Why, you trifling bunch of rascality.”

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BATSON, T. T.	COOK, S. C., JR.	GEORGE.	LONG, S. H.	RECHTIN, J. T.	THERREL, E. L.
BLAIR.	CORDILL, C. C.	GUESS, M. G.	MANGUM, A. W.	REED, R. H.	TICKER, I. N.
BOGGAN, J. M.	CLARK, A. B.	HARALSON, M. F.	MAGEE, STANLEY.	RICHARDSON, W. M.	TICKER, W. F.
BOGGAN, JEFF.	CARTER, A. B.	HARDAGE, R. H.	MAYO, T. F.	RIDGEWAY, I. W.	TURNER, S. L.
BRAMLETT, J. E.	DAY, Icy W.	HARRIS, G. H.	MCCALL, E. F.	RILEY, J. P.	VARDAMAN, J. M.
BREELAND, D. A.	DEAN, S. R.	HARRISON, F. E.	MCCARTY, W. B.	RAMSEY, R. H.	VARDAMAN, J. K.
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		JONES, T. D.	OATES, O. M.		

## *The Debating Teams*



University-A. & M. Debate  
J. W. WOOTEN AND S. N. AYRES.

Mississippi-Tennessee Debate  
M. E. WHITE AND A. B. SCHAUER.

Mississippi-Arkansas  
WAYNE ALLEN AND S. N. AYRES.

### INTER-SOCIETY DEBATES.

#### *First Term.*

Schauber and Doxey for Phi Sigma.  
Fcote and J. T. Brown for Hermacan.

#### *Second Term.*

Ayres and T. W. Wilson for Hermacan.  
Allen and Gibsen for Phi Sigma.

#### *Third Term.*

M. S. Conner and T. D. Jones for Hermacan.  
F. G. Cooper and F. C. Jenkins for Phi Sigma.



THE BLACKSTONE CLUB

FRESHMAN BAIRD "Join the Lizzie brigade."

# Blackstone Club



## OFFICERS.

### *First Term.*

M. S. CONNER.....President  
S. L. DEAR.....Vice-President  
L. J. WISE.....Secretary and Treasurer

J. W. KYLE.....Critic  
F. COOPER.....Reporter  
J. T. BROWN.....Historian

### *Second Term.*

L. J. WISE.....President  
T. W. WILSON.....Vice-President  
G. W. HOSEY.....Secretary and Treasurer  
W. J. Patrick.....Critic  
A. B. CLARK.....Reporter  
J. W. KYLE.....Doorkeeper  
J. T. BROWN.....Historian

### *Third Term.*

T. T. SMITH.....President  
M. G. BLACKWELL, JR.....Vice-President  
T. W. WILSON.....Secretary  
A. M. FOOTE.....Doorkeeper  
J. R. ANDERSON.....Critic  
J. W. LOCH.....Reporter  
J. T. BROWN.....Historian

## MEMBERS.

### *From Senior Law Class.*

ADAM, E. J.	BROWN, J. T.	DAY, I. W.	JORDAN, R. A.	ROBERSON, J. L.	VARDAMAN, J. M.
AYRES, S. N.	CLEVELAND, A. T.	DEAR, S. L.	PATRICK, W. J.	SCHAUBER, A. B.	WISE, L. J.
BLACKWELL, M. G.	CARTER, E. B.	GARNER, E.	PIERCE, M. F.	SMITH, T. T.	WHITE, J. P.
BUCKLEY, J. E.	CARTER, F. S.	HOSEY, G. W.	RAYBURN, S. B.	TROTTER, W. C.	WARREN, H. E.
BOGGAN, T. K.	CONNER, M. S.	HOSKINS, J. S.			

### *From Junior Law Class.*

ANDERSON, J.	COOPER, F. G.	DORROH.	LEAVELL, C. S.	MCLEAN, J. H.	RUCKER, J. D.
BOGGAN, J. M.	CONNER, C. E.	GREEN, W. G.	LOCH, J. W.	MCRATNEY.	SUMRALL.
BURNS, C. F.	FOOTE, A. M.	HARDY, J. A.	McKINNEY, W. T.	MITCHELL, S. F.	WINTER.
COHN, H. L.	FOREMAN, G.	HURST, G. G.	McLAURIN, H.	OATES.	WILSON, T. W.
CLARK, A. B.	FLOURNOY, R.	KYLE, J. W.	McKAY, R.	RAY, R. C.	WILROY.
COLEMAN.					

## *The Constitutional Convention of the Blackstone Club*



HOUSE, come to order," burst in bloody Irish tones from President Mike Sennett Conner, with an air as much as possible like Champ Clark-and-the-House-of-Representatives. Cordill and Day light cigars and turn their toes and attention toward the Speaker. Blackwell and Hosey prepare to obey by rolling a half-plug of Brown Mule into their jaws. Silence seems imminent. President Conner, in a still, Irish voice, orders the Secretary to call the roll. Mr. Wise from Yazoo rises with the distinguished bearing of J—— S——— W———, and in measured tones sizes up the assembly. Then turning to Mr. Buckley asks, "Was I right in marking you absent at last meeting, Mr. Buckley," Buck wakes up and says, "Sir." Wise repeats, "Was I right in marking you absent at last meeting?" Buck, "I—I don't know, sir; I wasn't here, you see, sir." President Conner impressed silence by pounding his fist on the table.

The Secretary reads the minutes of the last meeting, containing, among other things, a motion to the effect, "That the Constitution be adopted at the next meeting of the Club, and that all amendments and objections to the same must be presented in writing, parts not amended or objected to, to be considered adopted without being read." Mr. Cleveland objects. "Mr. Chairman, I am not pretending to be a good constitutional lawyer, but I don't believe its constitutional to adopt a constitution that way without reading it." Mr. Day, "How can it be unconstitutional when we have no Constitution?"

Mr. Loch, "Mr. President, I would like to remind the gentlemen that we have been trying to adopt this Constitution for several months, and have never been able to read it through because of so many objections. Therefore, the intent of this motion is to get it off our hands."

Mr. Brown, "Mr. President, that's just the trouble, there never was such a conglomeration of stuff packed into a Constitution as there is in this one; there is no connection from the preamble to the peroration. Why, Mr. President, you can't tell heads from tails, or where you are at, anywhere in it. Therefore, I move we table this motion."

Conner, "You are out of order, Mr. Brown. The proper motion would be to rescind."

Mr. Brown, "Then I move that we rescind."

Dorroh, "I second the motion."

Mr. McLean, "I move that the motion to rescind be tabled."

Steve Mitchell, "Second the motion, Mr. President."

The vote is called and the ayes have it. "The motion to rescind is lost," announced the President.

Mr. Ayres, "Mr. President, permit me to state in defense of the committee who drew up this Constitution, and for the benefit of the gentleman who has attacked it, that when doing this work we had before us the Constitution of Hellenic Literary Society, the Constitution of Phi Sigma Literary Society, the Constitution of the State of Mississippi, and the Constitution of the United States."

Brown, "That's just the trouble."

President Conner, "Are there any written amendments or objections? (Nobody had even read the great document.) There seems to be none. The Constitution stands adopted."

Kyle, rising with all the dignity of his great grandfather, said: "Mr. President, I move that we go into the election of officers for the second term."

Hosey turns over the Brown Mule and seconds the motion.

Brown, "I move to table the motion."

Dorroh, "I second it."

Judge Wilsen stops writing out the verdict to be inflicted on the next Freshman brought before the Court of St. James, and remarks: "Mr. President, I wish to speak in behalf of Mr. Kyle's motion to elect. The time is propitious for the election, for we have enough members present to fill the offices this morning, and we can't tell when we shall be so fortunate again."

Brown, "There is no need to shift positions at all. Every one has an office now."

Mr. Wilroy (who has just entered school), "Mr. President, I have been taken into this club. Am I entitled to vote?"

Conner, "Yes, sir; you have a perfect right to vote. You became a *prima facie* member of this club, *ab initio*, when you entered the Law Department."

Mr. Patrick, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to nominate a man for President who has toddled in the tracks of George Washington since his trundle-bed days, and for this reason alone deserves the job. But furthermore, he looks like he is honest, and I believe he is capable of deceiving even his looks. Then he is handsome, and the girls all love him. We need to place some-

body before us that it will be a delight to gaze upon. The man to whom I refer is Hon. Johnnie Hoskins."

Mr. H., "Mr. Chairman, I fully appreciate the honor the gentleman does me. In fact, the fragrance from the exquisite bouquet that he has flung at me stifles my utterance. But I must ask that he withdraw my name, as my duties are so precarious and multifarious that it is impossible for me to share the pleasures of many of these meetings."

The name is withdrawn and a president elected. The election of a vice-president is in order.

Mr. Wilson, "Mr. President, I wish to nominate a man whose equal for this place has never been seen since Satan leapt from Glory and Adam fell from grace. Such a leader of men has not been produced since Hannibal aeroplaned the Alps and played rings round Rome, or since Caesar crossed the Rubicon and beat the Gaul out of Greece. This noble and notable Roman is none other than our own beloved Bill Foote." Foote returns the compliment by nominating Wilson. Wilson's wind wagon served him well and he won.

The office of secretary was the next bone of contention. Five men were nominated. Glowing words depicted the calligraphy of the Hyperions, you could almost see the footprints of their handwriting on the wall. The die was cast. Two candidates stood head and shoulders above their fellows, but the laggards tied. The very fact that there had been a tie-created confusion. Out of the clamor the president ordered that the two highest should run it out. By this time Bedlam had begun to tear the sheets and a cry arose that all must run again. The half of the house not candidate for the position were clamoring to be heard, the man with strongest lungs suggested that

the president was correct, that in Mississippi we had only two primaries. The house sank back on its pillars.

Mr. Ames worms out of a book in the corner to see what the commotion means. About twelve more officers were elected and the election declared closed.

Mr. Brown, "Mr. President, I move that we adjourn."

Mr. Dorroh, "Second the motion."

Mr. Conner, "Just one thing more before we adjourn, gentlemen."

Adam and Blackwell move and second that Brown's motion be tabled. It was.

Conner, "I would like for you to decide today whether you prefer to have individual pictures grouped, or a group photographed, for the Annual."

Mr. Kyle, "I move that we have individual pictures grouped for the Annual. This august and dignified body should not lower itself to the level of Freshmen and Sophomores by having an ordinary group picture. Gentlemen, I appeal to your dignity."

Mr. Foote, "Mr. President, I am in favor of having a group photographed. From my experience you could never get all these men to have individual pictures made, but you can herd them up

here somewhere, for instance, on the Library steps. That beautiful building would cause any personal imperfection we happen to have to vanish before its grandeur. Then, gentlemen, this club, as has been demonstrated here this morning, is composed of men who are destined to fire shots heard round the world, and I want one of these precious photographs containing the pictures of every one of you. Surely such an array of talent will never beam down from one cardboard again."

Mr. Wilson, "Mr. President, the dignity of this body can not allow it to crawl up on some stone steps and face a northern blizzard and have itself frozen into statues for the pleasure of Mr. Foote. What sights we would be by the time the picture man came, there squinting at the wind and trying to smile, squatting on the steps like jack-rabbits in a blizzard, or leering downward from the pillars with wind-bleared eyes, looking like ascending stars with the accent on the donkey. Mr. President, I only wish I could find words to express just how much I am in favor of Mr. Kyle's motion."

But the vote was taken and the motion was lost. The House adjourned, but it has a meeting to elect officers every term.

S. N. A., JR.



THE COURT OF ST. JAMES

"Pig" WOOTEN—"Wait till the sun shines, Nellie."



## Court of St. James

### OFFICERS.

PEDRO WILSON.....Judge

JOHNNIE HOSKINS.....District Attorney

ABE MARTIN.....Sheriff

Q. C. AYRES

G. A. DRAPER

H. K. TURLEY

JOHNNIE TRICE

DUG GREEN

.....Electrocutioners

..... Medical Specialists

J. E. BUCKLEY.....Attorney for the Defense

J. H. MCLEAN.....Associate Attorney

### JURORS.

A. N. ALEXANDER.

HALL, GEORGE HAWKINS, M. OATES.

JOHN ROBERSON.

SAM ATKINSON.

MCRANEY.

JOE CLARK.

BRAMLETTE.

### FRESHMAN FIRST-YEAR MEN.

BLUE COOK.

B. LONGINO.

BABY PHILLIPS, "11-2" POTTER.

### DEPUTIES.

JOHN YOUNG.

H. S. ALEXANDER, Pianist.

J. A. MCLEOD.

MUTT TATUM.

C. M. SCHLOSS.

BUN THOMAS.

Loch—"The text-books puts it this way, etc."

## *"The Elected"*

MOST POPULAR CO-ED.



MISS MARGUERITE RHODES.  
MISS DORIS McLEAN, Second.  
MISS MILDRED TAYLOR, Third.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED.



M. S. CONNER.  
R. C. RAY, Second.  
A. M. FOOTE, Third.

BEST ATHLETE.



FRANK SHIELDS.  
R. A. BARKER, Second.  
BYRON WALTON, Third.

MOST POPULAR MAN.



A. M. FOOTE.  
M. S. CONNER, Second.  
H. S. ALEXANDER, Third.

HARDEST STUDENT.



J. W. KYLE.  
D. G. MANSHIP, Second.  
D. L. FARLEY, Third.

C. M. KENT—"I met her on the train, and she's a peach."



THE COUNCIL OF HONOR.

A. B. McKie (beginning letter)—“My dearest Matiel: What do you suppose makes me blush so when they guy me about you?”

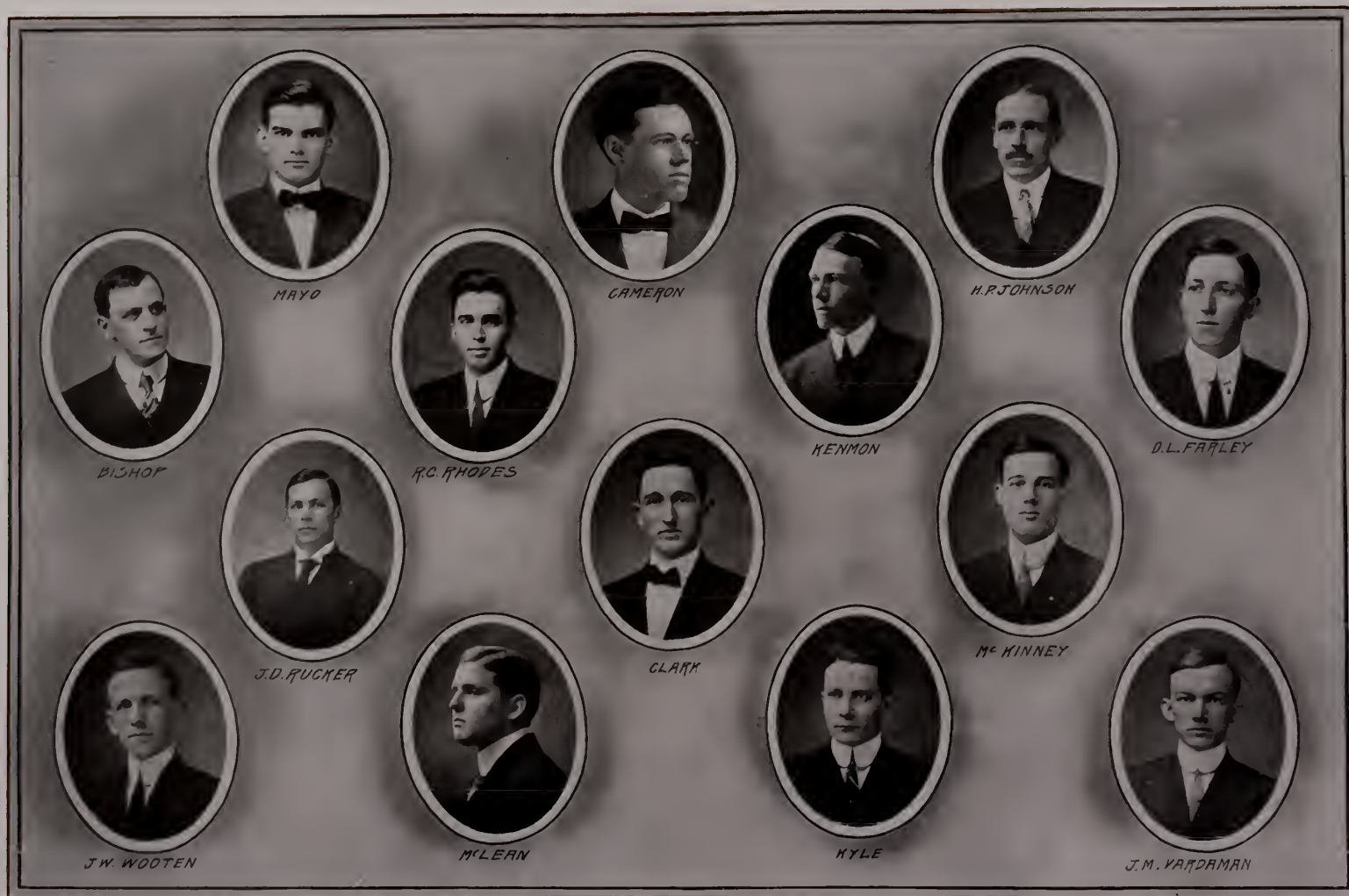
## *Honor Council*

R. J. SLAY.....President	Q. C. AYRES.....Secretary
J. B. CAUSEY.....Vice-President	W. L. BROOME.....Treasurer

### MEMBERS.

ANDERSON, J. R.....Junior Law Class	GRISSOM, B. R.....Sophomore Literary Class
AYRES, Q. C.....Engineering Class	JONES, J. I.....Senior Literary Class
BRIDGEFORTH, ALLEN.....Senior Literary Class	JORDAN, R. A.....Senior Law
BROOME, W. L.....Sophomore Class	OATES, O. M.....Junior Law
CAUSEY, J. B.....Engineering Class	ROBERTSON, LAKE.....Senior Law Class
CHILDERS, J. E.....Junior Medical Class	SAMUELS, E. L.....Freshman Literary Class
CHILTON, T. D.....Senior Pharmacy Class	SHIPP, C. M.....Senior Medical Class
CLEVELAND, G. T.....Senior Law Class	STEPHENS, J. E.....Freshman Literary Class
CORDILL, C. C.....Senior Literary Class	WALKER, W. E.....Junior Pharmacy Class
DEAN, B. H.....Junior Literary Class	WOOTEN, J. W.....Senior Literary Class

FRESHMAN MEYERS (looking admiringly at Miss T—— and Miss McK——)—“My, don’t our mascots look good this morning.”



SCRIBBLERS OF SIGMA UPSILON

JOHN McLAIN—"Every little bit added, etc."

## *The Scribblers Club*



Local branch of Sigma Upsilon. An organization among Colleges for the purpose of promoting literary endeavor.

### OFFICERS.

THOMAS F. MAYO.....	President	J. D. RUCKER.....	Secretary
J. W. KYLE.....	Archivist		

### MEMBERS.

D. H. BISHOP  
D. D. CAMERON.  
A. B. CLARK.  
D. L. FARLEY.

H. P. JOHNSON.  
W. L. KENNON.  
J. W. KYLE.  
T. F. MAYO.  
J. H. McLEAN.  
W. T. McKINNEY.

R. C. RHODES.  
J. D. RUCKER.  
J. M. VARDAMAN.  
J. W. WOOTEN.



THE CHEMICAL CLUB.

"DUFF" STEPHENSON—"Well, say, Pig, reckon we will deal in futures any when we get a good deal ahead in the cotton business."

## Chemical Club



### OFFICERS.

O. V. AUSTIN.....President  
 T. H. HOLLIMON.....Vice-President  
 MISS FLORA SCARBOROUGH.....Secretary

MISS JULIA BAKER.....Treasurer and Reporter  
 PROF. PURDUE } .....Instructors  
 DR. MUCKENFUSS }

### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

DR. MUCKENFUSS.	D. A. HILL.	T. E. GOODMAN.	H. A. PURYEAR.
PROF. PURDUE.	J. C. RUSSELL.	E. B. BURNS.	E. G. CARTRIGHT.
MISS FLORA SCARBOROUGH.	J. T. OWEN.	F. E. HARRISON.	R. M. GOOD.
MISS JULIA BAKER.	T. M. TINDALL.	R. P. GRAVES.	SAM ATKINSON.
T. H. HOLLIMON.	JACOB ROSENTHAL.	W. B. ROWLAND.	R. W. BOYETT.
O. V. AUSTIN.	W. H. RECHTIN.	JOHN LINDSEY, JR.	A. W. MANGUM.
M. F. RUBEL.	R. B. HARPER.	J. I. JONES.	E. G. HUNT.
A. RAMSEY.	M. F. HARALSON.	— CHILDERS.	T. D. JONES.

### ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

MISS ANNIE HENDERSON.	H. E. DUGGANS.	G. LOTT.
J. E. DAVIS.	W. E. WALKER.	W. F. KRONE.



THE FRESHMAN CLUB

"Allie" Wing—"Well, let's walk a bit."

## *Freshman!!!!*



**R** NOW YE, that thou hast set thyself woefully adrift in a land of great tribulation, out of which escape lies only in a most humble observance of ancient customs. This word from the wise may start ye right. Get ye not in the wrong. READ AND HEED.

The grass will die of jealousy if thy green features appear above it, so beware of the campus in thy infantile toddlings, and let not thy baby feet stray from the straight and narrow path.

Pockets are made for men, not for infants, and it were indeed better for thy Mellins Food conveyors to be left at home in thy mother's lap than that one of thy noble guardians should find them stored away with thy fish-hooks and penny-suckers.

Swarm not about the doors of the Dining Hall, lest ye be the first one in. Thy nimble legs must carry you softly and quietly in, after thy betters have shown the way.

Thy intestinal cecae depends upon the quiet with which thou soppest thy zip. Being a jackass thou canst not horse-laugh, and thy ears are large enough to hear all announcements. Therefore, no noise, no comment.

At no time let the loudness of thy mouth exceed the noise

of thine attire, for it were truly better that thou shouldest be deaf, dumb, and clothed in thy natural greenness than that thou shouldst exceed thy meager allowance.

Reef not thy trousers lest thou expose thy shanks innocently.

Beware the damsels, Oh Freshmen, for any communication with the fair ones invites disaster swift and certain, even unto the third degree.

Respect the upper classmen, and yield them the right-of-way on all occasions, for even an infant and a man cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

It is ordained in the High Tribunals that all Freshmen proceed at once to learn all the songs and yells of OLE MISS. Know them frontwards, backwards, betwixt and in the middle. It may save you many a marathon.

Honor thy University and thy class, and do whatsoe'er thou art told. Seek to follow the advice of thy lords, the Sophomores, whom ye will address as such, for the Class of Nineteen-Fourteen is going to see that thou art brought up properly, and 1914 is on the job.

A COPY OF THE RAH, RAH'S may be secured at the Chancellor's office.



THE UNIVERSITY MASONIC CLUB

"CHUCK" TROTTER—"No one else will toot your own horn for you as loud as you can yourself, so toot away."

## *University Masonic Club*



### OFFICERS.

DR. BONDURANT.....President  
W. T. McKINNEY.....Vice-President  
F. C. JENKINS.....Treasurer

### MEMBERS.

BATSON, T. T.	JOHNSON, J. R.
PROF. BELL.	KENT, C. M.
BLACKWELL, M. A.	KINCANNON, A. A., DR.
BOGGAN, T. K.	LIVINGSTON, E. M.
BURKS, J. L.	PROF. LONGEST.
BURNS.	MAY, L. P.
CARTER, F. S.	McKINNEY, W. T.
CAUSEY, J. B.	McLARTY, C. A.
CLEVELAND, A. T.	NICELY, W. E., DR.
CONN, H. L.	PROF. TORREY.
DYRE, W. H.	TROUSDALE.
HARRISON, F. C.	WILROY, T. E.
PROF. HURST.	WINTER, J.
JENKINS, F. C.	

## *The Old-Timers' Club*



"Chnck" Trotter. "Top" Chilton. "Mike" Conner. "Si" Dear. "Jimoney" Vardaman. "Bill" Foote. "Black" Harper. "Booze" Farley. "Tip" Ray.

"MAYOR" HOLT—"You can't b—the mayor; you don't know Holt."

## *The Old-Timers*



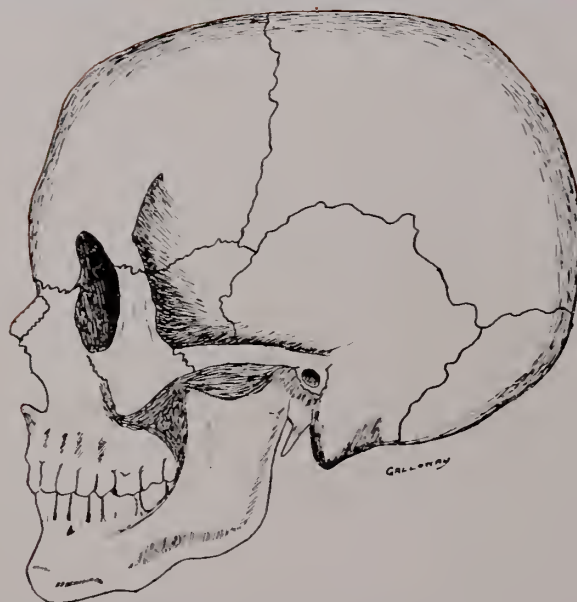
Motto: When you get a good thing stay with it.

Past-time: Thinking of Days Gone By.

### MEMBERS.

Name.	Origin.	Term.	Hobbies.
"TOP" CHILTON,	Oxford.....	5 years .....	Pharmacognsy and That Girl.
"MIKE" CONNER,	Seminary.....	6 years .....	The Law and The Irish.
"SI" DEAR,	Florence.....	6 years .....	The Pass and Uncle Tommy.
"BOOZE" FARLEY,	Oxford.....	5 years .....	Poetry and Prose.
"BILL" FOOTE,	Hattiesburg.....	5 years .....	Baseball and Jokes.
"BLACK" HARPER,	Fayette.....	5 years .....	Boll-weevils and Drugs.
"TIP" RAY,	Canton.....	5 years .....	Jr. Prom. and Prep.
"CHUCK" TROTTER,	Winona.....	5 years .....	Freshman Math. and Athletics.
"JIMONEY" VARDAMAN,	Jackson.....	5 years .....	Society and Sleep.

"RUBE" BARKER—"Say, I'm going over to the hospital, a few."



## *Bone-Head Club*



Colors: Green and Blue.

Motto: "It Is Better to Have a Bone-Head Than to Have No Head at All."

### OFFICERS.

"SPHENOID" SHIPP.....	President	"OCCIPITAL" OWEN.....	Treasurer
"AUDITORY" ADAMS.....	Vice-President	"BICUSPID" BARKER.....	Historian
"TEMPORAL" TECKER.....	Secretary	"FRONTAL" FARLEY .....	Poet
"TURBINATED" TURLEY .....		Sport	

### MEMBERS.

ALEXANDER	CHILDERS	HAMMOND	KENT	MAXWELL	RUCKER
BROWN	GALLOWAY	HARPER	KNOTT	RANDOLPH	SPIMMONS
BURCHFIELD	GREENE	HARALSON	LOVE	RIDGWAY	VANDEVERE

"PETE" RILEY—Ate 21 bananas, 117 raw oysters, drank 7 root beers, and called for more.

# IRISH CLUB



## *The Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick*

Motto: "Nothing Too Good for the Irish."

JEWEL—Emerald.

EMBLEM—The Shamrock.

COLORS—Green and Green.

HOME—The Banks of Kilarney.

### THE LORDS.

"PAT" MURPHY.....Lord High Milcher of the Goat

"JUG" LIMERICK.....Lord High Kaiper of the Jug

"STEVIE" MITCHELL.....Lord High Kaiper of the Poipe

"GRIZZLY" PATRICK.....Lord High Expectorator of the Weed

"BUTCH" CONNER.....Lord High Bearer of the Shillelah

"PETE" RILEY.....Lord High Kaiper of the Blarney Stone

"MIKE" CONNER.....Lord High Expounder for Home Rule

"HOBABE" OATS (reciting law)—"No, sir, professor; in that case, if I married her, a divorce would be unnecessary."



## *“Castle Heights” Club*

### OFFICERS.

WILLIAM T. MCKINNEY.....President  
 C. M. MURPHY.....Vice-President  
 R. A. BARKER.....Secretary  
 D. G. MANSHIP.....Treasurer

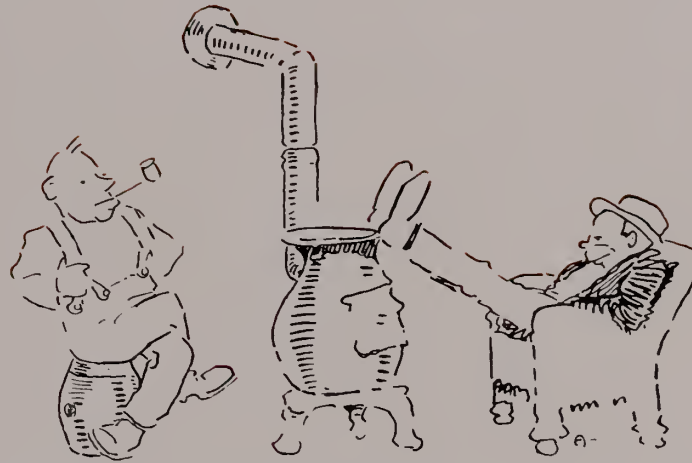
### MEMBERS.

M. J. ALEXANDER, JR.  
 R. A. BARKER

G. L. HAWKINS  
 W. T. MCKINNEY  
 H. K. TURLEY

D. G. MANSHIP  
 C. M. MURPHY

SECRETARY'S OFFICE "Should be ostracised the first of every month."



## *The Relators*

Purpose: "To Inform the Unsophisticated."

RELATORS.	SUBJECT.
"FREDDIE" CARTER.....	"Farm Life at Gallipolis"
"BILL" FOOTE.....	"The Science of Baseballology"
"JOHNNIE" HOSKINS.....	"The Doctrine of Ego (Applied)"
"CAYCE" BROWN.....	"Railroads and their Operation"
"PRES" GUESS.....	"Profits and Losses"

RELATORS.	SUBJECT.
"JOHN" ANDERSON.....	"The Law of Alabama"
"BOBBIE" BURNS.....	"Up at Spu"
PEDRO WILSON.....	"That Girl of Mine"
"Mc" McLAUREN.....	"The Duty of Family Reputations"
"UNCLE JOHN" HIBBARD.....	"That Baby"





"Love" McLEOD—"Any o' you fellows seen my girl pass this way?"



THE JONES COUNTY CLUB

"BILL" HOSEY—"There's room for argument here."

## *Jones County Club*



### OFFICERS.

O. V. AUSTIN.....President  
JOHN LINDSEY, JR.....Vice-President  
W. L. FULLER.....Secretary and Treasurer  
MISS FLORA SCARBOROUGH.....Sponsor  
WALDO DuBOSE....Maid of Honor

### MEMBERS.

MISS FLORA SCARBOROUGH  
W. F. TUCKER  
W. L. FULLER  
T. H. HOLLIMON  
JOHN LINDSEY, JR.  
R. P. GREAVES

E. F. McCALL  
O. V. AUSTIN  
R. L. MULLOY  
A. B. SCHAUER  
ROBT. LINDSEY

WALDO DuBOSE  
B. GRISSOM  
C. G. HALSELL  
S. H. McDONNIEAL  
FELIX CARR  
LUTHER SUMRALL

## *Sigma Kappa Beta*



Honorary Club composed of Students who have won Taylor Medals. Founded in 1907. Colors: Cardinal and Gray.

### RESIDENT MEMBERS.

MISS RUTH WATKINS, 1909.

J. D. RUCKER, 1909.

MISS CLAUDIA SIMMS, 1910.

JOHN W. KYLE, 1910.

J. W. FARISH, 1911.

M. E. WHITE, 1911.

ALLEN BRIDGEMORTH, 1911.

MISS ANNIE REEDY, 1911.

R. W. BOYETTE, 1911.

FOREST COOPER, 1911.

### NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS.

L. E. FARLEY, 1906.

VIRGIE LOUISE NEILL, 1906.

JEWELL AUTHOR NEWMAN, 1906.

LOVELLE CUTHBERT PIGFORD, 1906.

RUPERT LESTER STARK, 1906.

W. H. BRADEN, 1906.

A. F. MECKLENBERGER, 1905.

J. E. CALHOUN, 1905.

MISS A. W. MCBRIDE, 1907.

J. M. TAYLOR, 1907.

PAUL RENSHAW, 1907.

ERIC ALLEN DAWSON, 1907.

ISAAC GREENWOOD DUNCAN, 1907.

HATTIE MAGEE, 1907.

J. L. NICHOLS, 1907.

E. F. PUCKERT, 1907.

D. E. CRAWLEY, 1907.

H. H. BRICKELL, 1908.

A. B. HARGIS, 1908.

L. P. JONES, 1908.

W. A. LAUDERDALE, 1908.

H. C. McCORKLE, 1908.

MISS MARGARET WETLIN, 1909.

L. Q. C. GILMER, 1910.

N. Q. GILMER, 1910.

EFFIE LEE WALKER, 1910.

C. G. PAYNE, 1910.

G. A. CALDWELL, 1910.

N. A. MOORE, 1910.

ANNIE RUE STORER, 1910.

MISS LILLIE BELL SMALLWOOD, 1911.

L. D. BAGGETTE, 1911.

PUZZLE—Why did it hurt "Bonthead" Clark so bad to carry up to Dr. Hume that new thirty-two candle-power globe.



### *Methodist Preachers' Club*

W. L. BROOME.....President  
 A. J. BEASLEY.....Vice-President  
 A. S. RAPER.....Secretary

J. M. CARPENTER.....Treasurer  
 MRS. W. L. BROOME.....Sponsor  
 J. E. STEPHENS.....Historian



THE PANOLA COUNTY CLUB.

"CHUCK" TROTTER "I know she loves me, for she said she did,"

## *Panola County Club*



Motto: "We Came From God's Country."

G. A. DRAPER.....President  
RUPERT JOHNSON .....Vice-President  
S. F. MITCHELL.....Treasurer  
JOHN KYLE .....Secretary

BILL BAILEY .....Poet  
WOOTEN .....Historian  
J. W. WOOTEN.....Critic  
MILDRED TAYLOR.....Maid of Honor

## *A Pledge to Ole Panola*

A pledge to Ole Panola, lads!  
The country of our birth,  
Of any place upon the map,  
The dearest spot on earth.

Our homes are there, our hearts are there,  
Our friends and kindred, too,  
And there our sweethearts dream of us  
Beneath the arching blue.

Let others pine for heavens fair,  
With gates of gleaming pearls—  
Our heaven is the lips and eyes  
Of gay Panola girls.

So brim your bowls and drain them down  
To beauty, love and worth!  
A pledge to Ole Panola, lads,  
The dearest spot on earth!

D. E. G., '11.

*The Junior Prom Committee*



R. C. Ray.

C. M. Murphy.

C. S. Franklin.

W. T. McKinney.

W. A. Miller.

"CHAWLIE" MITCHELL—"I'll just tell you, it takes a lot of work to be a doctor."

## *Messages from the Junior Prom*

Dear Jo, I always shall regret  
Your foot was sore, but don't you fret—  
For now that we are out of debt  
We'll have one more, you can just bet.  
And when we do, you must come, too,  
For you must come to draw a few  
Of these "wads" out to dance with you.  
Else we'll go broke, and that won't do.

The dance was great, the music swell—  
Samanthy Ann was the belle.  
How many stags, no one could tell:  
Collections were as good as h—.  
For our motto is something rash—  
"In God we trust, others pay cash."  
So to the bank did I then dash  
To place my cash for next month's hash.

On the morning after the night before  
I hereby swear to dance no more.  
My head does ache my feet are sore—  
I can hardly drag them o'er the floor.  
But when I stop and think again  
How long my bank book would have been,  
I grit and bear it with a grin,  
For "Honest labor is no sin."

Sure am sorry you were not here,  
For the dance was perfectly dear.  
But we'll have more now, don't you fear—  
So hush that noise, dry up that tear.  
But the best part of it was this:  
(And here's the source of all our bliss)  
Not a single man did we miss  
Save one old boy, who brought his "Sis."

Roses are red, and violets blue,  
The dance was ginger thru and thru,  
With lots of girls, a stag or two (?)  
Or what the "Prom" would call a "Few."  
But be all that just as it may,  
All that I have got to say  
Is: "Now I have no debts to pay,  
With some cash for a future day."

R. C. R.



THE TEACHERS' CLUB

A complete surprise any way you take him—JOHN ANDERSON.

## *Teachers' Club*



LUTHER F. SUMRALL, (Pres.), Soso.  
L. P. MAY, (Vice-Pres.), Brookhaven.  
CLAUDIA LEE SIMS, (Corresponding  
Secretary), Hattiesburg.  
F. H. KING, (Recording Secretary),  
Vaiden.

BAILEY, LAURA: Lexington.  
BAKER, JULIA: Aberdeen.  
BRANSFORD, BETTIE LOU: Aberdeen.  
BRELAND, J. J.: Wiggins.  
BRIDGES, J. G.: Kossuth.  
BROWN, A. J.: Baldwin.  
BURKS, JOE L.: Ackerman.  
BURRIS, JOE: Liberty.  
COOPER, F. G.: Forest.  
CORDILL, C. C.: Crowville, La.  
DUNN, NELLIE: Greenville.  
DYRE, T. H.: Sibleyton.  
ELAM, T. H.: Bogue Chitto.  
FORMAN, G. E.: Liberty.  
GREEN, EMELINE: New Orleans.  
GIBSON, J. E.: Boonville.  
GRISSOM, B. R.: Summerland.  
JONES, T. D.: Kossuth.  
JONES, J. I.: Toccoola.  
MANGUM, A. W.: Iuka.

MCDONALD, S. H.: Summerland.  
OWENS, W.: New Orleans.  
RAMEY, LINDA: Oxford.  
RAMSEY, A. H.: Mount Olive.  
RAWLS, F. E.: Norfield.  
RAINWATER, P. L.: French Camp.  
REEDY, ANNIE E.: Hattiesburg.  
RICHARDSON, W. M.: Magee.  
SAMUELS, E. L.: Burgess.  
SCHAUBER, A. B.: Laurel.  
SLAY, R. J.: Purvis.  
STEPHENS, J. E.: University.  
THERRELL, E. L.: Kosciusko.  
WALKER, OUIDA: Maben.  
WHITE, J. P.: Lena.  
WHITE, M. E.: Silver City.  
WILLIAMS, J. R.: Cedar Bluff.  
WINKLER, MRS. GOLDIE: Shelby.  
WINTER, J.: Houlka.



THE BRANHAM & HUGHES CLUB

"WAMPUS CAT" GAUTIER—"If he gives me a combination of 99.9 on Sophomore math., I guess I won't worry."

## *Branham & Hughes Club*



R. W. BAILEY, JR.....President  
D. SIMMONS.....Vice-President  
R. W. BAIRD.....Secretary  
JOHN HOSKINS.....Historian  
L. B. MYERS.....Sergeant-at-Arms  
HUGH SUTHERLAND.....Chaplain

### MEMBERS.

R. W. BAILEY, JR.	HUGH SUTHERLAND
D. SIMMONS	CHAS. MITCHELL
R. W. BAIRD	DUNBAR GORDON
JOHN HOSKINS	HOWARD TATUM
L. B. MYERS	JOHN TRICE

"CHUCK" TROTTER—"I hereby present to me, myself, this medal as a slight token of my own personal self-esteem."

## *History of the Chickasaw County Club*



In 1832 the United States Government made a treaty with the Chickasaws, by which the Chickasaws agreed to give up their remaining lands east of the Mississippi River, on the Mississippi soil. In addition to the money given them in the treaty, they were given a tract of land in the Indian Territory, west of the Mississippi River. So they soon began migrating to the West, and by 1840 nearly all of them had left the State of Mississippi; however, there were a few who thought it too bad to give up and leave their native soil.

The Chickasaws were, as tradition has it, that one Dr. F. L. Riley wrote in the far past, notorious thieves. This seems to be true, for one of those remaining was known to be guilty of stealing the daughter of a "pale-face," and several others were guilty of similar attempts.

This small band of remaining Chickasaws began roving from place to place, procuring food in various ways, until finally, about 1909, the advance scouts of this small band were brought to a halt by shrill, savage yells: these yells of "FRESHMAN! FRESHMAN!" filled them with joy, for they thought that it was "Frenchman! Frenchman!" a war-whoop that they hadn't heard for over a hundred years. They were so pleased at the thought of again seeing their old savage friends that they began whooping and yelling, and yelling and whooping; after they had

whooped and danced for some time they saw four or five hundred "pale-face dudes" come rushing out of a great big brick building. All of this caused the small band of roving "CHICKS" to whoop louder and dance higher. After a few moments an old-like man drew the attention of the smaller band of savages by screaming out "SCHICKAMA! SCHICKAMA! SCHICKAMA YANTLY!" At the sound of these sweet words the Chicks were so delighted that they ceased whooping and ran to greet the old chief (as they thought). He gave them signal to follow him, which they did. When they had gone only a few steps they could readily see that he was not quite a full-blood; however they followed him to a big building called "Chapel" by the pale-faces, and after some discussion a treaty was agreed upon. This old-like man gave them to understand that this was the University of Mississippi, and that he was the Chancellor. He further explained that this was an asylum for the savages of the State, and that it was his duty to (semi) civilize them, if possible. He then told them that they would have to go with him to his office, where they must sign the treaty. When they were once all in the office he told them that they must further agree to put on citizens' clothes and give up all their wampum—this was agreed to, and all were satisfied. After remaining at the University for some

time, and determining to take up the English customs, they assumed names as follows:

J. WINTER.....	The Iceman
J. H. HARRIS.....	The Deerslayer
A. J. BEASLEY.....	The Goodman
B. E. MOORE.....	The Medicineman
T. J. LOWREY.....	The Maizenman
M. S. EVANS.....	The Squawman
R. H. REED.....	The Bowman
GEO. BEAN.....	The Wampumkeeper
T. R. McCARLEY.....	Bearkiller

And now they are so well satisfied that they have sent the courier back to Chickasaw County to bring the other members of the band, so that hereafter the University of Mississippi will be either blessed or bothered with the "CHICKS" from Chickasaw County.

B. E. MOORE.....	President
A. J. BEASLEY.....	Vice-President
J. H. HARRIS.....	Secretary
R. H. REED.....	Historian
MISS ARLENE PRATT.....	Sponsor





Pauline Wright '24



KU



KLUX KLAN





THE CHAFING DISH CLUB

"BONEHEAD" CLARK—"Dear brother, my teeth need fixing; please send me check for fifty dollars, at once."

## *Chafing Dish Club*



Colors: Pea Green and Turkey Red.

Flowers: Cauliflower and Asparagus Tips.

Motto: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you may be a dyspeptic.

Club Room—Corner Suite, Second Floor Front.

### OFFICERS.

DUNN AND WATKINS.....Entertainers  
REEDY .....Dish Borrower  
SCARBOROUGH .....Chairman  
SIMS .....Chief Boss

### MEMBERS.

SCARBOROUGH.....	Chocolate Maker	REEDY .....	Oyster Stewer
WATKINS .....	Salad Mixer	DUNN .....	Welch Rarebit Chef
ANDERSON .....	Mayonnaise Beater	BRANSFORD .....	Jello Manager
NICHOLSON .....	Sandwich Spreader	WINKLER .....	Menu Planner
WALKER .....	Chicken Frier	SIMS .....	Candy Cooker



THE WOMAN'S TENNIS CLUB

# University Encyclopedia

By RAD HARROLL REED.  
Americana and Brittanica Apologies Accepted.

## A

Absences—See Dr Hume.  
Admonition—Part of Chapel Calisthenics.  
Aldrich—Si can Tread-well the University machinery.  
Alumni—Already dipped in the pool of learning—"Our Loyal Alumni."  
Allen—Debater.  
A. & M. C.—Prep. School. Whoa Emma.  
Analytics—Indefinite nothings.  
Anderson—Tennis expert.  
Announcements—Chapel exercises.  
Annual—Records and mugs of the students. Three bones.  
April 1st—"Oh, That Barber Shop Chord."  
Athletics—The Glory of "Ole Miss."  
Athletic Association--Public opinion says Graft.  
Austin—Crack ball player.  
Ayres—Oratorically aerial, legal light.

## B

Bald Knobs—Annual badge of Freshmen distinction.  
Bacteriology--Imaginative bugs.  
Bailey—A handsome man.  
Barker—Superb athlete.

Bats—Used to swat flies.  
Base Ball—Bliss for the Umpire.  
Biology—The evolution of the latent species of the present energetic man.  
Bishop—Professor: Proper noun, masculine gender, singular number.  
Blackstone Club—Boisterous barristers.  
Bloody Owen—"Gee! It was bloody."  
Bondurant—"Ya'as, ya'as, ahfter today's lesson we will pa'as to page seventy-five."  
Bone—Cramming, plugging and grinding for exams.  
Botany—Dago talk about the ancestors of weeds and flowers.  
Botts—Everybody loves a fat man.  
Bread—The last crusts of Pompeii.  
Breakfast Food—Atmospheric dust. Fraudulent attack on the tum tum.  
Bridges—Quiet, peaceful, moral.  
Buggers—Seeking kindly slants from profs.  
Bullitt—Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, or The Pathway of the Bacilli.  
Burks - Aged but a Freshman.  
Busted—Aviation.

### C.

Cahall—The man with a toe.  
 Calculus—In the land of wonderful dreams.  
 Campus Course—Summer Normal.  
 Campus Ticket—Twenty-five cents.  
 Carter—Legislator from Amito.  
 Champions—"Ole Miss."  
 Chandler—Baseball pitcher.  
 Chancellor—The throttle valve of the University.  
 Chapel—"You are dismissed."  
 Chemistry—A furious nothing of retorts and reactions.  
 Cheques—Good news from home.  
 Childers—The red-headed doctor from the great state of Tip-pah.  
 Co-ed—Ladies—young, medium and otherwise.  
 College—A place to spend money.  
 College Spirit—The kind that made Milwaukee famous.  
 Commencement—The beginning of the end.  
 Confederate Statue—Still looking for more and better men and women.  
 Conner—Sure, Mike; he's the editor of the Annual.  
 Cook—The last shot got him.  
 Cooper—Editor Mississippian.  
 Clubs—Vague organizations.

### D.

Dear—Six years, and then some.  
 Debates—Verbal pyrotechnics.  
 Degrees—Anything from Campus course to football.  
 Dessert—Concentrated yesterdays. Something twice a week.  
 Generally a desert.

Diplomas—The result of four years' work.

Dinsmore—Noise factory.

Dormitory—Sleeping pens.

Dorroh—He's not monarch of all he surveys.

Dope—This encyclopedia.

DuBose—Oh, you Waldo! Cutey, tell me who powdered your mug.

Duggins—Always digging for the ladies.

Dux—U. R. next, sometimes.

### E.

Economics—Where saving is not hoarding and hoarding is not saving.

Education—Sometimes found in colleges.

Engineering—A general survey.

Ethics—Right is wrong if wrong is right.

Examinations—Now is the time of our discontent.

### F.

Facutly—Human phonographs.

Facutly Meeting—Gossiping old heads.

Feasts—The box from home.

Flunk—Mental insolvency. Faculty retaliation.

Foot Ball—It has many kicks and bucks, but "Ole Miss" plunges on to victory.

Foote—Cheer leader.

Forman—Get my fiddle, boys.

Fraternities—Ancient history.

Frats—Hot Tamale Taus. Oh, my Omnicrons, Delta Sighs, Pie

Eaters, Lanky Link Links, Delta Dink Dinks.

French—Parley Voo Voo, Doo You France.

Freshmen—Emeralds.

Freshmen Noodle—"When I waked up this morning it was gone."

## G.

Galloway—Nothing to do but nothing.

Geology—An earthly treatise.

Geometry—Bisexing angels, left angle triangles and the alphabet.

German—Sprecken zie sprocket? Ya, ein, right much.

Gibson—Debater—has a vocabulary in his head.

Glee Club—Uncertain membership in Gordon Hall.

Gloom—After exams are over.

Gout—Nothing doing at the University.

Gravy Train—Mathematics.

Greek—Dead, but not forgotten.

Grind—The big noise before exams.

Guess—University department store.

## H.

Ham—Hogless, tasteless, gutta percha.

Hash—Here swims the remains.

Hash Hammer—The biggest liar in U. of M.

Hays—Up from Webster County, or from a log wagon to the U. S. Senate.

Hazing—Indecent inflictions on innocent individuals.

Heddleston—The deepest thinks on the campus.

Hermacan—Literary Society.

Hibbard—A man among men.

Honor Council—Mythology.

Hookworm Simpson—Lady killer.

Horse-laugh—A *neighsal* sound, minus horse sense.

Hospital—Repair shop, pill palace, and recuperation resort.

Hudson—Managing editor of the Mississippian.

## I.

Ikey—The Adam who takes a shower bath in a bathing suit.

Indigestion—One form of college activity.

## J.

Jenkins—Advertising manager of Mississippian.

Johnson—Prof. of Oratory. Accommodating, sensible, witty and lovable.

Jokes—The origin of the horse-laugh.

Junior Prom—Possum Prance, Turkey Trot, Lizzard Lope, Humpback Hurdle, Serpent Slide and Grafters' Glide.

## K.

Kennon—Prof. of Anatomical Astronomy and Physical Philosophy.

Kent—Getting ready to let 'em die easy in Montgomery County.

Knockers—"With us always."

Ku Klux—A conglomerative concatenation of Alexander's Rag Time Band.

Kyle—"When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

## L.

Latin—He came, He seen, He taken.

Law Department—Uncle Tommie.

Lawyers—Getting ready for the Mississippi Legislature.

Laundry—Mangle Mill. It all comes out in the wash.  
Leathers—Prof. And in those days came the hook-worm.  
Lectures—Natural gas.  
Library—A silent rest for the inspirations of the literary world.  
Lobby—Weary waits for water.  
Logic—Something is nothing, therefore nothing is something.  
Peri-pa-thet-ic philosophy.  
Longest—He knows Latin from Amo to the Fall of Rome.

#### M.

Mathematics—Poverty.  
Mayo—Writer Par Excellence.  
Matriculation—Where the coin goes.  
Milden—Punch and Judy.  
Mississippian—Largest College paper in the South.  
Moot Court—"We find the freshman guilty of meditation."  
Muckenfuss—"Now, boys, of course you know that Madam Curie discovered radium."  
Muffins—Greased Pellagra.

#### N.

Nature Study—Freshmen Heads.  
Nesbit—Orator Climax.  
Nicely—Prof. "Now up at Princeton."  
Nut—What one fellow thinks the other fellow is.

#### O.

Ole Miss—Born at an early age. Bids fair to live a long life if the Legislature provides the pastry.  
Oratory—The thunder rumble of gold-bannered mountains marching orderly into the dormitories of the night.

#### P.

Pace—Always going some.  
Patrick—Irish wit bringeth forth laughter.  
Pedagogy—Mud pies and paper dolls.  
Pharmacy—The art of mixing herbs. The bill comes after.  
Phi Sigma—Literary Society.  
Pierce—The half has never yet been told.  
Pony—Ridden by many but seen by few.  
Post Office—Joy and Gloom.  
Power Plant—The pulse of the University.  
Prep Holloway—Nothing to do till morning.  
Preps—Students who forget themselves.  
Professors—Petite and pompous persons, perpetually propounding prolific and puzzling puns on patient patients.  
Prunes—Something to fill cavities.  
Psychology—A mutual agreement between the Medulla Oblongata and the Cerebrum Cerebellum to make the pupils of the eye look natural.  
Puns—Bill Foote toes the line.

#### Q.

Quart—A popular college measure of capacity.  
Quizzes—Inquisitions.

#### R.

Radiators—Refrigerators.  
Ramsey—Walking encyclopedia.  
Rayburn—Freshman math hath its terrors.  
Red Adams—Captain football.  
Rhetoric—Picturesque adjectives after the exams.

Ricks Hall—The Coop.

Riley—Prof. of historical relations and imaginations. Why, Whithersoever, Whence.

Ross—Secretary of the University.

Rubber—Steak.

Rubel—Pennants a specialty.

## S.

Science Hall—A place of learning run by Drs. Epsom Quinine and Pill Peruna.

Scribblers Club—Literary masterpieces that never get soaked with printers' ink.

Scrubs—Some day they will understand.

Schauber—Manager athletic teams.

Seniors—Grindstones.

Shipped—Back to the cornfield.

Shields—An all-round athlete.

Sharks—Those who make the rise.

Silver City—The most wonderful White in the wide, wide world.

Business manager of the Mississippian.

Society—Dress suits and a run on father.

Sociology—Cause and effect, effect and cause.

Soup—A furious mixture of the alphabet.

Spanish—After you, dear Gaston; implore thee, dear Algernon.

Sports—Clothing store ads.

Spring—The season of fuzzless Freshmen.

Stauffer—He has made a signal success as University Athletic Director.

Stephenson—"Silver threads among the gold."

Steve Mitchel—Ex-captain football.

Student Congress—"Mr. Speaker, give me leave to print."

## T.

Tennis—Impossible to play without a racquet.

Therrill—Bell ringer.

Thesis—A great amount of work for nothing.

Tight Wad—The dictionary hath no definition.

Tobacco—Few doth buy but many doth puff.

Track Team—Where clothing doth not make the man.

Trigonometry—Pauperism.

## U.

Uncle Bob—Errand boy for thirty years.

Uncle Jim—Half a league of box-ankled, pigeon-toed, flat-footed, knock-kneed, bow-legged, swivel-jinted, Rocky Mountain paynuts, five a bag.

University—Bone yard.

University Store—"Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

## V.

Vandivere—All things come to him who works.

Varsity Voice—Ancient literature.

## W.

Walton—One of the best athletes in the University.

Wilson—Speaker in M. I. O. A.

Winter—With us in all seasons.

Writtens—Impositions on good nature.

## Y.

Yells—"Everybody ready—one, two, three."

Y. M. C. A.—You Must Come Across.

## Z.

Zero—Nothing. Bad humor of the profs.

Zip—Glucose. Spreads a glu'em in many interiors.

Zoology—In the beginning it was thus and so.



## Smiles



Shauber (in examination room): "I can't make out what he means by that two 2 part of the second question."

Cleveland: "He's trying to railroad you."

Ayres: "More likely he is trying to train you."

Conner: "It seems to me it's the sign of a wreck up the road."

A little girl,  
A box of paints,  
She pasted a blush,  
And joined the saints.

If a baseball's base and a high ball's hit,  
Will a home-run home, and a spit ball  
spit?

Prof: "Psychology says that a man who is blind compares the color red with the notes of a bugle. Why is that so Mr. Johnson?"

Red Johnson: "Because it's something loud."

If a student made a retort would Muckenfuss?

If Sherman regarded war as h——, how did Beaureguard it?

If you can mend the break of day, can you relieve a window pane?

Prof. Farley: "Mr. Foreman, what did the husband pay for the estate of courtesy?"

Judge F.: He did not have to pay anything *except* marry the woman."

Dr. Nicely: Mr. Simpson, what ailment can be cultivated by the handshake?"

Hookworm Simpson: "The grip."

If ships have eyes when they go to sea, are there springs in the ocean's bed?

Can you dig a ditch with the ace of spades if the river shuts its mouth?

Prof. Farley: "Mr. Colm, in a criminal case, can the defendant be made to testify against himself?"

Henry Cohn: "No, sir; he might discriminate himself."

Which was the louder?

Faith, I know not,  
She was half powder  
And he was half shot.

Densmore, making a dash for the dining hall, trips and falls. He rises and turns to go back upstairs. Long calls: "Come on to dinner, Densmore." Densmore, continuing up the steps with the woe-begone look of an empty stomach, sadly replies, "It's no use, Sam; there's nothing left by now."

A Co-ed went in quest of quail—

Alas, alas, her luck;  
She hoped to slay them by the score,  
She only bagged a Chuck.

The most attractive couple on the campus: Cooper and his Bell.

I met a maid—'twas growing late—  
The stars were faint and few;  
"I fear the dark," she made remark,  
I guessed the thing to do.

I placed my arm around her waist,  
She seemed to find repose—  
Then flashed the light up full and  
bright—  
Ye gods! it was DuBose!

Miss S. (playing the piano very softly): "Can you tell how I feel from the way I am playing?"

Miss B. (listening for a moment): "I guess you must be feeling very badly."

Pres. Austin (in the chemistry class):  
"The next on the program is Dr. Perdue, The Great American Fraud."

"All roads lead to my room, when the traveler is a Belted Knight," sayeth Solomon.

Dr. Johnson: "Mr. Schloss, what is a line of poetry having four feet called?"  
Fresh. Schloss: "A quadruped, sir."

Pres. Malcolm Guess (at Y. M. C. A. cabinet meeting): "Mr. Williams will

please close the voluntary prayer for us. But don't pray more than a minute apiece, fellows, for we've run over time now."

"Butter is going to drop," said the wise guy. "How so?" said the simpleton. "The University has so many young orators aeroplaning among the stars that they will churn the Milky Way."

How about the man who went to see his girl in 1911 and didn't leave till 1912? O, you McCloud.

Pat: "Ikey, what is most like heaven to you."  
Ikey: "Ricks Hall, by Jolly."

"Zeke" Alexander will doubtless take the "Clyde" line when he goes to Scotland.

She: "I wonder how 'Jug' keeps that broad-brimmed straw hat on in this wind."

McCloud (jealously): "Vacuum pressure."

The farmers had a little squad  
That punted with the toe;  
And everywhere those farmers went,  
That squad was sure to go.

It followed them to Jackson town,  
Once on a Turkey Day—  
Poor farmers! just for charity,  
We let them have their way.

Prof. Farley: "Mr. Anderson, what crimes are punished by the state?"

Anderson: "Well, for instance, if some one kills me, while it wouldn't be any detriment to anybody, still the government would punish them."

The class roared, and John wondered why.

"Bilbo Turner" wants to know: "Do Freshmen grow green grass on their heads?"

Fresh. Perkins: "Look, I have stolen a cuspidor out of the next room."

Fresh. Anderson: "How in the world could you steal a 'door'? Quit your 'kiddin'."

His best girl wrote a little note;—

“Surprised and gladdened, too,  
You’ve ‘Skipped’ both Fresh. and Soph-  
‘more law

If what I hear is true.”

Yank: “Doesn’t it get pretty warm  
here in the summer time?”

Loche “No; the radiators in the dor-  
mitory keep the entire campus cool.”

First Soph: “Say, have heard that  
a fellow has invented a shoe that will  
never wear out.”

Second Soph: “Is that a fact?”

First Soph: “Yes; he discovered a  
method by which beefsteak is converted  
into leather.”

In the land of wonderful dreams: “A  
Freshman stood on the briny shore and  
beat the h—— out of a Sophomore.”

#### LOGIC WITH A HOLE IN IT.

David said, “All men are liars.” David  
was a man; therefore, a liar. So David  
lied when he said, “All men are liars.”

Therefore, all men are not liars and  
David was truthful, hence the truth of  
his statement that “All men are liars.”

Do you remember the night that the  
bar broke at Cooper’s refreshment  
stand?

A little negro was running around the  
campus displaying a bottle filled with  
grasshoppers and inquiring for Prof.  
Rhodes in the following language:  
“Whars dat ar man whut dun tol’ me he’d  
gimme a dollar for ketchin’ de’sse here  
bugs whut I’sc dun kotch?”

Casey Brown (discussing difficult  
proposition): “‘In other words,’ ‘That  
is to say,’ ‘At first blush’; that’s the  
way it looks to me.”

Dr. Somerville: “Yes, but how about  
the second blush, Mr. Brown?”

If a Varsity player weighs 160  
pounds, what will a subway?

Two Senior Law students meet in the  
bathroom on the morning before exams.

Second Comer: “Old man, you are  
getting down here mighty early.”

First Comer: “Yes; ‘he who comes  
into Equity must come with clean hands.’  
I’m getting ready for it.”

Freshman: “This food is enough to  
kill a donkey.”

Soph: “Then I would not advise you  
to eat it.”

Two studies in which all make the  
rise—Chapel and Gym.

Freshman Dobrowski (who had just  
been told of Joe Simmons’ smallness of  
stature and greatness of brain, looking  
at Simmons’ picture in last year’s An-  
nual, read: “Joe Simmons, LL.B.,  
U.M.A.A., Y.M.C.A.): “Gee! he must  
have been smart to have gotten all those  
degrees.”

Dr. Kennon: “Explain the property  
of the magnet.”

Ford: “It’s due to the arrangement  
of the monocles, sir.”

Here's to the social leader, a lion arrayed in sheep's clothes.

Here's to the sweetest girl of them all,  
Waldo B. DuBose.

Senior Law No. 1: "Studying for exams this soon?"

Same Class, No. 2: "Yes, preparing for war in time of peace."

No. 1: "I agree with you that they fit Sherman's definition of war to a 'T.'"

Senior's Lament: "Of all sad words of pen and pun,

The saddest are these, 'My course is run.'"

Chuck Trotter, at opening of session, to Miss ————?: "Hello there, how are you? This is the sixth time we've met here, and (he courteously added) you look six years younger each time."

Things which are equal to other things are equal to one another.

#### O PIFFLUM.

Jonibus likest girlorum  
Goest tu er homorum  
Pater si est Jonorum  
Cikeo em out dorum.

Tigibus hearest noisorum  
An makest forum  
Jonibus est frightorem  
Cause fencus is beforem.

Darkibus nightibus  
Non ane lightorem  
Joni climbus gatepostum  
An pantus torum.

If the University was founded in '48,  
when was Vanderbilt?

Use soap and get nearer to godliness.

If a Freshman is an Emerald—a Sophomore a Moonstone—a Junior a Soapstone and a Senior a Grindstone, would it be logical to assume that a Post-Graduate is a Tombstone?

A kiss is the most popular "smack" on the sea of life.

If the tennis courts, will the Lyceum?

Sophomore to His Christmas Girl: "My love for you is greater than that of the little sun gods for the earth, whose burning kiss parched the lips of Africa."

Girl (coyly): "Well, that, at least, seems to have made a nice dessert."

Prof. Farley (lecturing the Junior Laws): "Why, gentlemen, if Mr. Foote should go out yonder and knock the horns off of Mr. Cohn's old gray mare, that would be a tort. Can't you see the point, gentlemen?"

Waldo and Dulcina were driving. They were about to enter a natural Lover's lane.

Said he: "My dear, when we enter yon bower I am going to either hug or kiss you. Which shall it be?"

The fair maid was troubled with a lisp, so she cried out sharply: "Oh, Mr. Du-both."

The frightened Waldo turned round and drove back home.

Dr. Somerville (to Senior Law Class):  
"For tomorrow's lesson take to page  
208."

Mr. Trotter: "Doctor, you caught  
me on some of that 'left-over' yesterday.  
Where does the lesson begin; please, sir."

Dr. S.: "Begin at the preface, Mr.  
Trotter. Huh! Huh! Begin at the pre-  
face."

#### THE TEAM OF NINETEEN THIRTEEN.

Who has the team that's sure to win?  
Ole Miss!

To wallop A. & M. again?  
Ole Miss!

To hammer L. S. U. to hash,  
Down Alabama with a dash,  
Catch Vanderbilt without the cash,  
And cinch the Southern football sash?  
Ole Miss!

So here's to Stauffer and his men—  
Hurrah!

The lads that always come again—  
Hurrah!

They're out for blood, the trail is hot,  
They're always Johnnie on the spot,  
Though downed, they're bound to lead  
the lot,  
And take the pennant in a trot—  
Hurrah!

#### A MYSTERY SOLVED.

(Quotation from Lanciani's Ancient  
Rome.)

"This was due to the fact that libra-  
ries were never warmed, even in the  
depths of winter, either by steam, hot  
air or open fires; not only so as to avoid  
the dangers of conflagration, but also  
because heat is injurious to books and  
bindings, and favors the development of  
moths. This is why students in our own  
Vatican Library have always been con-  
demned to freeze for four months of the  
year."

## *Maud Muller*

(After Whittier—but a long time after.)



Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Went to the Universit-y.

Beneath her wide hat glowed the wealth  
Of rogue-ish beauty and medical Lealth.

When glanced far a-down the walk,  
Wishing for some one with to talk.

But none were in sight, and a great unrest  
And an earnest desire then filled her breast:

A wish which she to herself did own,  
For she had never fancied being alone.

A Freshman of the year before,  
Burdened with flunks and troubles sore,

Came running on his way to class,  
But stopped when he went by Maud to pass.

She asked him the way to the Woman's Hall,  
And begged young Freshie please to call.

And thereon started this Freshie green  
The greatest rush the world has ever seen.

He forgot both history and Allies' Math,  
But on the campus wore a path,

From the Lyceum door and the I. C. train,  
Through Druids' Temple and Lovers' Lane.

While the rustic bridge and Depot street  
Knew the tread of lovers' feet.

His allowance he spent for candy and such,  
And ever his heart did trouble him much.

For Maud laughed whenever he sighed,  
Though she never declined a buggy ride.

And after supper they would roam  
To Oxford town and the acedome.

The Freshie in Maud put so much trust  
That in all his classes did he "bust."

And he owed Uncle Topp a great big bill,  
And Falkners', too, against his will.

When the school was over and Maud was gone,  
The Freshie returned to his home alone.

And many letters did write in vain  
To that false-hearted, fickle Jane.

And bills came tumbling in galore—  
But once there was one letter more,

And the Freshie read it with trepidation,  
For 'twas Maudie's wedding invitation.

Young Freshie sighed as he scratched his head,  
And these were the words he softly said:

"Of all bad words of pen or tongue,  
The saddest are, I'm stung, I'm stung."

OLD LIT.

## *A Day in the Piney Woods*

**O**N BOARD the Dixie Flyer, which is due to arrive at Sanford, Ala., at seven-thirty p.m. I found myself, July 21, 190—, on my way to fill out an unexpired term of the public school at Sanford. I was called to this work in an emergency, and found myself glad to use my holidays in some way to help pay the heavy expenses of a college education. I secretly felt, too, that the world would be much richer if I only had a chance to impart to its youth some of my wisdom, for I had just finished my Sophomore year at college. I had been on the train for six long hours and knew that I was soon to reach my destination. I grew a bit nervous as I neared the town where I was to take up the responsibilities of teacher. I had spent most of my time on the train dreaming of my new field of endeavor. I formed a mental picture of the town of Sanford and peopled it with imaginary inhabitants. I speculated much over the character of the trustee to whom I had written and who had been described to me as a big, fat, red-headed, good-natured Irishman. Certainly I will get a fair reception, thought I, inasmuch as I am to be a real school teacher, and I felt a thrill of conscious pride and greatness at the thought. It was almost seven-thirty when I looked at my watch, and I began to prepare my baggage to leave the train. I had never seen so many stations, and at every stop the little negro porter, whose face, by contrast, made his porter's cap look a silvery gray, would open the door of the car and in a great drift of smoke and cinders would yell out the names of the stations so that no one could understand him. This process was kept up until I was sure that we had passed Sanford. It was now much

past the time for the train to arrive at my destination. I was sure, though that I had not heard a word from the porter out of which I could imagine the name *Sanford*. I resolved to ask a train official about my situation and proceeded toward the door for this purpose, but as I approached the door it flew open and I was this time enveloped with smoke. The familiar face of the porter appeared and that familiar voice rang out, "S-a-n-f-o-r-d, Sanford, don't fergit yer bundles and pasols." I scrambled to my seat where I had left my suitcase, and with it I almost threw myself out of the car. I saw at once that no great demonstration would be made in my honor. Everywhere it was dark, save for the light from the lanterns of the train crew, and, when the train pulled out and rounded the curve, I was left all alone in the dark. My disappointment was unspeakable and almost unbearable. It would hardly be appropriate to tell what I thought. I was ready for anything but to be completely ignored. It would be impossible to describe the apprehension of that one moment. I was defeated. I must devise some plan of procedure, thought I, and, glancing around I saw a man walking rapidly away with a lantern in one hand and a large bag in the other. It is the mail bag, of course, thought I, and I remembered that the trustee was the postmaster of that town. So off I went after him and followed him into a long, narrow building which proved to be a large supply store for the big mill near by. When I reached the door the postmaster had gone behind a short partition, which set the P. O. apart, and was busily distributing the mail into the proper pigeonholes. I will not disturb him, thought I, but will wait until he has finished dis-

tributing the mail. While I waited, however, a small man came into the store, eyed me somewhat curiously, and proceeded to light three large hanging oil lamps, which gave excellent light for a country store. Now, it was the custom in this town to do trading at night and soon the workmen were coming in from the quarters about the mill to make their purchases of tobacco and other necessities of the kind and to ask for their evening mail. But this was not all they came for, evidently, for there were several who seemed to have no other purpose than to take part in the evening story-telling, and to contest for the most coveted prize or honor in the power of the citizenship of that town to give—a kind of *grand mogul* of all cussers. I was scarcely noticed as I sat on my suitcase against the wall, and I had a fine chance to hear the easy, undisturbed flow of profanity, that peculiar type known only to the man of the logging camp. Every man seemed to be a past master in the art, for they could roll the most unique expressions of profanity under their tongues, profanity of the blue-blazes variety and seem to enjoy it as thoroughly as a musician enjoys the grand opera. I had been to college and had heard college men swear to sufficiently impress their mates with their masculinity, but I had always felt that these men were secretly ashamed of every oath they uttered. But here I was among big, rough, muscular men to whom it was a matter of great pride that they could utter every thought in the vocabulary of the camp. At least it so appeared to me that night. It is mild to say that I was shocked, for I was really frightened. If these men could delight in such conversation, certainly they would hold very lightly such an insignificant thing as human life. The topic of conversation, if I may dignify it by that term, was the shooting match that was

to occur the next day. Every Saturday, it seemed, the whole neighborhood gathered in the town to raffle off some animal, and the next day the prize was to be a favorite bull. The only preparation necessary to become a contestant in the game was to bring along an old shotgun and an abundance of *Spiritus Fermentae*. The latter was had in abundance that night. As I sat and almost prayed for some Providence to take me out of that horrible place, a loud, heavy voice was heard on the outside and everybody was quiet for a moment. I was quickly convinced that the Grand Mogul had arrived, for the crowd received him with great respect. When he entered the store a glance at his rough face and a little attention to the ease with which he handled the language of the camp quickly convinced me that he was entitled to the honor he had. Everybody called him Calip. Just as Calip came in, a big, round, smiling face and a head crowned with a lock of rich red hair, emerged from behind the postoffice partition. "Hullo, fatty: is that you?" roared Calip. "I'm the feller you want," replied the fat man, with his big, round, red face beaming with good nature. This face sent courage into my heart for a moment, and with great resolution I rushed up to the old fellow and extending my hand, said: "This is Mr. Woodham, I presume." The old Irishman put out his big, rough hand and looked at me with a smile that easily grew into a jolly laugh that shook his big frame and said: "Young fellow, I suppose I'm the very feller you are after. What can I do fer you?" Everyone in the room silently stared at me, and, as I thought, with some suspicion. I was sure that I wanted nothing of the ruffians to whom I had been listening, and I was equally sure that I needed help from Mr. Woodham: so I managed to say to him that I had written to him a few days

before regarding the school at that place. "Oh, yes," Woodham went on, "you are the feller that is to finish out our little school," and then in a most hospitable way, said: "Well, young man, we are powerful glad to see yer. I suppose, though, you will have a purty tough time, seein' as you ain't never done nothin' but go to school. Likely as not you will find it purty tough living with us country folks. We don't have no style about us much, and you may git sorter lonsome in them fine breeches with cuffs all on 'em. But I 'spose you will ketch on to things right along, since you are a purty likely looking chap. You will find us a little tough, but it's mighty hard to be decent and drive a log team, ain't it, Calip?" Calip left no shadow of doubt in my mind that Mr. Woodham was correct. "But," turning to me again, "I guess I'll have to ask your name." "Thompson is my name, I quickly replied." "Well," he continued, "Mr. Thompson, I guess you will be looking fer a place to put your feet under the table, won't yer?"

"A little supper would not be bad," I hastened to say, for I had been on the train all the afternoon.

"Well," he went on, "you jest wait here a minit while I send up to old Bailey's and tell him to come and git yer satchel. Old Bailey takes boarders, and guess he can put you up somehow."

While I waited for old Bailey, I had a good chance to study the character of this big Irishman. In connection with his duties as postmaster he acted as clerk in the store or vice versa. The evening shopping, as I have said, was quite a habit. A small boy rushed in and said: "Mr. Woodham, I want a bar of soap." "All right," Mr. Woodham said, "here is a bar I've bought 'specially for you," and handed the bar to the boy. A

negro came in next, and said: "Mr. Woodham, I want a pair of shoes." "All right," said Mr. Woodham, "here is a pair I've been a savin' for you a whole month; I knew you would want 'em." One of the boys walked in and said: "How are you, Mr. Woodham?" "Just the finest you ever saw," came the answer. "I'm so fat I can't hardly walk." And in this manner his good nature was bubbling over continuously. Who could help liking this old fellow, thought I.

Old Bailey stepped in shortly, and, after proper introductions, he was off for the boarding house with my suitcase in his hand and with me as a companion. I soon found myself seated at a little greasy table, with a large dish of speckled peas, a fat piece of pork, a pone of corn bread and a glass of buttermilk before me for my supper. I managed to eat enough of this supper to check my hunger and then went to my sleeping room. I had left my home wrapped in the dignity of my important position and fully impressed with the magnitude and the majesty of my intellect. But when I reached my room that night I was not as proud of myself as I expected those at home to be. I had met with real life, where the peculiar style of hat or tie, or the crease of my trousers made no difference. In the midst of my surging thoughts I pulled a chair up to my bed and climbed over into it and almost buried myself in a pile of feathers. The strain of the day had worn upon me so that I was soon fast asleep. When I awoke the next morning the rays of the sun were streaming through my little window, and in my mind I found nothing but vain regrets. At first I hardly knew where I was, and looked about my room to assure myself that it was not all a bad dream. I could hear the hum of the machinery at the big mill and I could hear the puffing of the log train. While I

lay, day dreaming, and reflecting on my experiences of the previous night, the Dixie Flyer passed by on its way back to civilization. I almost fell out of bed to see the train as it pulled out of the little station, and then I settled back in a chair almost in despair. I must wait in this lonely place, thought I, till Monday morning before I can do anything to occupy my thoughts. I slowly dressed and went out on the little porch of the house to prepare myself for breakfast. It was a breakfast of which I could eat very heartily. The coffee was very good, provided one did not disturb the great quantity of sediment in the bottom of the cup. After breakfast I decided to see the town. A visit to the saw mill was of great interest and made me feel my lack of importance very keenly. I saw huge logs made into lumber in the twinkling of an eye. I was fascinated with the machinery and I was strangely interested in the busy workmen as they hurried about their duties. A visit to the turpentine stills proved a revelation to me, and I lingered there till the noon hour when I knew I must go home to dinner. I came by way of the store where I saw crowds already gathered and crowds still coming to take part in the shooting match. I lingered for a while on the porch of the store to watch the crowds gather and to listen to the ridiculous conversations. While I stood there an important looking individual walked up and introduced himself to me. He was a school teacher in a neighboring village. Of course, I was glad to see him, and while we talked interestedly, we did not notice particularly who came and went. But when my friend, Mr. Woodham, walked briskly out of the store, followed by an emaciated looking individual, I naturally looked up. It seems that this little man had accused Mr. Woodham of appropriating public funds to pri-

vate purposes. But one never knows when a big, good-natured Irishman is mad. He usually has his passion over and the remains of some poor chap scattered about promiscuously before one knows what is really going on. So we two heroes of the schoolroom hardly got our bearing before down came my little friend with the Irishman on top. There followed a mighty struggle on the part of the little fellow for his knife, but just as he had prepared it for use the big man took it from him and threw it far out of reach. Much quicker than the telling, the little man was thoroughly thrashed and Woodham was back in the store washing his hands and smiling his unfailing smile. I looked around and saw my school teacher friend about two hundred yards down the railroad track. He evidently knew the nature of such difficulties better than I and was taking proper precautions. Friends on either side hastily gathered and began to discuss the fight in a rather heated manner. I saw some with shotguns, some with pistols and others with knives, all brandishing their weapons and promising to all interested parties a grand carving tournament. I found convenient business in the back part of the store. As I went back into the store, Mr. Woodham looked up at me and with a broad smile and a wink of the eye, said: "Thompson, I've been up against it," and started to explain the cause of the trouble, but just at that time I heard a loud voice on the outside. A robust logman, carrying about 190 pounds of bones and muscle was coming toward the store, swearing and brandishing his knife, and challenging the man who would beat up a small man, assuring the crowd that he could whip any man in Covington county, even if he weighed 500 pounds. The Irish blood in Woodham could not take a challenge like that. He was mad for the first time that day. His

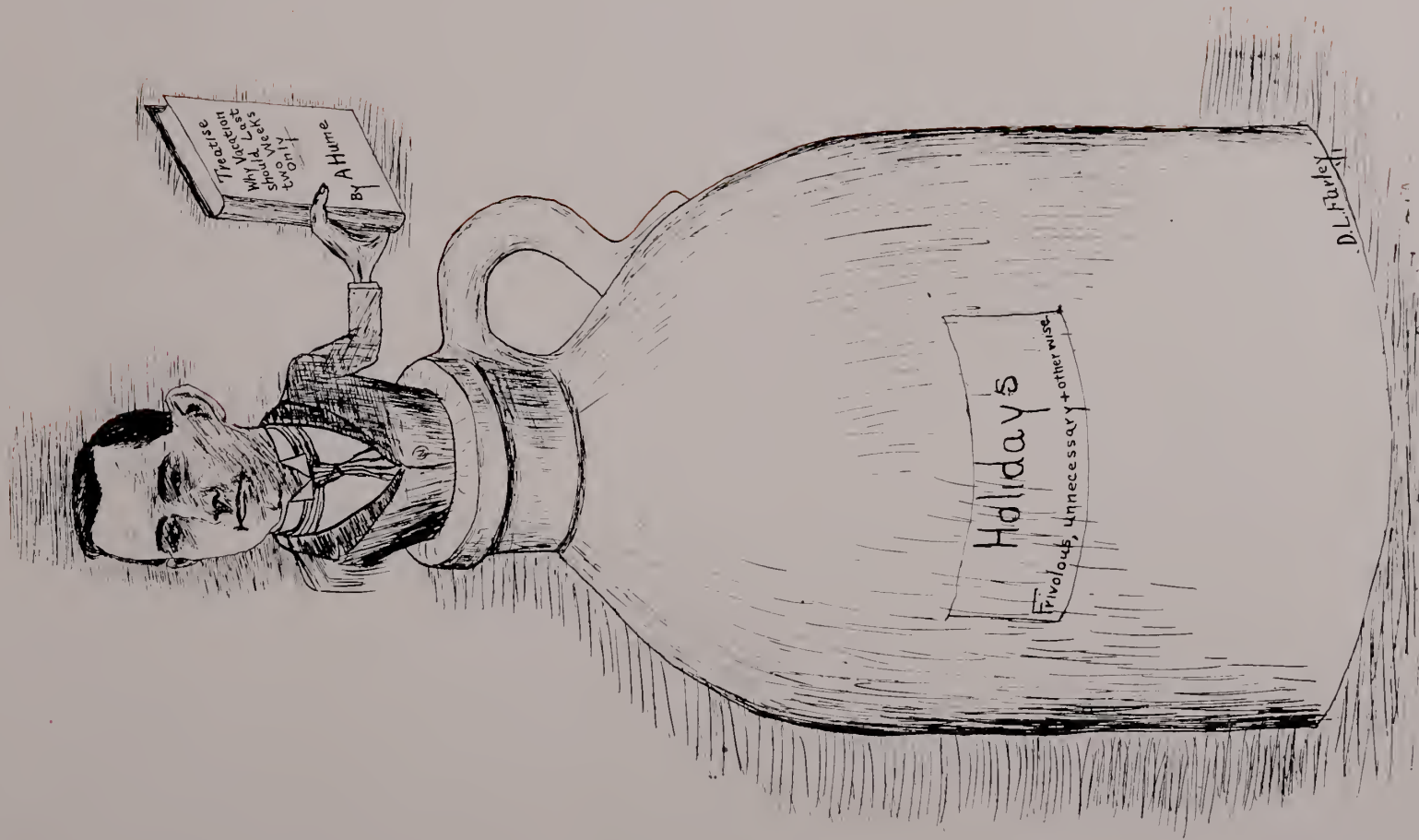
face changed quickly into many colors as he reached into the drawer of his desk and pulled out a .44 Colt pistol and walked toward the door. I was not the only one to see that there was danger now, if I was the only one to rush out of the store and on to the top of the hill out of range of any stray lead, hungry for a victim. A number of friends gathered about Woodham just before he reached the door and forced him to give up his gun. They knew that one shot would precipitate a battle, and they knew, too, that Woodham would shoot at the sight of his new antagonist. After disarming the two champions, a hurried consultation was held among the friends of either contestant, and a fair, fist-and-skull fight was decided upon to settle the difficulty. Everything was cleared for the fray. I now ventured closer to the scene, for I saw no danger from flying bullets, and I trusted to my legs to take me away from any other danger that might arise. I had drawn pretty close when the two men went together, magnificent specimens of physical manhood they were. The only handicap to Woodham was his surplus flesh and the only handicap to his antagonist was his appetite. I was too nervous to remember anything very definite about the fight, but I shall always carry a recollection of the general impression. There was a general slashing right and left for some time, but this was done in a very awkward manner. The spectators were perfectly quiet, each biting his tongue or uttering a subdued oath as his favorite was served an uncomfortable blow. The fighters went together and then began a swaying back and forth that kept me in great doubt which would

fall on top when the collapse came. My sympathies were naturally with Woodham, and I found myself swaying back and forth with the fighters, unconsciously trying to see to it that Woodham landed on top. A complete wall was built up about the contestants by the grouping of the spectators, so when the crash came I could not see what the fortune of my friend was. I heard the pounding and the blowing, reminding me more of a boar fight than anything I can now recall. I was relieved when I heard one of the nearer spectators cry out, "Go fer him, Woodham." I knew my friend was on top and was getting the better of the fight. In his attempt to tear the mouth of his enemy, Woodham slipped his finger between the other's teeth, and the other proceeded to use them for their full worth. Soon, though, between the pounding in the face and the choking blood that was now streaming down his throat, he was forced to give the cry of defeat.

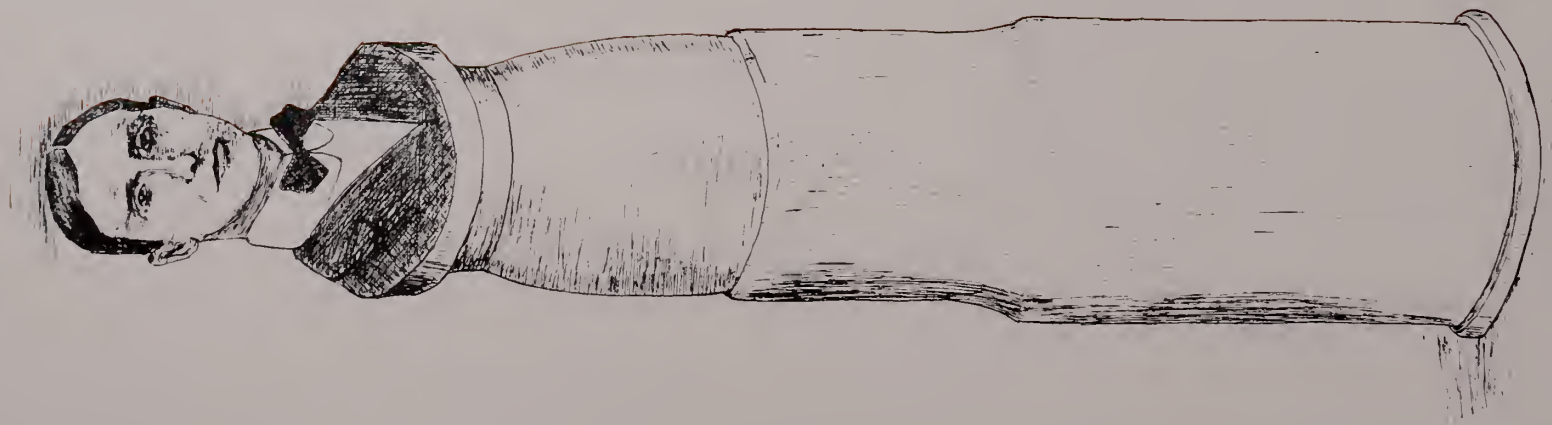
The crowd quickly dispersed, satisfied, and Calip, the defeated, went back to his team that had waited for him on the hill. A half hour later I sat on a log in front of the store and Woodham sat by my side. The unfailing smile was again on his face and jolly laughter shook his large frame, and he looked at me with a good-natured nod of the head and said: "Old feller, it's warm times fer you, ain't it? I told my wife this morning that I'd get me a man before night."

I have always had great respect for that old Irishman, but that was the last day for me in the piney woods.

C. D. D.



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## Retrospection



**T**HIS IS the final act in the drama of 1911-1912. Only a few more shifting scenes and we ring down the curtain forever. A strange intermingling of humor and pathos has lent rare zest to the checkered play; and boxes, pit and galleries await with breathless interest the flickering out of the footlights.

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Infinite variety has characterized the *dramatis personae* of the drama. Its orators have soared into the cloudlands of eloquence. Its poets have reveled in the witchery of the starlight. Its athletes have set the whole house wild with admiration, and made the curtains quiver with applause. Its philosophers have delved into the depths of erudition and amazed the spectators with their rarest pearls of thought.

Its clowns have sent a thrill of laughter through the galleries; and its fighters have brandished a few keen blades and startled the ladies in the boxes with the boom of their guns and the sight of their blood and the shouts and the cries of their conflicts.

Its society swells, indeed, have strutted on the boards, tricked out in their perfumed finery, with ties and hose so loud at times as to call for the soft, soft pedal. And the ladies—God bless the ladies!—they have graced the stage with their wonderful beauty and have transfigured the prosaic scenes of the drama into the purest poetry that echoes under sweet Southern moons. The villain, too, has played his role and has shared the fate of his fathers before him; and even the wise, old silver-haired tutors and the “King of the Carnival,” with his patriarchal warnings and admonitions have served as a striking background to heighten and enliven the shifting scenes of the play.

The ebon-hued orchestra and the blythe dancing-bands have broken the monotony of the action; and the occasional interruptions, instead of interfering, have lent additional interest and a dash of attractive wildness to the drama.

But the play is over, the actors are weary and the footlights fade one by one. The boxes are empty, the pit is cleared and the galleries are sombre and silent. Out in the streets the carriages are rattling homeward. Now is the time for memories, now is the time for dreams.

D. E. G.



**THE END.**

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